June 5, 1937

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Collier's

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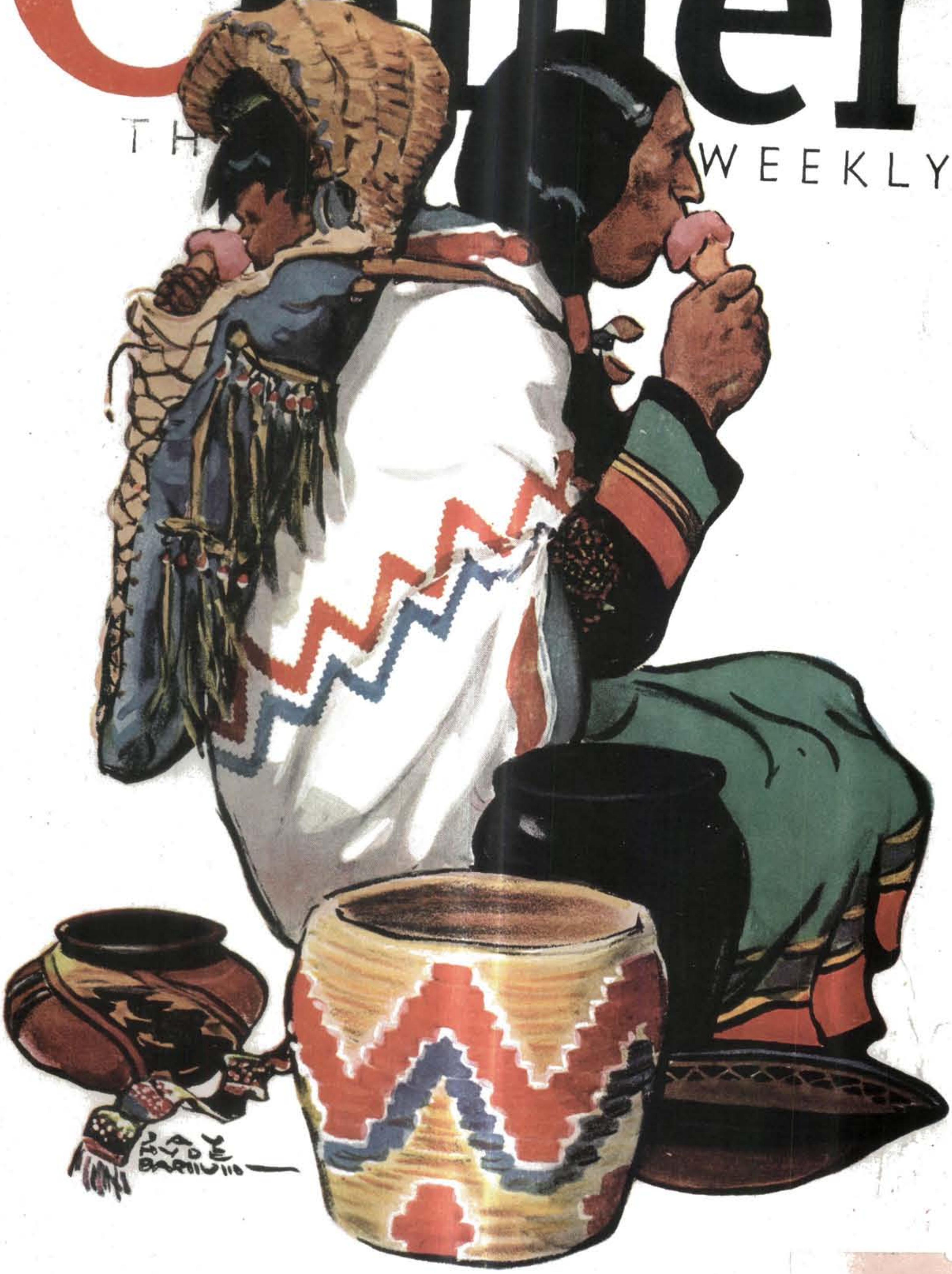

One Hundred Men on a Radium R

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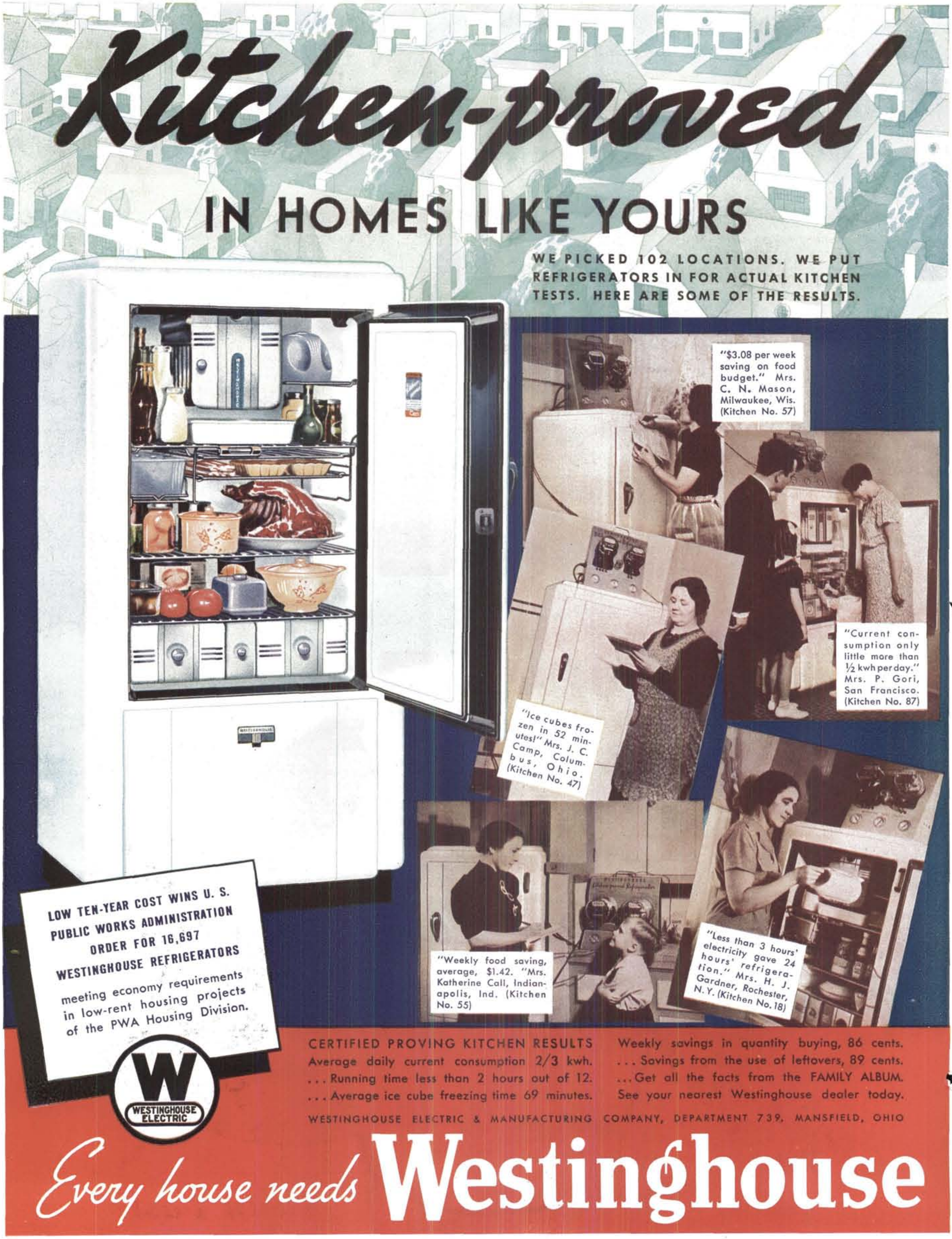


Kitchen-proved

IN HOMES LIKE YOURS

WE PICKED 102 LOCATIONS. WE PUT REFRIGERATORS IN FOR ACTUAL KITCHEN TESTS. HERE ARE SOME OF THE RESULTS.

"$3.08 per week saving on food budget." Mrs. C. N. Mason, Milwaukee, Wis. (Kitchen No. 57)

"Current consumption only little more than ½ kwh per day." Mrs. P. Gori, San Francisco. (Kitchen No. 87)

"Ice cubes frozen in 52 minutes!" Mrs. J. C. Camp, Columbus, Ohio. (Kitchen No. 47)

"Weekly food saving, average, $1.42. "Mrs. Katherine Call, Indianapolis, Ind. (Kitchen No. 55)

"Less than 3 hours' electricity gave 24 hours' refrigeration." Mrs. H. J. Gardner, Rochester, N. Y. (Kitchen No. 18)

LOW TEN-YEAR COST WINS U. S. PUBLIC WORKS ADMINISTRATION ORDER FOR 16,697 WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATORS

meeting economy requirements in low-rent housing projects of the PWA Housing Division.

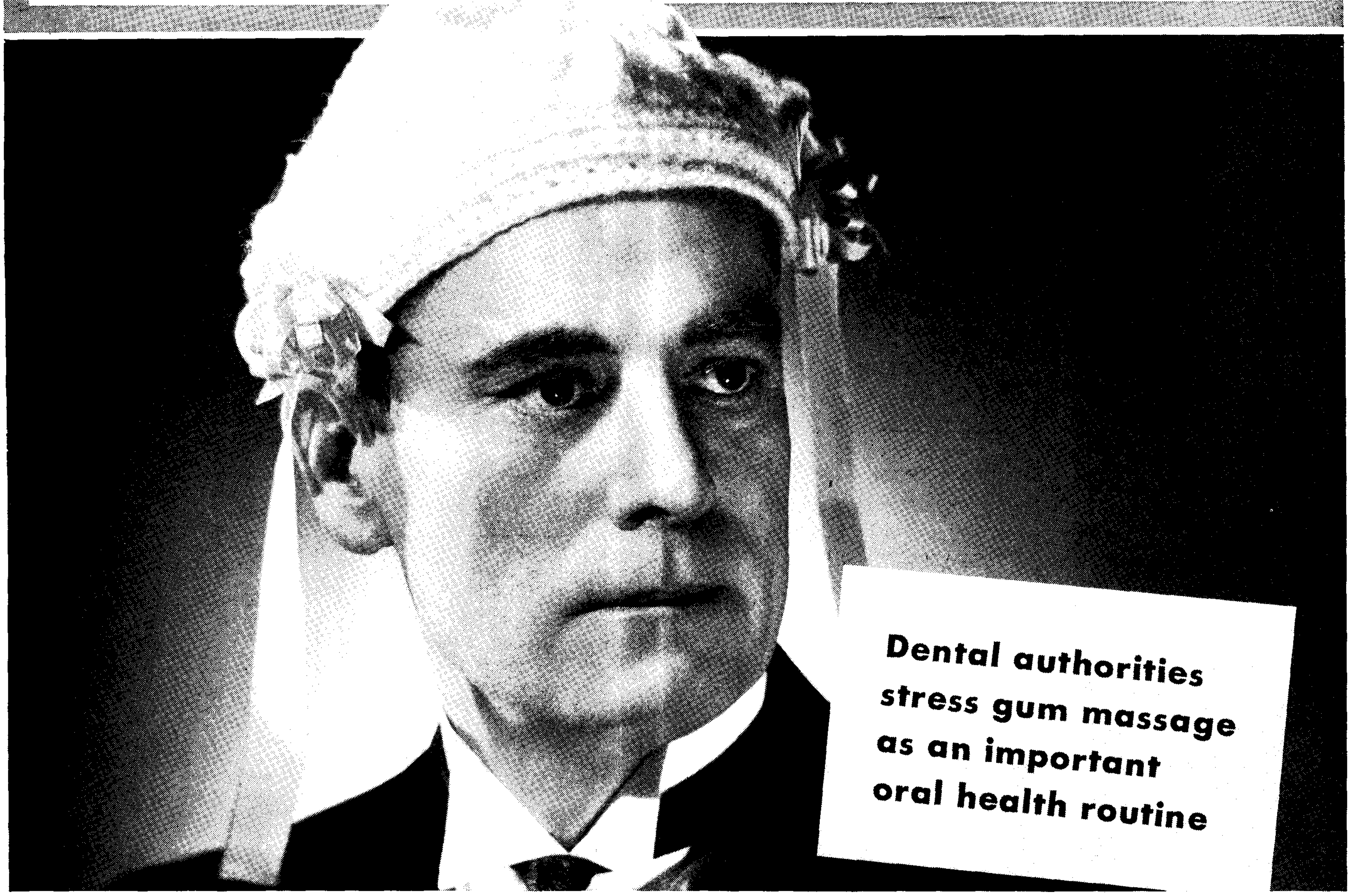
CERTIFIED PROVING KITCHEN RESULTS Average daily current consumption 2/3 kwh. . . . Running time less than 2 hours out of 12. . . . Average ice cube freezing time 69 minutes. Weekly savings in quantity buying, 86 cents. . . . Savings from the use of leftovers, 89 cents. . . . Get all the facts from the FAMILY ALBUM. See your nearest Westinghouse dealer today.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPARTMENT 739, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Every house needs **Westinghouse**

Still in the Cradle Age

about the modern care of teeth and gums



Dental authorities stress gum massage as an important oral health routine

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"... Guard against becoming a "Dental Cripple"... Change to IPANA and Massage Today

THOUSANDS of school children—even youngsters in the primary grades—are better informed than their parents about the proper care of teeth and gums. A surprising statement but really a moderate one—and *easily explained!*

For, thanks to the splendid work of teachers, in many classrooms throughout the country youngsters are being drilled in the *importance of massage* to sound teeth and healthy gums.

The lesson is simple, reasonable, practical! Briefly, these are the facts:—

- **Our modern menus do not give our gums the natural work they need. Soft, creamy, well-cooked foods deprive them of stimulation, allow them to become tender. Gums grow lazy. They grow weak and flabby. And often that tinge of "pink" appears.**

At the very first tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, *see your dentist.* He's *the doctor—the specialist!* He *may* find your gums in serious condition. But he is far more likely to find just a common case of too much soft food—gums robbed of the work they need by our modern menus—gums grown lazy, tender, and sensitive. And his advice will usually be "Better care, more work"—and very often "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana *with massage* is definitely helpful to the health of your gums as well as the cleanliness of your teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gums grow stronger, more resistant. New circulation brings them a new firmness. Your teeth will be brighter—your mouth healthier, safer from trouble—with Ipana and massage.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
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IPANA

Tooth Paste

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Collier's

June 5, 1937

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

FOR *eight months* Walter had kept his mouth shut. But his brain went on working. He couldn't turn that off. While he did his job or played with his children or talked to his wife he knew that another man had been jailed, tried, convicted, sentenced for the crime that lay on Walter's conscience.

The other man was a crook, a killer. Society would be better off without him. Walter was a good citizen except for— Anyway he kept his mouth shut. Until three hours before the time for the other man's execution. In "Light in Darkness" Thomas Walsh dramatically tells his story.

THE naval air station at Pensacola is one of the best flying schools in the world. And you get paid for taking the course. But unless you're close to perfection mentally and physically you needn't bother to apply. It costs the Navy fifteen thousand to turn a baby pelican into a flyer. And so it picks pelicans with care. W. B. Courtney, Collier's flying reporter, shows you how it's done and what's in store for the man who sets out to win "Navy Wings."

ACROSS a narrow dead-end street the Gamma Gamma sorority house faces the Delta Delta sorority house. Much of Minnewaska's reputation for social overemphasis comes from the constant and bitter battle between the two. The climax came when Milly Agnew snatched Hewitt Harrington almost from the front porch of the rival house. In "Trial by Marriage" Lucian Cary records the result.

"NOBODY Loves the Coxswain." Alastair MacBain, assistant crew coach at Columbia, is authority for that statement. Kicked, cussed, thrown in the drink, the coxswain leads a trying life among his giant crew mates. But are there no compensations? Mr. MacBain tells you about that, too.

FOR two years Craig Campion had devoted all his time to making Margaret Hilton a great actress, and Margaret was heartily sick of it. She was a great actress all right, but Craig never seemed to realize that she was also a girl. Paul Jones tells you how Craig's "Leading Lady" staged a revolt.

JOHN AUGUST writes the Short Short Story, "A Date for Thursday." Kyle Crichton, Frank Condon, Max Brand, Hannah Lees, George Creel, May Edginton, Myron M. Stearns and others contribute stories and articles. *Be on the lookout.*

●

This Week

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK NEBEL
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BURNHAM CARTER
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MAY EDGINTON
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FRELING FOSTER
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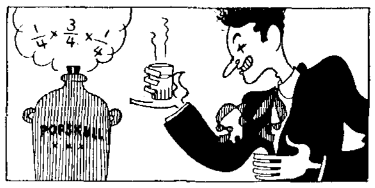
EDITORIAL
Tax the Taxeaters. Page 70

COVER JAY HYDE BARNUM

Any Week

WE SEEM to have got a bit lightheaded with our fractions when we gave you Cameron Shipp's piece about corn whisky—popskull. Mr. Albert E. Brunot of Oswego, New York, and others find (and quite accurately, too) that we let Mr. Shipp describe popskull as three-fourths corn meal, one-fourth barley malt and one-fourth wheat bran. That is entirely too many fourths, of course. But we're surprised that we didn't do worse than that. No telling what will happen if you fool around with popskull. Mr. Will F. Jenkins of Gloucester, Virginia, thinks it happened because we didn't know how to take the stuff. "You probably do not know," says he, "of that great civilizing institution, the nose dive. To take a nose dive you put the whisky glass in a tumbler and fill the former with cawn. Then you pour your ginger ale or whatnot into the tumbler, outside the whisky glass up to the brim of the whisky glass. Then you up with the tumbler. After the third you'd better sit down."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POPSKULL
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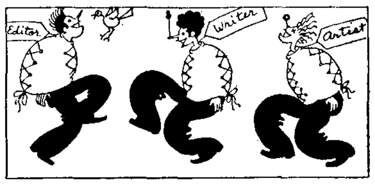
AND we regret that we murdered a sick woman in our recent short short —"First Acquaintance," by I. A. R. Wylie. Or what is equally awkward, we permitted the author to do the wretched deed. A whole medical corps of doctors have written us about it. Dr. Clement H. Arnold of San Francisco, California, for example. Says he: "You say that this desperately sick woman was cyanized when brought into the hospital. That's a matter for the district attorney to take up and you'll have to talk fast; gentlemen, fast. The word is cyanosed, which means livid, and is due to venous engorgement from pneumonia, heart disease, etc. Why don't you send your stories which are technically medical, anatomical or pathological to an expert as you do in engineering, for example?"

"MY newspaper," reports Mr. Edward J. McGlennon of Toledo, Ohio, "tells me that the Republican National Chairman, the Honorable John Daniel Miller Hamilton, is making speeches again. The paper quotes John thus: 'I have done a great deal of listening in the past six months.' John does not name the man he's been listening to. But it's right nice of John to listen. Nobody listened to him."

OUR favorite philologist at the moment is Mrs. Virginia L. Middleton of Mobile, Alabama. She is not only a reader but a student of this magazine. "I like," *says she, "to read my* stories rapidly and absorb the sense of them, but the effort to pronounce what some authors fondly imagine is Southern talk slows me down a trifle. Also it fatigues me—being a Southerner and naturally unacquainted with our dialect. Let's get together and suppose a Southern writer wrote a story with talk in it like a Northerner sounds to us. The girl's name is Mary Blount; the boy's, Harry Hooper. The girl's father is speaking: 'No, Marry, you cannot marry that Herry Hoooooperrrrrr. Rememberrrrr, you are a Blowwwnt, yourrrrr grrrrandfautherrrr was a generrrral *in the arrrrmy and owned* all that laaaand daown by the criiick.' Now Mary speaks: 'Fautherrrr, Herrrry was in the serrrrvus of his countrrrry tew even ef he has no munney *in his* pokuts.'" And then Mrs. Middleton warns us that no damyankee need protest her possible exaggerations. She will pay no more attention than damyanks do when Southerners protest.

WE COULD also get into a lot of trouble by adopting a glistening idea offered by Mrs. June Deboise of San Diego, California. All that Mrs. Deboise suggests is that "before you put an issue of Collier's in the mails or on the newsstands submit it for criticism and revision to a committee of your regular readers. On this committee I suggest one clergyman, one workingman, one professional man — preferably a doctor—one married woman with children, one single woman, a manufacturer, a banker and maybe a musician or an engineer. Then you could tell all your readers that they are the real editors of your magazine and are responsible."



THAT done, we might look into a subject suggested for these pages by Mr. Mervin S. Conboy of Tallahassee, *Florida. "Please tell us,"* pleads Mr. Conboy, "which professions and occupations contribute the largest number of inmates to our hospitals for the insane. Also at what stage in their work and at what average age they succumb?"

WHERE'S our pink strait jacket?

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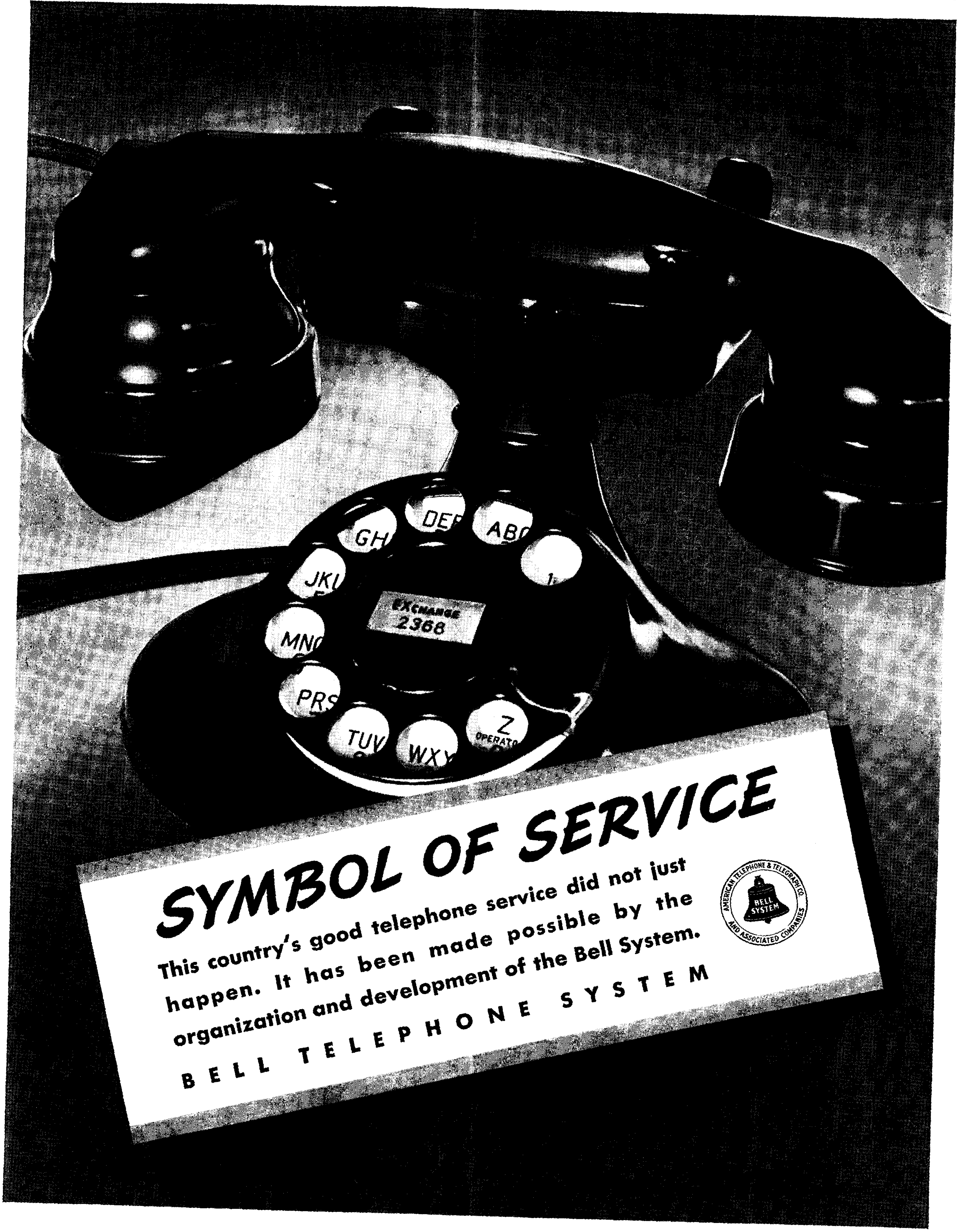
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SYMBOL OF SERVICE

This country's good telephone service did not just happen. It has been made possible by the organization and development of the Bell System.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WON'T I EVER GO TO SLEEP?

WAKEFULNESS is one of the penalties we pay for high-pressure living. Thoughts keep going around in our head. We can't get to sleep easily . . . can't sleep *well* when we are asleep.

Read This—if you
have trouble getting to sleep . .

ARE YOU one of those people who has trouble getting to sleep at night? Do you lie in bed—eyes shut—trying to *make* yourself sleep, unsuccessfully?

And when you *do* get to sleep are you likely to wake up again, and toss and turn? Or sleep so lightly that your sleep doesn't "rest" you?

That is a problem to thousands. As the pressure of our civilization increases, the tendency to wakefulness increases with it. Many of us find that our sleep does us less *good*.

Can you meet the problem?

The way thousands are meeting this problem is to take a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, just before they go to bed. Not only does Ovaltine help in promoting *quicker* sleep, but in making that sleep more *restful*.

Here is the way the action of Ovaltine in this regard is explained:—

First, it tends to draw blood from the head to the stomach. This helps to "compose" the mind for sleep.

Second, it gives the stomach a light digestive job to do, and this relieves that "hollow," restless feeling which so often keeps people awake.

The result is that the feeling of inner tenseness which troubles so many people is lessened. There is greater *relaxation!* And prompt, restful sleep often follows as a natural consequence . . .

So, don't let sleepless nights get the better of *you*. Don't go on bemoaning your fate when relief may be so easy. Try Ovaltine—see if it doesn't bring you the first restful night's sleep you've had, perhaps, in months. Drink a cupful tonight, tomorrow night—every night. It's not habit-forming, but it's a good habit to form.

It is not a drug

Ovaltine is not in any sense of the word a drug. It's not a narcotic. It is a food, as pure as fresh milk or any other food.

It promotes *natural* sleep. The kind from which you awake feeling rested, clear-eyed! The kind you *need* to look your best and meet your day's problems.

So, don't put off trying it. Get a can of Ovaltine at your grocery or drug store. Mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot milk. Drink it as a "nightcap," tonight.

You may be *more* than glad for this suggestion!

Make a 2-Night Test!

Ovaltine
OVALTINE

If you can wait, let us send you a sample can of Ovaltine, quite enough for a 2-nights' test. Try it for 2 nights and *see* if you don't sleep better. Thousands have been converted this way. *Send for this sample now!*

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TEAR OUT THIS COUPON

OVALTINE, Dept. 6-C-S7
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c (to cover handling and mailing). Send me your trial can of Ovaltine.
(*Wrap dime in piece of paper, please.*)

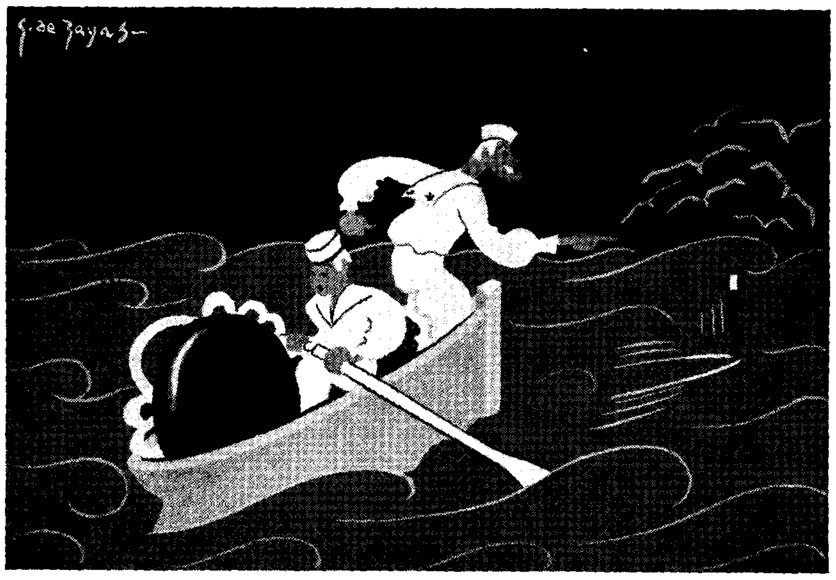
Name..............................

Address..............................

Town....................*State*..........

Only 1 can will be sent to a person.

OVALTINE
promotes sound, natural SLEEP



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

While on shore leave in Panama in 1933, two members of the crew of a United States submarine happened to miss their boat as it left the base for the diving area. Two hours later, however, they reported aboard for duty, having entered the submarine, by means of the rescue diving bell, while the boat was ninety feet below the surface, on the floor of the ocean.—*By Harry M. Kirtland, U. S. Submarine R-4.*

The quantity of tonnage that a ship may safely carry varies with the seasons, the hemispheres and the kind of water. Hence nearly all vessels carry "load lines," or a Plimsoll mark, painted on the sides of the bow and stern, that represent the depth to which the ship may safely be loaded in FW (Fresh Water), SW (Salt Water), IS (Indian Summer), S (Summer), W (Winter) and WNA (Winter North Atlantic).

The absence of a ringing sound in a coin is not definite and final proof that it is counterfeit. Many genuine American coins, now in circulation, actually sound like lead pieces, owing to imperfect mintage.—*By Patsy Bartling, Seattle, Washington.*

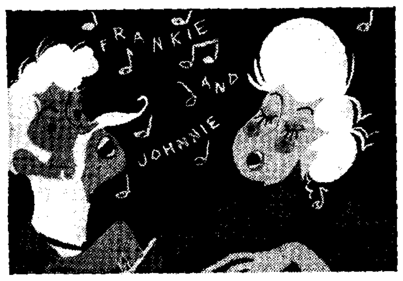
Undoubtedly America's most popular ballad was "Frankie and Johnnie." During the latter part of the 19th century this simple song, despite its theme, attained such widespread fame that more than 300 variations of it were sung from coast to coast. This number equals, possibly exceeds, the total of all extant original ballads in the English language.

Thomas Nast (1840-1902) remains the dominant figure in the history of American caricature because the influence of his cartoons has never been surpassed. Not only were they an important recruiting factor for the North in the Civil War and also responsible for the overthrow of the Tweed Ring, but they introduced the donkey to typify the Democratic party, the elephant to represent the Republican party and the tiger to symbolize Tammany Hall.

The world today possesses approximately 63,000 airplanes, more than 42,000 of which are military or naval machines.—*By Edith Newman Cook, Washington, D. C.*

Not long ago a foreign army officer, who had a fancy pair of socks tattooed on his feet and ankles, was shot in the right foot during a skirmish with African natives. When he arrived home some months later, his tattooist wanted to cover the white scar with more "sock." But the colonel, an arch-enemy of deception, would not hear of it. He insisted upon having this apparent "tear in his hose" mended with a tattooed patch.

Probably the most atrocious of all the unjustified attacks on Indians by America's sanguinary "Indian fighters" was the Sand Creek (Colorado) Massacre on November 29, 1864, in which 900 soldiers swept into this peaceful village of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians and murdered and scalped 300 men, women and children. The tragedy was later condemned by a congressional investigating committee.



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Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!

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TOBACCO
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM
BRIGHT CUT PLUG
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

Get a pipe and get aboard with Half & Half. Cool as the thought that you've missed your train. Smooth as discovering it's ten minutes late. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

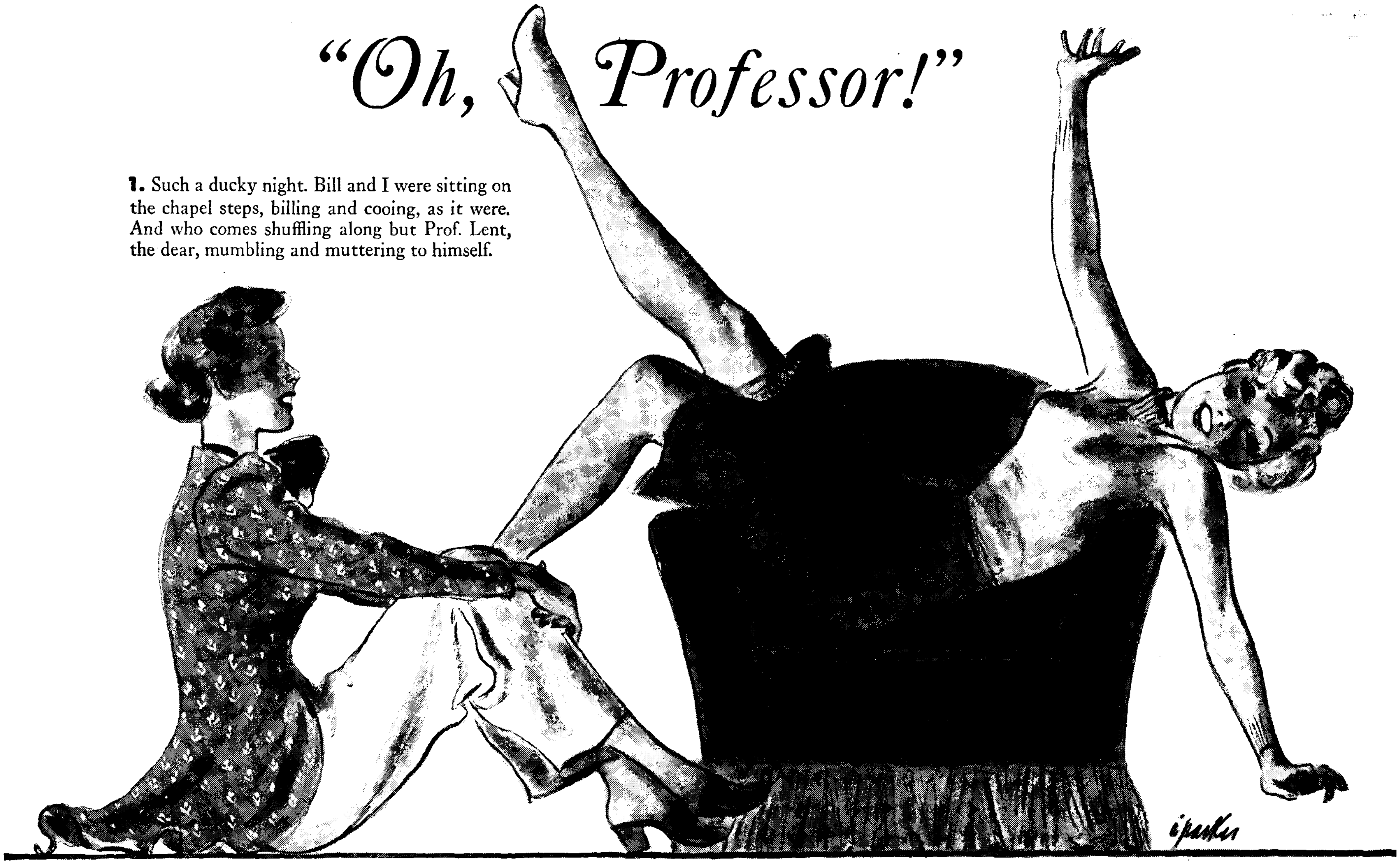
HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

"Oh, Professor!"

1. Such a ducky night. Bill and I were sitting on the chapel steps, billing and cooing, as it were. And who comes shuffling along but Prof. Lent, the dear, mumbling and muttering to himself.



2. "Why, I'm certainly surprised, professor," I pipes up. "Here I was thinking all zoology profs were home in bed with the chicks, long ago. If the chapel clock hasn't got caught in the ivy, it's twelve o'clock."

3. "Humph," he mutters. "Miss Jones, certain beings who are exceedingly fond of coffee are so constructed that caffein over-stimulates them... er-ah... keeps them awake. I am one of them."

4. "You and me, too, professor," I chirp. "Only I can't take any chances on losing my beauty sleep, so I drink Sanka Coffee. Gorgeous stuff, and it simply can't keep you awake because its caffein is—shall I say, extracted."

5. I had to see the prof yesterday about my exam. "Miss Jones," the old darling says, "your excellent advice on Sanka Coffee... harumph... convinced me that your poor showing in the exam doesn't do you justice. So I've decided to pass you on your general knowledge."

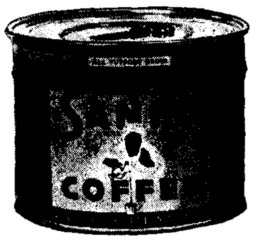
"HERE'S WHY SANKA COFFEE GETS AN A+"...

SANKA COFFEE merits *magna cum laude*—first, because it's *real* coffee, fragrant, full-bodied, delicious.

And second, because Sanka Coffee has 97% of its caffein removed—so it can't steal sleep from those people who are affected by caffein—even if they drink it late at night.

Make your Sanka Coffee *strong*—the way all good coffee should be. Use a *heaping* tablespoonful, as much as the spoon will hold, for each cup. And if you perk it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Sanka Coffee is sold by grocers everywhere. It is a product of General Foods.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

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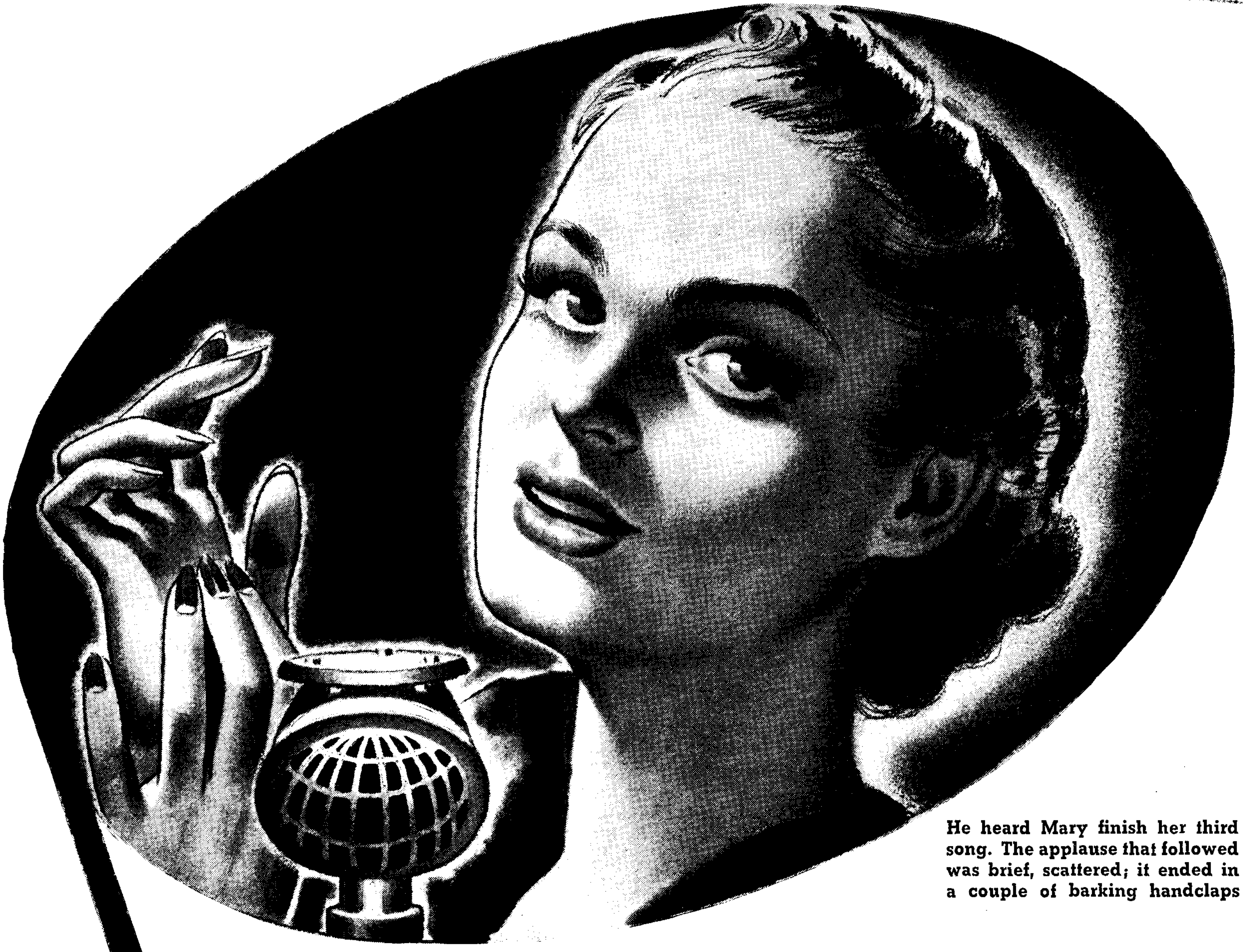


He heard Mary finish her third song. The applause that followed was brief, scattered; it ended in a couple of barking handclaps

Never Sing Again

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

It was Dave Shevlin's business to measure people the instant he met them. An example in point, and the two people involved: Mary Anderson and Sam Driscoll—one of whom Dave will never see again

THERE was a private hookup from the Pavilion's main dining room on the second floor to Shevlin's office on the fourth, the top, and it was past midnight when he heard Mary finish her third song. The applause that followed was brief, scattered; it ended in a couple of barking handclaps. When Johnny Little came on saying, "And now, ladies and gentlemen," as though great things were about to happen, Shevlin reached across his desk and cut the switch with a casual slap of his fingers.

George Kramer said, "Another week, kid, and they're not even going to be courteous. You might as well face the music."

Shevlin was laconic. "Let me face it, then."

He got up and strolled to the front of the room, to the bay window there; and looking up the street he could see the cars whisking by on Euclid Avenue.

Kramer was not being facetious. He was a very broad man, his breadth and thickness touched with elegance by the dinner coat he wore, the white vest, the pince-nez on a black ribbon. A very high wing collar cradled his big head, which was bald, white, on top. "Maybe she was all right for a couple of weeks, a month even, but"—he shook his head gravely—"she's been here six weeks now. She's no performer, Dave. She never was. She was a sweet kid you lamped in a neighborhood amateur show. People get fed up on those old-fashioned songs. She was never cut out to be a singer." He paused, shrugged. "Maybe you could fix her up a job in some slower spot. You figure it out. I don't know why you ever put her on here."

"I found something swell, that's all."

Kramer spun his pince-nez at the end of the black ribbon and regarded him curiously across the length of the room. Then he said, "Hell, I thought you were just being sentimental. Why don't you tell her?"

"I did," Shevlin said and walked slowly back to the desk, his chin down hard on his black bow tie and making a dark wedge against his stiff white shirt front.

"Oh," Kramer said slowly; and in a lower voice, "No soap?"

"No soap."

"That's tough, Dave."

"Skip it. We'd better go down."

The sound of dance music was throbbing, beating its way dimly up through the walls and floors. Outside in the corridor it was louder, welling up the staircase. They went down past the private banquet rooms on the third floor, down to the main dining room on the second. Shevlin looked in. It was crowded, a hundred people dancing on the oval floor, waiters weaving among the tables. Kramer, who was the manager, put his pince-nez on his nose and entered.

Shevlin went downstairs to the bar and cocktail lounge, slipping through the crowd in the foyer, a slender figure, with the quiet, controlled face of a young man who has come a long way fast but by a hard route. Here and there voices broke through the clatter of conversation. "Hello, Dave!" "Hi, Dave!" He shook a few hands. "How about okaying my check, Dave?" "Honey, meet Dave Shevlin. He owns the place." There were three barmen, in crisp white monkey jackets, back of a half-moon-shaped bar. "Luigi, get this check cashed for Mr. Schemmerhorn. . . . No, thanks. I can't drink. Doctor's orders." It was as good an excuse as any. If he drank every time he was asked, he'd be fried continually.

He turned against the bar, resting his elbow on it for a minute, using the minute to check the crowd, to see that the bar was clean; then moving on again, deftly, before anyone could buttonhole him. Among the restless heads, the moving waiters, he saw, suddenly, far in back, Mary. She was not alone.

HE WAS surprised at first, but more than that he was angry. He had never seen her sit with anyone before, in the bar. His lips, tight against his teeth, quivered. He caught himself, however, for he could see by the way their heads were together that it must be someone she knew, had known a long time. And as he drew nearer, he saw the warm, half-smiling look of interest in her face. The guy was talking unhurriedly, his shoulders hunched up alongside his ears, his elbows lounging on the table. His hand, Shevlin saw, lay over Mary's.

There was an instant when he wanted to turn and go back out of the bar, but he wanted also to know this man, to see him at close range. He kept on, and reaching the table, said:

"Hello, Mary."

She looked up. "Oh, Dave!"

Her face was flushed and in her eyes was a look, brief, transitory, that he could not make out. Embarrassment, perhaps. He saw her draw her hand across the table and then she was saying:

"Dave, this is Sam. This is Sam Driscoll. Sam, this is Dave Shevlin."

"Oh, you're the big fellow here," Driscoll said.

"Hello," said Shevlin.

"Hello. Sit down. Pull up a chair."

"Thanks. I've got to keep moving."

"Nice place. I just dropped in and imagine my surprise when I saw Mary singing here. I've been out of town. New York. When I'm in New York, I like Cleveland, and when I'm here I like New York. Maybe this time I'll stick."

"Sam's a newspaperman," Mary said.

"Well, that's fine," Shevlin said. "I'll probably see you around again."

This was the guy, Shevlin thought. This was the guy that was in her eyes, all over her face, when he told her the other night that he loved her. "Dave—there's somebody. . . ." Yes, this was the guy; you could tell that by the way he lounged there, by the way he closed down on her hand. And by the look on her face, rosy and warm. He'd been away somewhere and he'd come back.

Shevlin turned away into the crowd. He was disturbed, uneasy, and it came of his habit of gauging, measuring people, men or women, the instant he met them. In his business, you had to. This Driscoll was not new to him; the face was, of course, but not the mannerisms, the type. A newspaperman. Well, there were all kinds of newspapermen.

LUIGI stopped him in the foyer. "There's a guy with Mary—"

"Yeah, I know."

Luigi shrugged.

Shevlin paused. "Well, what's in your hair?"

"Nothing. She's just paying for the drinks."

Shevlin said, "It's the modern times, Lu," and climbed the stairs, each step bringing him nearer to the beat of the dance music in the main dining room. He climbed on upward to his office. He was sitting there an hour later, when the sound of the music had stopped and the building was strangely quiet. George Kramer came in, wearing his overcoat.

"Who was the guy Mary was sitting with?"

"That's the guy," Shevlin said.

She came up to his office at dinner-time next night. She wouldn't go on for an hour. Coming into the office, she brought a breath of the cold outdoors with her, for she was still in her street clothes. Her eyes sparkled.

"Did you like Sam?"

Shevlin was sitting at his desk, going over the cashier's sheets. "Sure. You do, don't you?"

She came closer to the desk. "You remember, Dave, I told you, you remember, there was somebody."

He tossed the sheets aside. "I figured it all out last night—in two minutes."

"We've known each other four years—since I was eighteen. He's about, you know, your age. He went away a year ago, to New York. There was no work here—not anything good enough for him. He's a good newspaperman. He's got talent, Dave. He's really wonderful."

Shevlin smiled. "Why build him up to me?"

"I—I thought you'd like to know how it is, how I feel, Dave. Because of what you told me the other night." She dropped her eyes. "I didn't sleep all night, thinking about it. I wished I could feel the same way about you; love you too, Dave. But how could I, when I love Sam? I knew he'd come back, I wanted him to come back. Well, he's back."

"And everything's jake. Good."

She looked at him. "You're not saying that as though you mean it."

"I mean this: I hope you'll be happy." He looked straight at her.

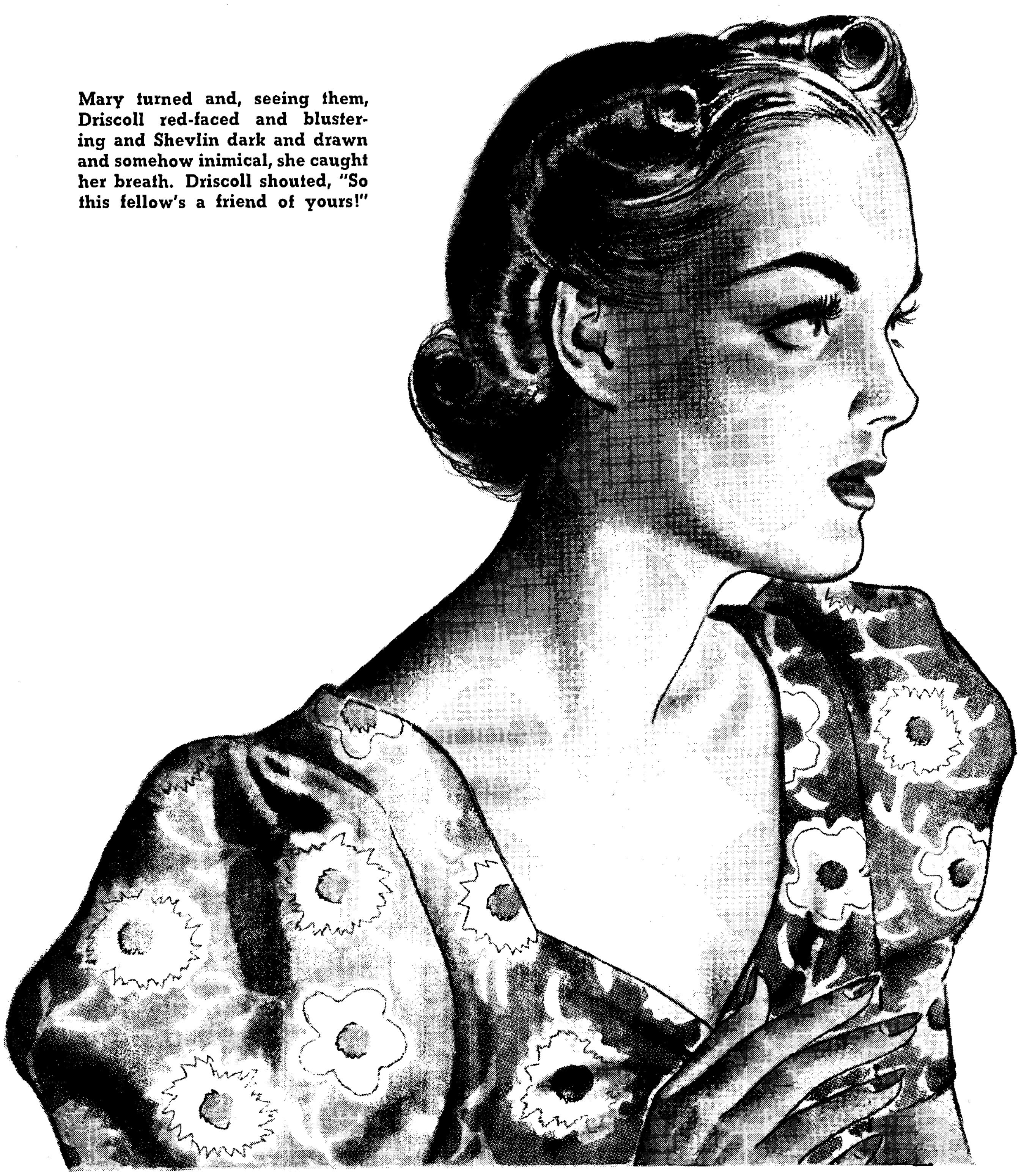
"Oh, we will!" she cried. "Because things are different now. I'm making money."

Shevlin turned away because he could not suppress the rueful grimace that came to his lips. "When's it going to be?"

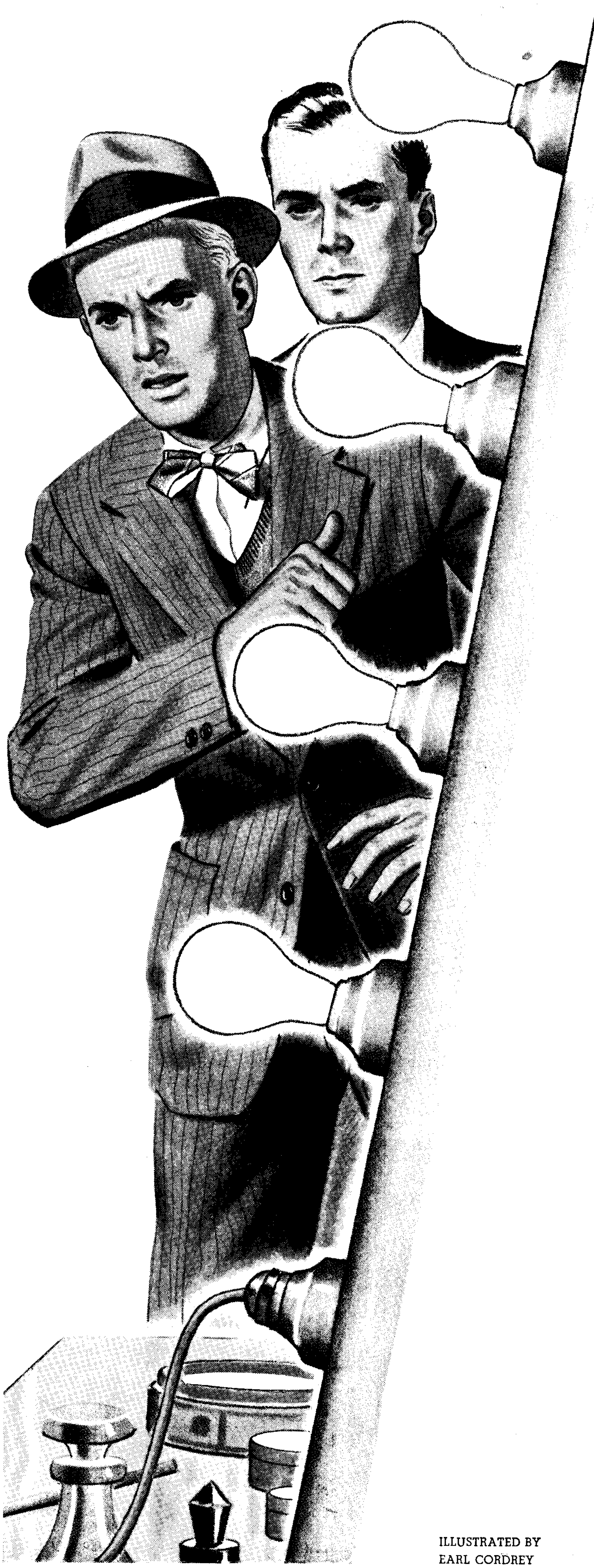
"In a week. Very plain. Oh, Dave, I have you to thank for so much!"

He took her by the arm and led her to the door. "Scram, now. Go down and put on the crinoline."

BUT would she ever believe that he held nothing against her? Soon, very soon, a week at most, he would have to face the music; he would have to tell her that, well, she'd been here, singing, six or seven weeks, and a change was in the cards. And where else could she get a job equal to this? Or any job at all?



Mary turned and, seeing them, Driscoll red-faced and blustering and Shevlin dark and drawn and somehow inimical, she caught her breath. Driscoll shouted, "So this fellow's a friend of yours!"



ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY

Before she left that night she said, "Dave, would you advance me twenty-five dollars?"

He eyed her abstractedly for a minute, and because he did not say anything she colored and dropped her eyes. "I'm sorry. I just thought—"

"I wasn't thinking of that. Twenty-five? Sure." He gave her two tens and a five. One of the tens was patched down the middle with a piece of transparent tape.

"Thanks," she said, folding the bills and slipping them into her purse. "And Dave," she went on, "don't you think I ought to get an agent? I—I can't stay here forever. The applause is getting thin and I think it must be because I've been here so long. You know that many of your customers come here three and four times a week and they must want something different. You can't blame them. Somebody mentioned Schwarz. Is he a good agent?"

"Tops."

"Will you speak to him, Dave? You see, I know nothing about it. Oh, Dave, I know I depend so much on you. But will you, please?"

He looked around the office. "Sure. I'll probably see him around."

He went over to Schwarz's office, in Ninth Street, next day. Schwarz was a plump man who looked like a butcher and who always spilled cigarette ash down his vest. Shevlin sat on his desk and said:

"What do you think you could do for Mary Anderson?"

"The one who sings those old songs at your place?"

"Yeah."

Schwarz moved things around on his desk. "You break my heart, Dave."

"This is on the level."

"Sure it is. You break my heart. Listen, I've got real talent looking for work, fella."

"Just what could you do for her?"

SCHWARZ turned his palms upward on the desk and made a bleak face. "I wouldn't handle her, Dave, so what could I do for her? Try Abrandon. He supplies a lot of the little spots. Maybe he could get her forty a week. You know what I handle."

Shevlin said, "She doesn't belong in a honkytonk."

"She don't belong anywhere but in a bungalow raising kids."

He walked out, his chin buried in the turned-up collar of his brown ulster. At cocktail time he dropped around to several of the best places and had a drink and chatted with the owners. Casually, in each place, he remarked that he was thinking of making a complete change in his entertainment. "Any chance of you wanting Mary Anderson?" No, frankly, none at all. That impersonator, Enrique, yes; and that blond torch-singer. But Mary Anderson. . . .

"I thought maybe you weren't going to show up," said George Kramer when Shevlin walked into his office at seven.

Shevlin sat down without removing his hat or overcoat. "I feel like taking a swing at somebody," he muttered.

"What's under your skin?"

"Me. Everybody." Shevlin took off his hat and scaled it across the room.

Kramer picked it up off the floor, dusted it and hung it up. "Ten to one, it's about Mary."

"Yeah," said Shevlin. "I was all over town trying to get her a job. Schwarz laughed in my face." He stood up and began to get out of his overcoat. George Kramer helped him, saying:

"H-m-m—you eating? I recommend the breast of guinea hen. And, oh, that guy, you know, what's-his-name, has been hanging around the bar waiting to see you."

"Who?"

"You know, the guy Mary—"

Shevlin went down to the cocktail room and found Sam Driscoll lounging against the bar.

"Hello, hello," said Driscoll. He grinned, the corners of his mouth turning up as his hand slapped into Shevlin's. His eyes were blue, very light, and his yellow hair, crisp and curly, clung tightly to his scalp. Cares would never rest heavily on that head, Shevlin thought. The face might have been that of a kid of twenty, full of laughter, irresponsible, but there was something in the eyes Shevlin could not quite figure out. Behind the blue sparkle there was something he distrusted.

"Have a drink."

"Have one on me," Driscoll said.

"Well, some vermouth. Mary here?"

"NO." Driscoll put his big hand familiarly on Shevlin's shoulder. "That's what I wanted to talk about. You don't mind, do you?"

"Fire away."

"Well, it's this way, Dave. You don't mind if I call you Dave, do you?"

"Why should I?"

"Because, well, you gave Mary a great break here. On the other hand, Dave, she's been here six or seven weeks. Mary's a little naïve about a lot of things. When anybody's six or seven weeks at a place, she must be good. She's got something, that girl. It's worth something."

"She's got a lot."

"Of course she has. You understand that. Well, she needs looking after. She's too easygoing. If she thought I was approaching you this way, she'd probably get sore. So, you know, keep it under the hat. But what I mean is, Dave, don't you think she ought to get a little more dough?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

Driscoll slapped his shoulder, rubbed it. "Of course not! You're a businessman. But I just thought I'd tell you before I go out and proposition some other places. Like the Miramar or the Patent Leather Club."

Shevlin looked at himself in the mirror without looking at Driscoll.

"Now don't get me wrong," Driscoll ran on. "I'm not trying to hold you up. But a woman needs a man to handle things. Mary especially."

SHEVLIN put his vermouth down and said casually, "You've known her about four years, haven't you?"

"Yeah, about that. We're getting married next— But she told you that."

"How did you manage to keep from marrying her for four years?"

"Well, a guy moves around. He doesn't want to be tied down. He wants to be sure. Well, hell, you know what I mean."

"Sure. Now you're going to be her manager."

"Yeah. That's it."

"Be a newspaper guy and a talent manager all rolled in one, huh?"

Driscoll gave a little laugh. "Well, to tell the truth, I'm not working at the newspaper business right now. Oh, I could grab a job in a minute. Been in the business for ten years. But I come high and a lot of these lug-heads around town try to buy you cheap. Not me, they won't! Why, the other day I said to Frisbee, down on the Times-Call—"

"I'll let you know about Mary. Give me time to think it over."

"Now get me right, Dave, I'm not trying to—"

"Think nothing of it. I've got to go upstairs."

"I've got to run too," Driscoll said, and tossed a bill on the bar. "I'll be around later."

It was a ten-dollar bill and it was patched down the middle with a strip of transparent tape.

(Continued on page 60)

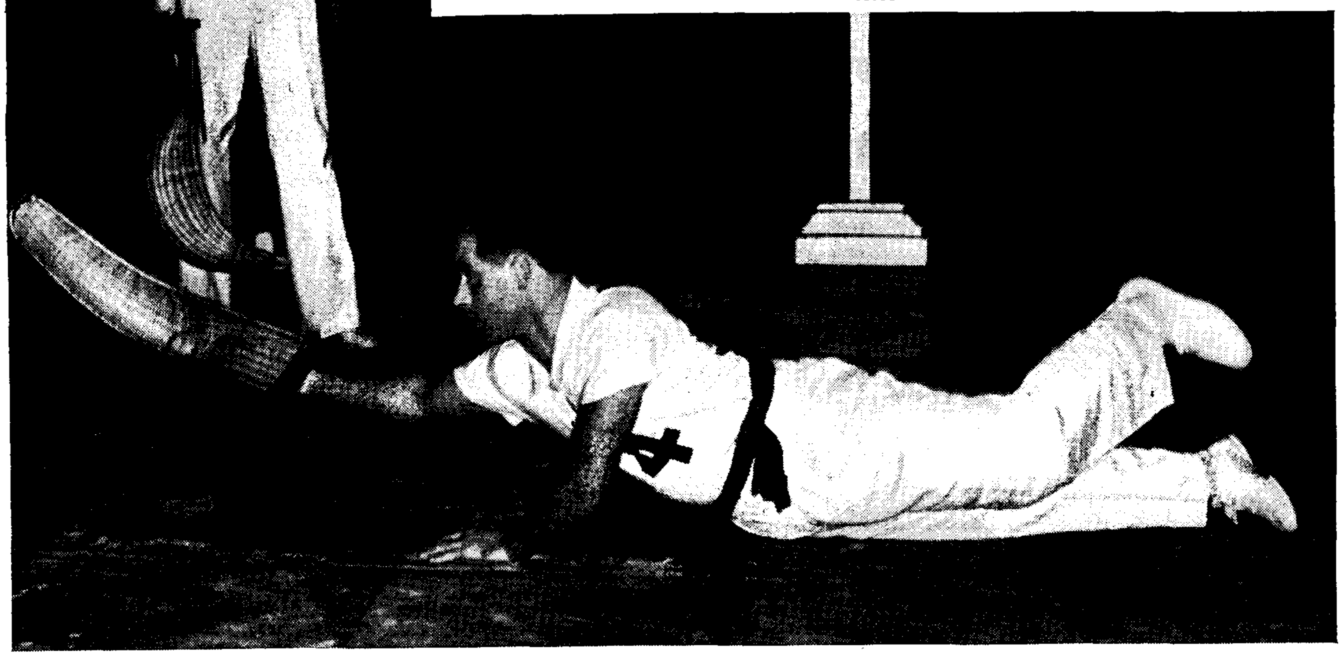
Basque Ball

By Quentin Reynolds

Born in the Pyrenees, jai alai is a faster game than tennis, more dangerous than football or lacrosse. You take a ball, slightly softer than a rock, and—

GLOBE

A backhand return on a high ball, an extremely difficult shot which requires lightning speed to execute



Some shots are almost impossible to get and return, and spills are frequent in a fast game of jai alai

THE crowd watched rather apathetically as the players hurled the *pelota* against the front wall. It rebounded furiously from the blocks of solid granite to be scooped up in a player's cesta and returned. It was skillful, careful play, a singles match, and the veterans, clever at anticipation, weren't moving around the court much. They didn't have to move; they sensed where the ball was going and they were there waiting for it when it did come.

This was at Miami four years ago in the huge Biscayne Fronton. You could hear whispers. Joseph Ramos of Cuba had been made the favorite, but he was trailing by five points and the crowd was restless.

"It's a fake," you heard. "Ramos isn't trying. He's just stalling."

Ramos was slow and a bit sluggish tonight. Someone said that he'd heard that Ramos had a very bad cold. Perhaps that accounted for his lack of speed. Then there was a gasp from the crowd. The ball, caroming off the front wall at terrific speed, had eluded the cesta, or basket, carried by Ramos and with a sickening thump had crashed against his forehead. The crowd was still now. Ramos had slumped to the floor. Attendants hurriedly rushed to him, took one look at him and then, white-faced, called for doctors. But it was too late. Joseph Ramos was dead.

The crowd filed out silently. Those who had whispered "fake" were shamefaced. They had seen something which happens sometimes in jai alai, a fatality caused by a player being hit by the whizzing ball. Roughly, jai alai is handball played in a three-walled court with a hard ball slightly smaller and much harder than a baseball. The center of the ball is rubber, wound tightly with silk yarn over which linen thread is wound, the whole being covered tautly with goatskin. The ball is almost as hard as and has the resiliency of a rock. It comes off the granite front wall, or either of the two concrete side and back walls, as fast if not faster than one of Dizzy Dean's sizzlers. And if the player doesn't catch it in his basket, he is apt to fracture an arm or a leg or, as happened to Ramos, fracture his skull.

A word about this amazing game which in many ways is the fastest of all games. It began back in the 16th century in the shadows of the Pyrenees Mountains and like most games it developed by accident. The youngsters in the Basque country were wont to toss cobblestones against church or school walls and the lad whose stone bounced farthest off the wall picked up the marbles or the berets or whatever it was they used for prizes. Eventually a ball succeeded the stones and a rough form of handball resulted. But the ball was hard and even Basque palms were soft and finally they hit upon the idea of attaching wicker baskets to their arms. The ball was caught either on the fly or on the first bounce and hurled back at the wall. Out of this came the jai alai we know—or don't know—of today.

The game was originally called "*pelota*" after the ball used and it's still called *pelota* in the Basque country. The wicker basket was and is still called the cesta. This is made of durable chestnut and pliable willow and weighs about two pounds. The mortality rate among cestas is high and I've seen one player ruin three of them in a single game. The court itself measures 220 feet in length, thirty-six feet in width, and the height of the three playing walls is forty-three feet. There are three walls, of course, with a heavy net stretched the length of the fourth side to protect spectators from both the bounding ball and the bounding Basques who play.

Not for the Weakhearted

The game spread from Spain to Mexico, South America, Cuba, Florida and, oddly enough, to China. Today Shanghai is one of the big world centers of jai alai. The building which houses the court is called a fronton. When the game came to Havana in 1900 the promoters called their fronton the Fronton Jai Alai, a Spanish expression meaning "merry festival." So popular did the game become and so closely identified was it with the Havana fronton that today jai alai has replaced *pelota* as its name.

Jai ali was first introduced to this country in 1904 at the World's Fair in St. Louis, but it failed to click. During the past few years, however, it has achieved great popularity in Miami and plans are being made to open several other frontons in the country.

Jai alai players usually start very young—it takes years of practice to achieve even a modicum of skill. In Spain and in Cuba youngsters begin their training when they are twelve or fourteen and by the time they are twenty they are ready for what would amount to minor-league competition. As in baseball, a select few graduate to find places in the big leagues, the frontons of Mexico City or Havana or Spain or Shanghai. There is an adage that most jai alai players die young. If they aren't killed by a ball, their hearts are apt to backfire.

Emilio Eguiluz was once one of the world's leading players. He crashed into a wall while playing in Mexico and smashed his arm and shoulder so badly that he had to retire. Today he manages the Fronton Jai Alai in Havana.

Emilio's right arm is much thicker and more heavily muscled than is his left. For years he had been tossing that *pelota* and catching it, and the whipcord muscles of his right forearm stand out prominently.

"You see," Emilio explains, "we really exercise only one arm and one side of our body. That puts a terrific strain on the right side of our hearts. I can't explain it exactly, but doctors say that

(Continued on page 69)

The Vanishing White Man

By Jim Marshall

China learned about bathtubs from us, but Japan is supplying them—and getting the profit. Presently China will be making them for herself, unless Japan can stop her. Either way, the white man will lose out. He has shown Asia the way and that's all Asia wants of him

China fights a constant battle to prevent the smuggling of dutiable goods into the country and makes occasional captures. At the left, Chinese customs officers with a confiscated shipment of smuggled rayon. Above, smuggled sugar being carted from a North China railway station. Below: Man power still moves most of China's exports and imports

A HUNDRED truckloads of gaudy Japanese cotton goods rolled through Tientsin the other day, while the little brown men, backed up by bristling bayonets, defied the Chinese customs service to collect a dime in duty.

On an Amoy wharf Korean *ronins*—imported toughs—rushed and clubbed other Chinese customs officers, holding them back while the winches of a black-funneled Maru from Formosa swung ashore sack after sack of sugar.

In Shanghai, under the guns of a sun-flagged cruiser, crate after crate of manufactured goods from smoky Osaka—some of the crates labeled "Made in Austria"—came ashore to be trucked away through the narrow alleys of Hongkew to Japanese stores.

This sort of thing had been going on for months—Nippon's direct-action answer to the bitter Chinese boycott of everything Made in Japan. But on this particular day, although few Americans noticed it, we lost one of our best customers. For years, China had been buying about one fifth of her imports from us; Japan was 'way down in her list. But, month by month, despite the boycott, Nippon's percentage of Chinese trade had been creeping up.

In the first nine months of 1936 we sold China just under one fifth of her total foreign purchases; Japan sold her about fifteen per cent. Then along came the Pacific Coast shipping strike—Buddha's gift to Nippon—and ever since it has been Japan which has supplied one fifth of China's imports. Our sales drop, month by month.

For more than a century the China trade has meant millions of dollars to American businessmen and a good many jobs for American workmen. We started it 'way back, selling furs from the Nor'west Coast in Canton and buying tea and silk to take over the long traverses around Cape Horn to Boston. Usually, we managed to sell China more than anyone else, despite our high prices and keen competition from the Portuguese, French, British, Belgians, Germans and others.

This was partly because we gave the Chinese a pretty square deal, as international trade goes; partly because we had early established the habit of their buying from us; partly because, for the price, our things were better values than the goods of our competitors. We never had as many "concessions" in China as our chief business rivals from Europe, but we managed to keep a little ahead of them, just the same. We were tops.

But one of those crates, rolling into Tientsin or Shanghai or Amoy, tipped the trade balance against us, for the first time. With American ships tied up on the Pacific Coast, China's import tonnage from Japan grew heavier and heavier while ours grew lighter and lighter.

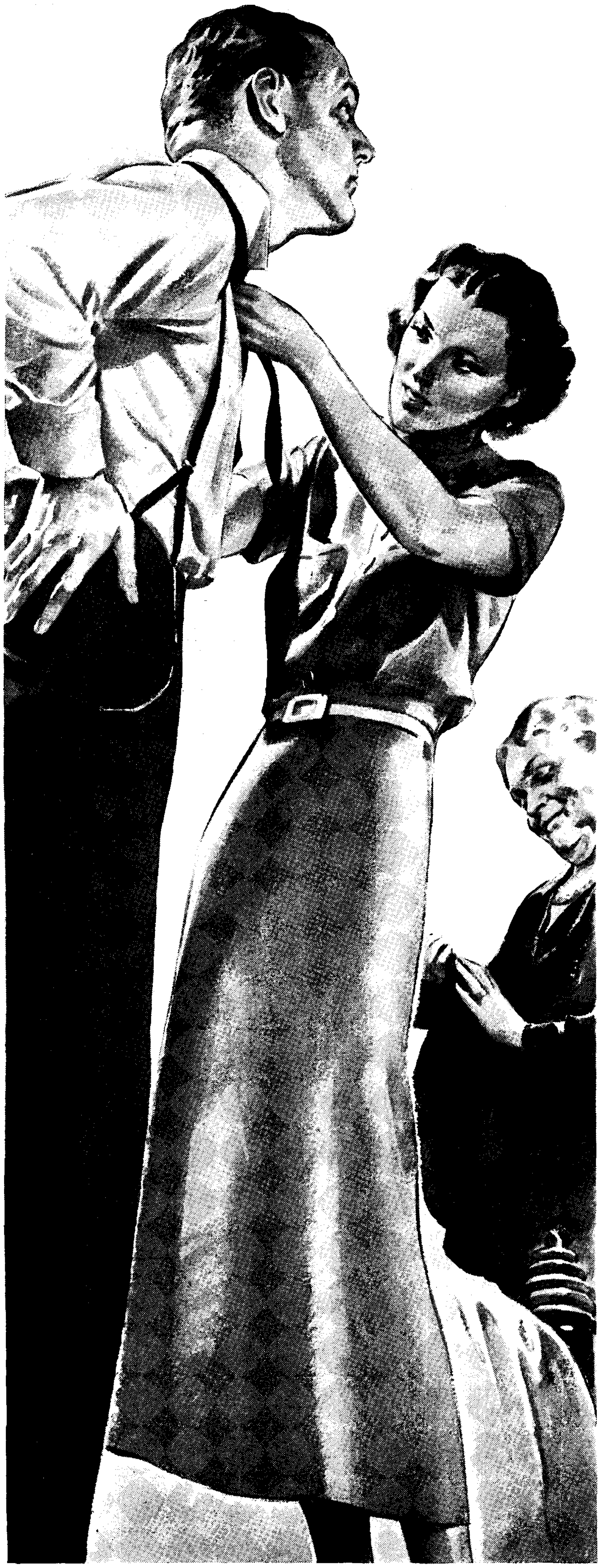
We would have lost our trade leadership to Japan within a year, anyway. The strike simply hastened the process. It spurred the Japanese to get up steam on anything that would float, and they not only loaded these ships to the gunwales *(Continued on page 50)*

Madam Will Not Be Dining

By Burnham Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The story of a man who had built so enduringly of the things that count that he did not waver even when his world crumbled about him



He put the suit on. Celia tied the tie. His mother said, "I always wanted to see one of my boys in one of those suits"

FROM the time he was fifteen until he was twenty-eight Paul Deane worked so hard that he did not have time for much else. Sunday afternoons in the summer he would play a little softball with some of the neighboring kids, and on Saturday nights he would go to the movies with his mother and sister, with whom he lived. But for the most part it was work—in the machinery plant during the day, and at home in the evenings studying the literature of machines—textbooks on design, blueprints on construction, technical studies of the generation and utilization of power. Machines fascinated him, particularly the big ones—power machinery, steam hammers, generators, dynamos. He liked the warm bland breath of a steam turbine, the suave reek of oil, the sheen of copper and steel.

"It seems like you ought to get more play," his mother said to him sometimes.

"I'm having a swell time now," Paul told her. "I want to get to be an engineer, that's all."

"You better be getting yourself a girl, too," Celia, his sister, said.

"Oh, they'll come around as soon as I get the money," Paul said, grinning.

People liked him because he was modest without being shy and because he didn't mind taking advice. He had a square, clean-looking face, with hair of a curious iron-gray that made him look older than he was, except when he smiled. His smile was young and broke the straight lines of his face into curves like the round features of a boy.

He worked in the Harris Company in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The business was small, but steadily growing. It sold to several of the big interstate power companies. And Paul kept moving up. Pretty soon he was getting a salary instead of a wage, and in five years the jumps came so fast that, if he hadn't been so busy, he would have thought somebody must be kidding him—chief mechanic, assistant engineer, engineer. At twenty-eight years of age he was making $9,000 a year—more money than he had dreamed of—as much as he ever wanted to have.

HINTON, one of the two vice-presidents, came down to the machine room and asked him to lunch one day. They went to a businessman's club in the town. The dining room had small tables with linen covers and wooden armchairs with leather seats. Across the hall there was a lounge with all-leather upholstered chairs, each with an ash stand, where they had coffee. Paul had never eaten lunch in such luxury.

"You ought to be a member here, Paul," Hinton said. "You ought to make a point of coming here twice a week and meeting some of these businessmen. You're one of our key men now, you know, and you can help the company by getting to know the people we deal with. The more friends we have in the city, the better it is for us—not only because of sales, but because of taxes and politics and—well, general good will."

"I hadn't thought of that," Paul said. "I guess you're right. I don't know many people except at the plant."

"And there's another thing, too," Hinton went on, "if you don't mind my asking. What do you do week ends?"

Paul laughed. "I can't say it sounds very exciting. We drive a little—Mother and my sister and I. Poker sometimes, with some of the boys at the plant. And I do some studying. I never got farther than the eighth grade, you know."

"Play golf?"

"No."

"Well, you ought to think about joining the country club. That's where you meet the big shots in their unguarded moments."

He joined the lunch club, but the country club seemed a little expensive and, anyway, as he expressed it, he wouldn't know what to do at one except, maybe, run the combination lawn mower and roller. But Hinton kept after him indirectly. "If you're not doing anything Saturday night, Mrs. Hinton and I would like to have you come to dinner," he suggested. "My daughter Eleanor will be there with one of her young men. We might drop in at the club later."

"Thanks a lot," Paul said. "I'd like to." He hesitated. "Should I dress up?"

"Oh, I like white flannels myself, but Eleanor makes me step into a stiff shirt. Got a tuxedo around?"

"I don't have either of 'em."

Hinton looked at him, smiling. "Hell, Paul, you'll think I'm nothing but a lounge lizard with all this social advice, but I think you'll find those things useful. Murry's on Green Street is a good place. You'll be the pride of Bridgeport's dinner tables before you know it."

When the plant closed that afternoon, Paul went down to Murry's and got Bill Simpson to fix him up with the whole outfit. Then he went home and put it on. Celia tied the tie. His mother was afraid they would think her silly if she told them how happy she felt. "I always wanted to see one of my boys in one of those suits," she said.

He had a good time at the Hintons', and afterward they went to the club. Eleanor and the young man danced, and when the music started again, Paul explained to her that he didn't know how.

"I'll teach you," she offered promptly.

THEY went out on a veranda where nobody else was, and she led him round until he got the swing of it a little. She was a pretty girl with brown hair and brown eyes, and he enjoyed the lesson. They sat on the railing afterward and talked.

"You should join," Eleanor told him. "You'll have fun. It's a nice crowd. And the golf course is pretty good."

"I don't play golf," Paul confessed.

"Well, there are tennis courts."

He laughed. "You're showing me up. I don't play tennis."

"Gosh, Mr. Paul Deane, what do you do when the sun shines on a holiday afternoon?"

"Well, you know," he answered seriously, "sometimes I think I missed something, but I'm not sure. Anyway, things never worked out very well for games, even when I was a kid. I had two brothers and two sisters, and they were all older than I. When Dad was living, we were poor, but we got along. But when they played games, I was always too young. Then, just as I was growing up, Dad died, and I had to work. And everything changed all of a sudden. I wasn't too young for the games any more—" He looked at her with a faint smile. "I was too old."

She was extraordinarily moved by this. She thought that there was something obscurely fine about it—not merely that he should work so hard, but that he should tell about it, with his smile, and without bitterness. She wanted suddenly to give him holidays filled with games, and in lieu of this admittedly childish notion, she took an interest in bringing him to the dances, in getting him to hit a ball with her on the golf course. They became great friends. One night she gave a dinner party for six at the club and invited him to come. One of the guests was a girl named Helen Dodson.

SHE was the most beautiful girl Paul had ever seen. She was of average height and slender, with an imperious narrow head. The hair was a pale gold and the eyes bright blue. The mouth was small and a little restless. She wore that night a chartreuse-colored dress, slanting up from each side of her breast into a band that led to the base of the throat and divided to encircle the ivory neck.

He managed to get one dance with her. She told him he ought to learn some of the new steps, and he replied that they were all pretty new to him.

"Do you come from out of town?" she asked.

"No. I work in the Harris plant. I'm an engineer."

"You should come to the club more often. It's not much, but it's the best this town can do."

He was puzzled to note the fleeting look of discontent on her face, like the shadows chasing across the sunlit ground on a windy day. It seemed to him that she could so obviously have anything she wanted—that men would admire her and do things for her, and that she would be able to command any situation with an imperious toss of the lovely head. He talked to Eleanor about her a little and asked about the fugitive restless look.

"Well, I don't know," Eleanor answered, a little guardedly. "I think she would like to have more money, perhaps. And she doesn't think much of Bridgeport. I think Helen would like to be a New Yorker."

He saw her at the club again the next week, and she was nicer to him. She had overheard her father say that he was a man "marked for success," and she liked him anyway. Her deftness fascinated him. It was characteristic of everything she did—her talk, her dancing, her gestures, her way of wearing clothes.

"You know, you remind me of the princess I read about in school," he said to her. "She always did everything so expertly and her hair was always brushed and her clothes were so neatly arranged."

"Sounds a little mechanical," Helen said, "but from an engineer I guess that's a tribute."

"What do you call the color of the dress you wore the first night I met you?"

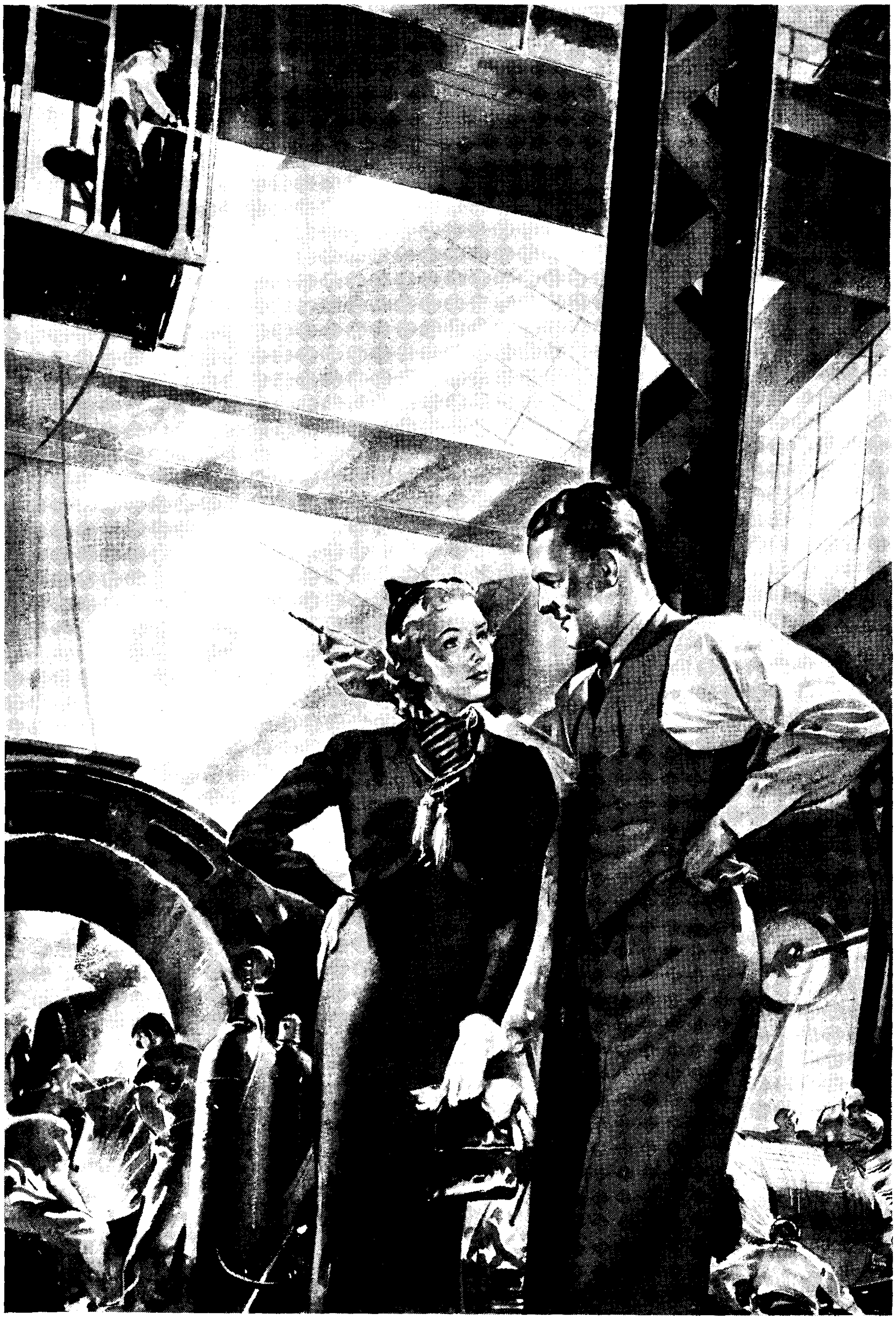
"Chartreuse. It's my favorite dress. You know, I got that dress in New York out of some money I inherited unexpectedly. I got five hundred dollars—all in one lump—and I went to New York at once, to the very best store there is, and spent the whole thing for that one dress. I never had such a good time in my life."

He was vaguely shocked; but she spoke so frankly and with such childlike pleasure that he laughed out loud. "Gosh, I couldn't have done that." He thought of all the different claims that seemed to attach to his money—his mother, his brothers and sisters, his house, his books.

"Well, I'm not always quite so reckless . . . Paul, may I visit you at your company? I want to see what you do."

He was pleased that she was interested and, when she stopped at the plant the next day, he told her about a new order from Kentucky calling for the largest steam turbine and generator they had ever made—a huge monster of sheeted metal, turned by steam and setting the generators in motion; the shining cylinders revolving swiftly, silently, in their thin glisten of oil, to produce forty thousand kilowatts—power equal to the labor of more than four hundred thousand men, enough to light the homes of twenty thousand people. He became enthusiastic as he talked, and

(Continued on page 66)



He became enthusiastic as he talked, and then stopped suddenly with an apologetic laugh. "I'm worse than the proud father," he said. "You shouldn't get me started on this"

RADIUM

"The Radium Express" on the ice at Cameron Bay, Great Bear Lake, on the edge of the Arctic Circle, Radium City's only contact with the "outside"

We take you to Radium City. Prepare for the worst. It clings to a black rock on the Arctic Circle, many hundred miles from the nearest railroad. A hundred men and a lady live there in comparative luxury with the thermometer showing sixty below. They are trying to make that black rock disgorge eighty-five grams of radium a year. There were only six hundred grams in all the world when they started. The plane is about to take off for the richest rock on earth. Button up your overcoat

By Leslie Roberts

Radium City, a huddle of log shacks and a mine on the world's richest rock

AT YELLOWKNIFE, three hours by air from the Arctic Circle, we ate beans and caribou steak at Pete Racine's place. The thermometer showed fifty below too, but we ate in a tent. The food was as hot as molten lead when Pete shoved it across the table. But you had to bolt it fast for fear it would be stone cold before it reached your lips.

Maybe we looked a bit discouraged. Anyway Kennedy, pilot of the Radium Express in which we'd flown from the civilization we were just beginning to appreciate, looked at us cynically. Even down in Edmonton where Kennedy had picked us up he seemed to have unflattering mental reservations about us and those who had sent us.

"You won't see much," he said. "Not much but ice and snow and a hundred men living on a rock. What's the matter with you people back down there? Is there so little to write about that you've got to freeze your guts on the Arctic Circle just because they're mining radium? Hell, you won't see anything. However, if you can take it—well, it's here to be taken. Let's eat. You've got something ahead of you."

And he looked at the murderous sky—a sky vaster than any sky we'd ever seen, with hate in it. We said something about nature resenting us, something about nature being jealous of men who had come poaching upon her ice-fenced preserves. Pete, Kennedy and several other eggs, prospectors mostly from the new gold diggings east of Great Slave Lake's north arm, heard these feeble sentiments of ours and looked bored and scornful. Just another tenderfoot full of tripe.

"All right?" asked Kennedy when we'd finished eating. "We got some nice going ahead of us."

"All right—sure," we replied.

Kennedy dropped his eskimo mukluk boots against the rudders, gunned the motor to rock the frozen snow loose from the landing skis; then, drawing a bead on the North Pole, we took off. The cannonade of our motor was the only noise in the limitless silence—a silence that had something of eternity in it, which shrunk you, which was a sure cure for self-importance.

We were becoming pretty humble. Down below, in Ottawa, Montreal, New York, we had been quite puffed up. We were going to the Arctic Circle to see radium mined. Our mind and our notebook had been stocked with solemn facts and figures. Where we were going they were producing three grams of radium a month. They told us that there were only about 600 grams of the stuff in existence. At Radium City, a clutter of wooden shacks surrounding a black rock on a frozen cape of Great Bear Lake, about a thousand miles north of Edmonton, Alberta, they would presently be producing eighty-five grams a year. Think what this would mean to cancer sufferers, to the scientists who are still groping through the dark searching for the cure and preventive of cancer. And please consider that a gram of radium is worth $75,000 or some such sum. All this was as it should be—tremendously important. And we were duly impressed.

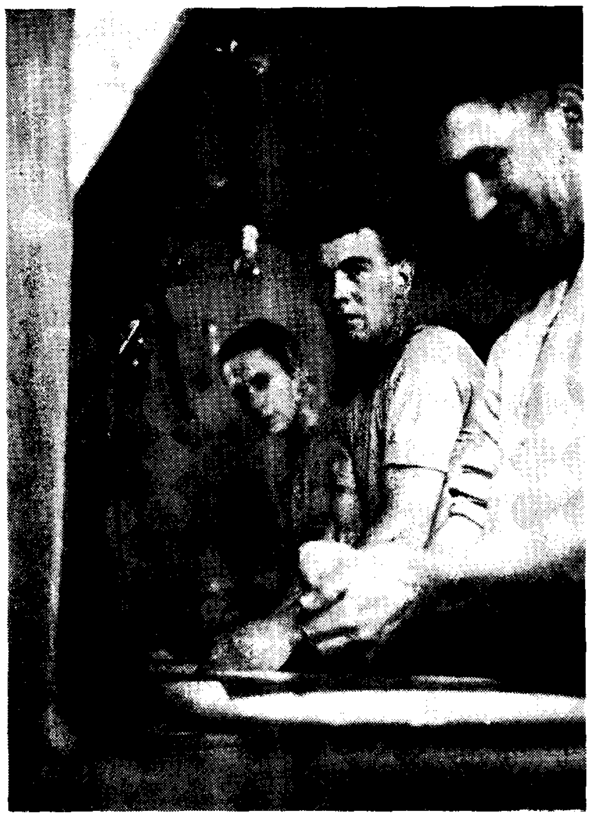
But somehow as we headed into the Arctic wilderness where the frost makes stone of Mother Earth and where the thaws never penetrate very far below the surface, the silence, the endless snow and ice and the hard, dull bitterness of cold dwarfed everything else.

There is no way of getting to Radium City except by air unless you have the time, the fortitude and enough disregard for life and love to travel by a water route which tortures its way up and down, back and forth, across the wastes of Canada's uncharted Northwest territories. And don't get out your maps. They'll do you no good. Canada hasn't taken the trouble to make maps of these incredible barrens.

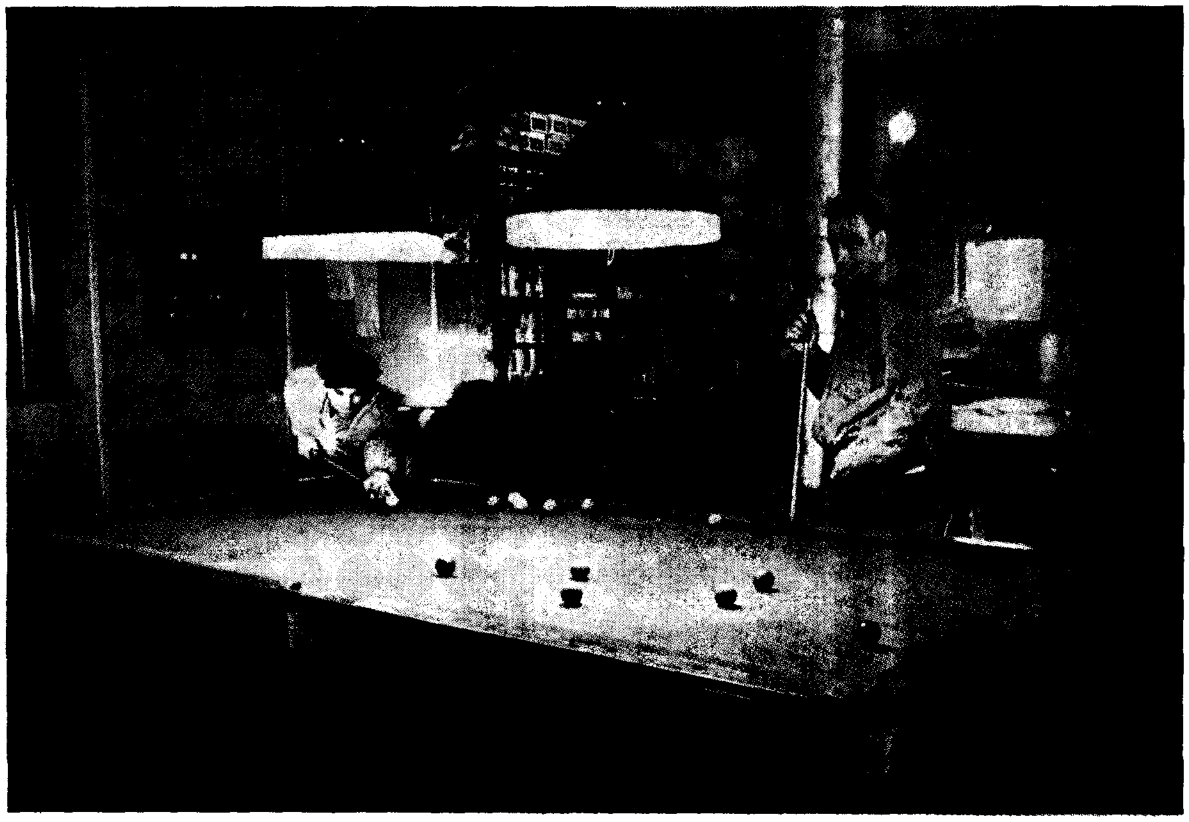
You take the plane at Edmonton, Alberta. There will be a group of people at the airport, including the police. They'll regard you much as Kennedy did us—as somebody who must be awfully tired of convenience and comfort and hard up for something to write. The authorities will look you over too, but more materially. Let's see your sleeping bag. What have you got in that pack? Plenty of heavy sox? All right, you'll need plenty. Extra moccasins?

And look here—these breeches of yours. My friend, this is no Boy Scout jamboree. Better get windproof pants. And a parka—a real one. None

Weather, not fashion, dictates styles up on the Arctic Circle. Mrs. Virginia Walli, wife of the mining superintendent, Radium City's only woman resident



Washing up after a day in the mine. The miners of Radium City are a vigorous, healthy crew, well paid, well fed and comfortable, lodged in a frozen wilderness



Pool and billiards play an important part in after-work diversion

of these Hollywood affairs; something built for weather—weather, mind you. Those snow glasses you've got—tut tut. That metal nose bridge—it'll freeze to your nose. You'll get the proper things? Very well: Now sign this contract. Kennedy, here, and his Radium Express will take you to the diggings (God willing), but if anything happens en route—well, that's your affair. Sign here. Okay. Okay. Get a move on.

So, properly equipped, we had set out from Edmonton. A thousand miles or so of snow, ice and storm lay between us and Radium City. It lay almost due north from America's northernmost east-west railroad. Settlements or refueling points—most of them being old outposts of the fur trade—lay from two to three hundred miles apart. If the weather gangs up on you between these cheerless oases, you may wish you'd never started. If the prospect worries you, you'd better quit while there's a chance of quitting comfortably. This, my friend, is the time to make up your mind—here at Edmonton. No? You'll go? Okay—and good luck.

At Yellowknife, while Kennedy was doing necessary things to the motor of our plane and Pete Racine was preparing to feed us, we saw gold samples that might drive ordinary prospectors to the eye-rubbing stage, saying they didn't believe it. We saw hunks of quartz splotched, shot and filled with gold. But somehow it didn't interest us. We were out to see smooth, black boulders which were being forced to give up the most precious marketable substance in the world: Radium. . . .

Two and a half hours north of Yellowknife we picked up the Camsell River and presently were hovering over the high escarpment of the Conjuror Mountains. That immense expanse of white we saw ahead was Great Bear Lake. Somewhere on Great Bear Lake a hundred men were assaulting the black rocks which were surrendering radium—but only after an unholy fight.

We skirted fifty miles of coastline. To our uninitiated eyes we seemed to be floating over ten thousand white tornadoes. But it was merely the wind kicking up snow spumes. The wind, if you must know, can blow sixty or seventy miles an hour at the Circle and think nothing of it. Mere zephyrs until you try flying into them. And suddenly Kennedy thumbed groundward. We looked.

Was this Radium City? Kennedy was right—we weren't seeing much. There was a huddle of huts at the apex of a gut of ice-bound water. We had a silly moment. All we could think of was the possible thickness of the ice. We remembered how impressed we had been back home when they cut ice four feet thick on the lake. This ice was probably twenty feet thick. But we recovered. We looked sharply and saw tiny plumes of smoke issuing from pin-point chimneys. We saw what first looked like bugs scurrying about—men. Then Kennedy turned the plane's nose down, grinning at us. We probably looked pretty funny to him.

A couple of ice peaks nodded at us. We sideslipped between two more, fell swiftly in a down draft, leveled off and, before we realized it, landed. We didn't see much. Huts. A dozen sled dogs looking just about as friendly as the weather. If they always fought like that, just how did the owners keep a supply of dogs on hand? Then suddenly we saw a couple of girls in huge parkas. That cheered us up. Wonderful how they can moderate climate just by being around—even if they don't pay much attention to you. There was a mounted policeman too and, following him, a little gang of half-breed kids. Robust brats.

The Last Lap and the Worst

Kennedy grinned at us again. Probably our face showed disappointment. Fifteen hundred miles or so through an ice-cold hell for this? Well, he had told us we weren't going to see much. And we weren't—except that one of the girls smiled brightly. Anyway that was something.

"Don't worry," said Kennedy. "They'll be over with dogs to get you in a little while."

"Who?" we demanded. "Aren't we here?"

"Keep your shirt on," said Kennedy. "The mines are over yonder. This is only Cameron Bay—the landing field."

So we had farther to go. These buildings were such commonplace things as the post office, the government radio station, the Hudson's Bay trading post. We were getting a little tired of traveling and said so. Why, we demanded, hadn't we landed at the mines? We could see radio stations, post offices and general stores back home. Kennedy was very good-humored.

Sure, sure, he'd land his plane at the mines—when he got tired of living. If you like landing ships on house-high ice piles, try it. Take the old ship yourself, kid. She's insured. But are you? Maybe you'd better wait for the dog team, buddy. I would if I were you.

When the dog sled arrived, looking for us, they thrust us into a sleeping bag, put on our sun glasses and mittens. The girls weren't smiling any more—just laughing. When at last we were in the sled, much too bundled to move, the driver cracked his whip over half a dozen dogs and, just as in the movies, yelled "Mush." Before those trotting dogs had rounded the trail corner we were saying "To hell with radium." But nobody heard us. Around the corner the wind hit us flush. It cut our cheeks and made our eyes burn. We closed our eyes and began to think of the trip back.

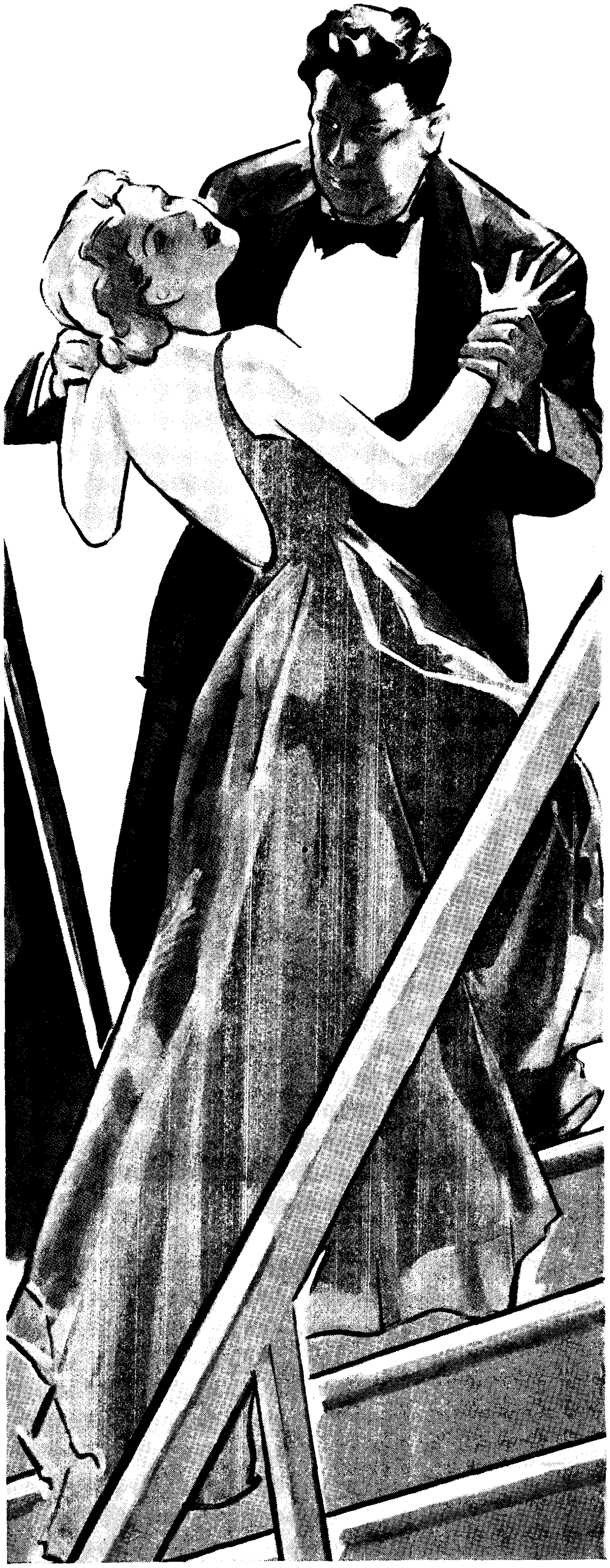
Then the sled stopped. We opened our eyes. We were at the mines. Somebody rolled us out of the sled just as they might handle an ore sack. Then they led us to the bunkhouse. It was time, we thought, to do something for ourselves. So we wriggled free of the sleeping bag, the parka, muffler and goggles. Quite a crowd had collected. Somebody introduced us to somebody and immediately we began to meet Radium City.

There was Kainz, boss of a big Diesel, rubbing his oily hands with waste. Kainz, five feet six but built like a truck, took us aside later and told us what he thought of Herr Hitler, who is now running his country not altogether to the liking of Mr. Kainz. Hitler, hell! We wanted to talk about radium. And Hermann Fischer, who mastered the Westfalen, the Danzig and the Kaiserin Augusta at various times during the Great War. Now his quarter-deck is a woodpile and his sextant an ax. Fischer *(Continued on page 28)*

Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS



His hands caught her by the wrists. The smooth, deep unction of his voice was saying: "Steady, Leslie. Steady, my dear"

The Story Thus Far:

ONE year after the mysterious disappearance of Dorrie Innis, a young actress, in New York City, rich old "J. J." Leggett gives a dinner party. His guests are: David Ryder, his nephew; Mike Ravenna, his dearest friend; Jimmy Hickey, a columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; Eric Claussen—*and* six gorgeous blondes: The Countess Lalo, Marene Sutherland, Sydney Galloway, Leslie Carton, Eileen Durante, and Eric Claussen's wife, Elspeth.

A toast is drunk to Dorrie Innis (who is unquestionably dead). After which, Leggett startles the party by announcing that someone (one of those present) has betrayed him, and that a messenger is now on his way to tell him the whole ugly story. An hour or so later, while the guests are wandering about the huge apartment, Leggett is murdered.

The police decide that it is a suicide. But Ryder knows they are wrong—beside the body of his uncle he had found a small golden angel, one of six identical favors given to the women guests! He sets himself the task of finding the angel's owner.

Moving through adventure after adventure (during which numerous attempts are made upon his life), he presently falls in love with Leslie Carton. And he presently learns, to his horror, that the angel is hers! Warned against her by Hans Seelig, a veteran detective whom he hires and who proves to him that the girl is involved in mysterious machinations with Elia Gonelli, a killer, he nevertheless cannot believe that she murdered his uncle.

Following two more murders (Porter Brant is killed; also, the "messenger" referred to by Leggett), Ryder gives a dinner party at Francesco's, a well-known night club. Because Leslie Carton has just told him that she loves him, he is in a singularly disturbed state of mind. Leslie fails to arrive; Brant is dead—otherwise, the guests are the same who were entertained by Leggett.

Near Ryder's table is a stage. In the course of the dinner, a girl steps out on the stage, dances. *The girl is—Dorrie Innis. But Dorrie Innis is dead!*

Instantly, Ryder puts two and two together. Finding Leslie Carton, he accuses her of masquerading as Dorrie. She admits that he is right. Ryder presses her with questions. She promises to answer them all in the morning. And, puzzled, perplexed, Ryder leaves her.

IX

RYDER joined Martin, who stood back in the shadow against the shoulder of the tall apartment house.

"She saw you, sir?" said Martin. "I didn't think she would."

Ryder looked at him. At last he said: "She intends to leave that house tonight, I believe. We're going to watch it. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you noticed anything since you were standing here?"

"One of Seelig's men blundering around like a fool on the other side of the street, and once he jumped over the picket fence. I suppose because he wanted to leave his footprints in the garden."

"I'm going inside to telephone. Keep your eyes open till I come back. If anything stirs across the street, run in and call me."

"Yes, sir."

He gave a last look at the faint glimmer of the white house between the two tall buildings across the way. Then he turned into the lobby of the apartment house. The night switchboard operator surveyed him a moment and then nodded him to a phone in the corner of the hall. He could speak there with fair privacy, so he called Seelig. The German yawned heavily into his mouthpiece.

"This is Ryder," he said. "Is there news?"

"The whole party that went to Francesco's with you. . . ."

"I don't care about them. Except Gonelli. What did Gonelli do?"

"Just a moment, sir. Here it is. Gonelli is, or was, in an Italian bar, drinking Strega. That thick, sweet, sticky Italian cordial. Do you know it, Mr. Ryder?"

"Damn the cordials. What have you found out about Miss Carton?"

"A very usual story, Mr. Ryder."

"What is it?"

"The girl from the small country town who comes to the big city. . . ."

"What town?"

"A little town in Massachusetts called Regis. My operatives talked with several people. The Cartons are well esteemed. A good family. Came to America before seventeen hundred. The father, a lawyer, often called to Boston. A man with a good head. The mother dead. She left Regis ten or eleven months ago and came to New York. In Regis she rode well, played golf and tennis. Amateur theatricals. . . ."

"MR. RYDER!" breathed the voice of Martin beside him.

He hung up the receiver and hurried out. When he reached the sidewalk, Martin drew him into the shadow.

"Gonelli went to the door of the house," said Martin.

"And when it was opened, they slammed it again in his face," said Ryder, speaking out of his heart.

"I didn't see," said Martin. "I came for you."

"You don't know whether he's inside the house?"

"You told me to come for you at once."

"That's true," groaned Ryder. "Is that the car he came in?"

A long, low-hung automobile stood by the curb across the street.

"He came in that," nodded Martin.

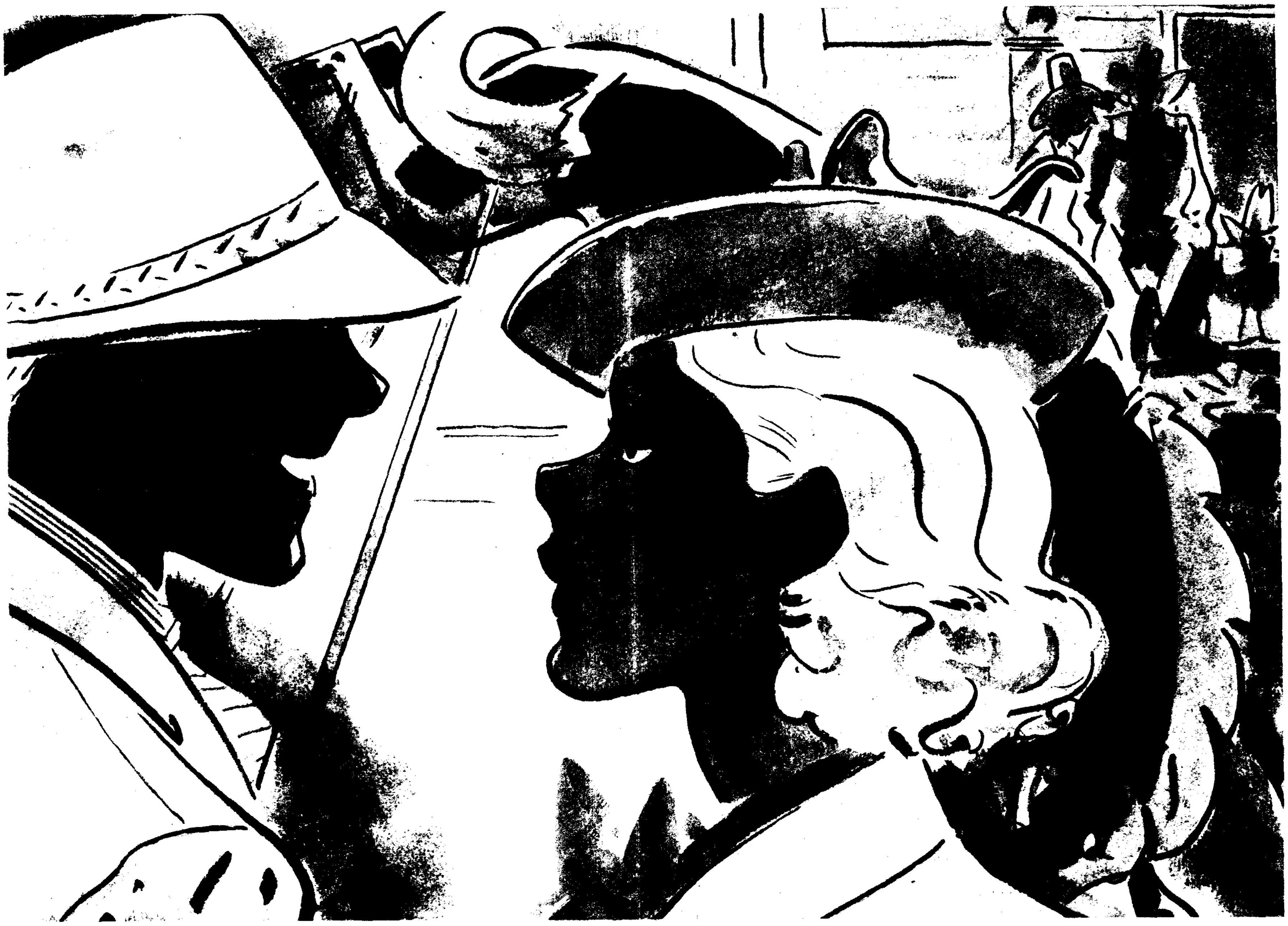
"Is there anyone else in it?"

"Perhaps in the back seat. I don't know. There was only Gonelli in front."

"Go up to the corner. Start the motor of our machine. If I give you a signal, come as fast as you can."

Martin went up the street. His dim figure crossed the pavement and then

(*Continued on page 42*)



"You can have your picture taken," I suggested, "and mail post cards to all your friends." "Thank you, no," she said coldly

The Right Man

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Vernon Case in the desert, or how a night in jail thawed a good woman's heart. The rich rewards to be had from making a very serious mistake at the opportune time

I WAS sitting on the couch in Myrtilla's home, doing my level best to keep her from breaking our engagement and getting nowhere rapidly. She was annoyed and firm. She listened to me with a stony and disapproving expression and after I had pleaded eloquently she said:

"I think the whole thing is ridiculous, and if you persist, then I don't wish to be engaged. We are only friends from now on."

"Yes, but try to look at it properly. It may seem ridiculous to you, but I am employed by Mr. Roe, a trusted employee, and must do as he wishes or lose my position."

She gave a slight, icy laugh and said: "No man who is engaged to a girl has any right traipsing off into the desert with a yellow-haired minx. What girl will stand for that?"

"I am not doing anything of the sort, Myrtilla. I am taking Mrs. Roe and her daughter. It is quite all right. Mrs. Roe has a slight touch of nervous prostration and is upset easily, so that is why I was selected."

"There is nothing the matter with Miss Roe, is there?" she inquired still more coldly. "She looks very lovely in her newspaper pictures, the charming and vivacious heiress."

"I scarcely know Miss Roe and it is unjust to make such insinuations. I am doing as ordered by my employer."

"Very well," said she, her tone indicating it was far from well. "You go along on your society junket with Miss Roe to entertain you, but don't think you can come back here. I wouldn't marry such a man and that is all I have to say."

This conversation occurred on a Saturday night in Myrtilla's modest home, where she resides with her mother and father. He is a retired missionary, while the mother is intensely interested in church work and both parents have at times frowned upon my frivolous doings. Myrtilla Freeman is one of Nature's noblewomen and, the day I met her, I knew here was the one girl I wished to marry.

To be sure, she is not lightheaded or flighty, and sometimes I feel she leans a trifle too far the other way. She might be happier if she relaxed a little and went in for harmless amusements and innocent fun. This she never does, but she is such a beautiful character that I can get along with her anyhow. At least, I could until this episode.

WHAT I was hopelessly engaged in trying to explain to Myrtilla was that on the following Monday I would be taking Mrs. Thomas Roe and her daughter Jasmine in my automobile down to the peace and quiet of the desert, to a town called Rodeo Hot Springs. This I had been instructed to do by my employer, Mr. Roe, who that very afternoon had summoned me into his office.

I have been for some years employed in the auditing department of the Roe Wire Works, hoping for advancement so that Myrtilla and I could marry, and I believe Mr. Roe has every confidence in me. He is a serious, heavy-set man, with a tired expression.

"Vernon," he said, when I entered his office on Saturday afternoon, my name being Vernon Case, "Vernon, I have a little side job for you."

"Yes, sir," I said promptly.

"On Monday, I want you to take Mrs. Roe and Jasmine down to Rodeo Hot Springs, put them up at the Alamo Hotel, see they are comfortable in every way and take Mrs. Roe for a ride whenever she desires."

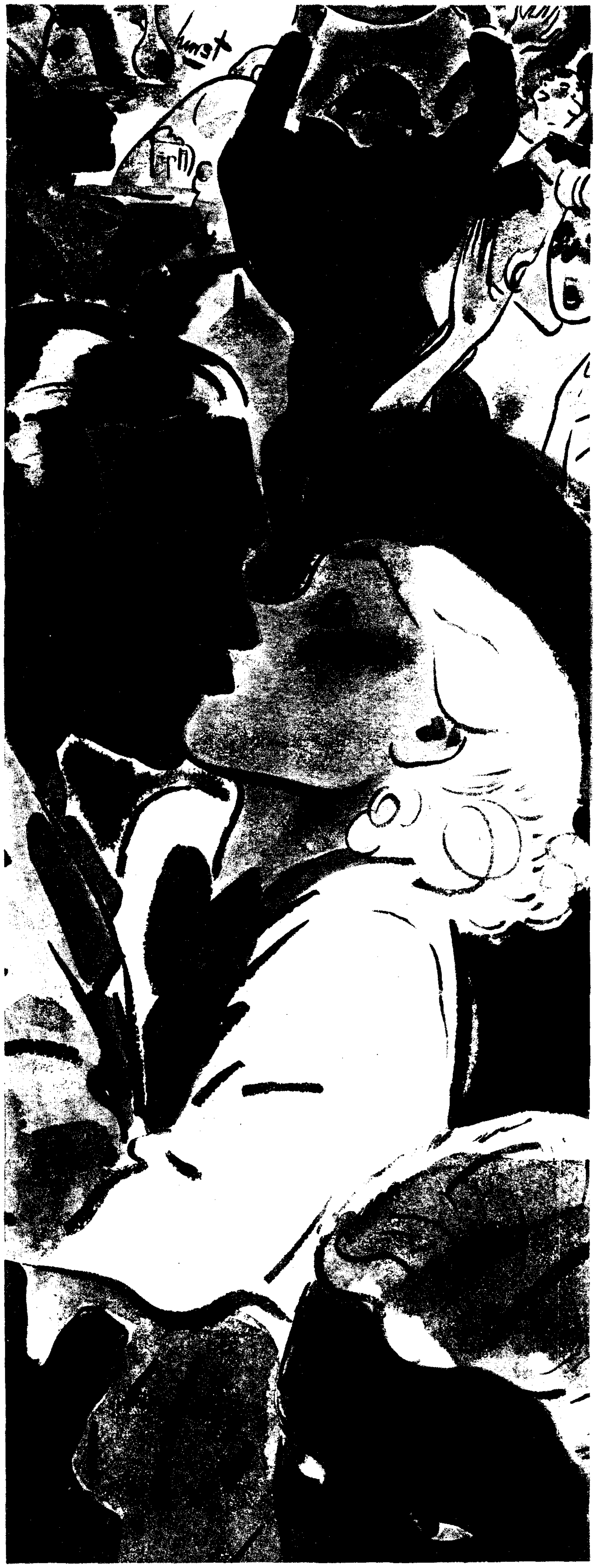
"Yes, sir," I said, thinking it was an unusual assignment, but still flattered by my boss' confidence. He added a few details of instruction and handed me a thick roll of bills, tens and twenties.

"See that they lack for nothing," he said.

"How long do you wish them to remain?" I queried.

"I have not the slightest idea," he answered and then he turned his chair toward the window and glanced out, his weary manner returning. I placed the money in my pocket and presently returned to the auditing department and explained to the chief that I would be absent on Monday.

Of course, like everyone else in Los Angeles who reads newspapers, I was



I felt that my job was virtually over. She kissed him four times and called him names, the least of which was darling

aware of the situation in the Roe family. Mr. Roe is a prominent and wealthy man and Jasmine is a pretty young creature, in fact remarkably pretty, and for at least one year the entire effort of the Roe family was to keep Jasmine from marrying a motion-picture actor named McClow—Drury McClow. The Roes stated that they wished to have no movie actors marrying into their family. Jasmine jumped up and down and swore she would marry McClow or die, and Mrs. Roe said she would be better off dead, and so it went. Little pieces slipped into the newspapers and everyone smiled.

First, they sent Jasmine to Europe to take her mind off the handsome actor and Mrs. Roe went along to make sure the strong-willed child didn't fly back on the first airship. They remained, bored to tears, for six months, returned home to Los Angeles, found Jasmine still burning with determination to be a movie bride, rushed her away again to Honolulu, with mother in command, and now they were just back from Hawaii and the sprightly Jasmine hadn't changed her mind one iota.

She assured them flatly she intended to marry Drury McClow, let the heavens fall, and that she would wear them down, being younger and stronger than they were. Mrs. Roe announced that they would leave town at once, passing out onto the great and mysterious desert, far from the city. She selected Rodeo Hot Springs, a smallish community, one street and six garages. Mr. Roe asked me to go along as sort of dragoman and that is the information I conveyed to Myrtilla Freeman, with such poor results. Myrtilla is perfectly marvelous, but at times she will not face the practical affairs of life, and while I am an amiable fellow I likewise can be a bit obstinate. It was rather sad, parting with Myrtilla, and I was distressed when I said farewell, but there was nothing I could do about it.

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock on Monday morning, I picked up Mrs. Roe and Jasmine at their palatial residence in the suburbs of Los Angeles, loaded up the baggage and headed for Rodeo Hot Springs. I had previously met Mrs. Roe twice and Jasmine once and on neither occasion was I impressed or excited, which made Myrtilla's attitude so foolish. Jasmine was pretty, to be sure, with yellow curls, sparkling blue eyes, irregular and elegant features of the pert type and lively as a basket of bees. But it takes more than a pretty girl to run up my temperature, as we Cases have always been phlegmatic and calm in the presence of women.

Mrs. Roe, on the other hand, always gave me a feeling of vague uneasiness, amounting almost to discomfort. She had elderly green eyes and reddish hair, no doubt from chemical effects, and it was difficult to converse with her, as she only heard whatever she said herself. She was a large, slow-moving woman and I always thought her feet hurt her. I got along famously with Mr. Roe at the office, but his wife had me stopped cold, and so I learned to confine my conversations to barest outlines when in her presence. With some persons, I try to lighten the passing occasion with humorous remarks, but not with Mrs. Roe, upon whom practically any humorous remark is wasted.

We arrived in Rodeo Hot Springs without incident, as mine is a worthy motorcar, and the hotel people were set, as I had telegraphed. During the trip, Jasmine sat beside her mother in sulky silence, staring out the window and looking as grim as such a type of young female can look. Rooms were waiting, a fine suite for the Roes, a single for me. Mrs. Roe immediately retired for a nap, being exhausted. I was to learn that being exhausted was her normal state, probably due to this nervous prostration, which in turn was traceable to her constant traveling on ships and trains and her efforts to keep Jasmine and McClow apart.

Whenever I looked at Jasmine, I wondered at all the fuss and tried to figure out why it wouldn't be all right for her to marry a movie actor, even if he wasn't a star or a near star. She seemed precisely like the young wives of movie people I've met—in fact, she looked like a movie type herself. However, it was none of my funeral, as I was only a paid employee, had certain duties to perform in Rodeo Hot Springs and intended to carry them out to the hilt.

"Jasmine is in a melancholy mood," Mrs. Roe informed me, before her nap. "Her spirits are low, so do what you can to take her mind off herself—and that creature."

BY CREATURE, of course, she meant Drury McClow, who happens to be an ordinary, commonplace actor, trying to work himself up in the business and wearing no horns. I had seen him at tennis matches and there was nothing alarming about him—slick black hair, lean, bony face, black eyes and a jovial manner. It was quite possible that he might stagger into something notable in the movies, get to be a headliner and make as much money as Mr. Roe. But to Mrs. Roe he was a scalawag and a climber, whose name mustn't be mentioned.

I at once sent Myrtilla a mournful telegram, telling her everything was all right on the desert and that she could reach me at the Alamo Hotel, if she cared to, which she apparently did not. Even a sarcastic reply would have been better than none.

Turning to the problems at hand, I supposed it was my duty to provide harmless entertainment for Jasmine, which was not such a simple item. Her mother had informed me that she was melancholy, but I perceived no trace of it. After dinner, which was a gloomy meal indeed, the only child asked:

"What can anybody do in this ghastly town?"

"Well," I replied, "one can go to the movies. They have a theater here."

"I don't go to movies. I hate movies."

"That takes care of that, Miss Roe—I can get along without cinematic entertainment myself. If you wish, I'll take you for a walk and you can see for yourself what this picturesque little town has to offer."

IT SO happens I am rather well acquainted in Rodeo Hot Springs and the smaller towns adjacent, my doctor having sent me down on the occasion when I had asthma. Possibly that is why Mr. Roe placed me in charge of his family.

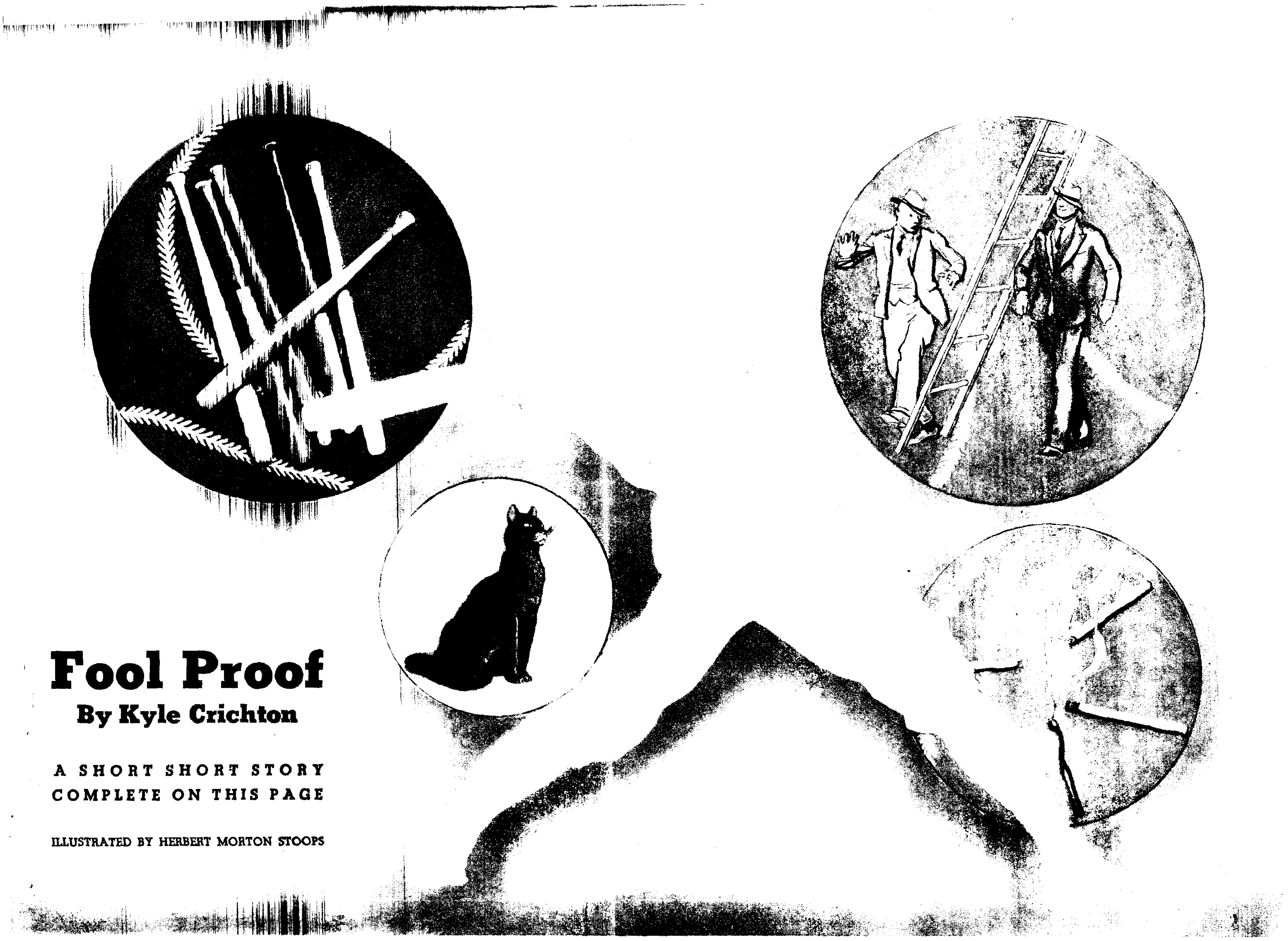
Jasmine and I strolled slowly along the main street of the village and I devoted myself to thinking. Our conversation was entirely impersonal and, so far as I was concerned, she might as well have been out walking with a robot, which shows how far wrong Myrtilla was. Miss Roe made scathing references to the village, its uncouth people, its run-down structures, lack of lights and whatever she chanced to see. Nothing pleased her, a matter I could understand, as her mind was probably elsewhere. If I had been Drury McClow, all would be different, and likewise, if she had been Myrtilla, the little stroll might have been jollier for me.

"There is a bowling alley down the road," I suggested. "If you would care to stop and bowl awhile—"

"I never bowled in my life," she said shortly. "Bowling is for fat men who work in laundries."

This seemed reasonable enough, so I

(Continued on page 31)



Fool Proof

By Kyle Crichton

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

SWATSY O'HARA sat in the lobby of the Hotel Pocohontas in Squihila, N. C., and uttered a silent and hearty curse which took in (a) the state of North Carolina, (b) Southern colleges in the spring, and (c) nuts.

Against North Carolina, Swatsy had no particular grudge. It might as well have been Alabama or Mississippi. It meant only that instead of going north with the Dodgers after breaking camp at Clearwater, he was detailed off to scout Southern college players before June found them either graduated or back behind the plow.

Opposite Swatsy in the lobby of the Pocohontas was Arthur Wilson, coach of Squihila State Teachers College.

"Now, listen," Swatsy was saying, "I'm down here to see this Roland Updyke of yours. He couldn't be any good with a name like that and, besides, he's probably colorful. Everywhere I go they want me to meet some lug who is a personality. Ever since Dizzy Dean came along these kids in the high grass have been practicing before mirrors to look goofy. I want to ask you about this Updyke.... Does he do practical jokes? Does he insist on wading in hotel fountains? Does he keep lizards in his bed? Does he hang from ninth-floor windows by his toenails? Does he do hog calls?"

"I should say not!" cried Mr. Wilson indignantly. "He's an honor student here—Phi Beta Kappa. The most sensible boy you ever saw. Lives with his mother out here on the edge of town and has been specializing in biology and mathematics."

"Well," said Swatsy, rearing himself out of the lobby chair wearily. "I suppose I have to go out and at least look at him."

Squihila was playing Harrison College and the first inning was under way when Swatsy got out to the park. He got inside just in time to see the Squihila center fielder turn his back to the plate, run like a scared rabbit toward the fence and jump and turn in one motion to take a drive over his right shoulder.

"Don't tell me," said Swatsy. "I know—it's Updyke."

IT WAS Updyke the rest of the afternoon. He ran to the right and left, he came in and made diving catches of low liners, he roved over most of right and left field in addition to his own work. He threw a man out at the plate when he tried to score on a long fly. The first time up he hit a home run over the right-field fence.

When he trotted back to the bench after circling the bases, Updyke picked up his bat and threw it carelessly over some others lying in front of the dugout. Swatsy looked at this and then at Wilson and shuddered.

"Crossed bats," he said. "That's the last hit he'll get today."

The next three times up Updyke got a triple and two singles.

"Sure, he's good," agreed Swatsy grudgingly, "but I don't know. . . . Ask him down to have supper with us tonight."

Wilson introduced Updyke to Swatsy after the game and the three walked over to the hotel together.

"Hey!" yelled Swatsy, suddenly. Updyke had just walked under a ladder where they were fixing a sign on a hardware store.

At dinner he watched Updyke carefully. The young man's manners were good; he ate with care and didn't stuff himself. He uttered no strange cries and pinched no strange waitresses. In passing the potatoes, however, he upset the saltcellar. Swatsy made a grab at the spilled salt and began hurling it over his left shoulder. Updyke looked at him in some amazement.

"There's one thing," said Swatsy, when the excitement died down. "When you got that first blow today you wore your cap over your left eye; the next time you didn't have it on at all. . . . You shouldn't be taking chances like that."

Mr. Updyke looked unconvinced but agreed graciously.

"Well, now," said Swatsy at length, looking very cagey, "what about money?" He sat half up in his chair and watched the young man.

"Oh, that doesn't matter at all," said Updyke. "Anything you say will be all right."

SWATSY sank back in his seat and seemed to sweat a bit inwardly. He looked again quickly to see if it could be true. Updyke was smiling and taking out a pack of cigarettes. Swatsy took one; Wilson took one; Updyke took one. Updyke lit a match. He held it for Swatsy's cigarette; he held it for Wilson's cigarette; he started to light his own cigarette. Swatsy leaped up and knocked his hand away.

"For gosh sakes, boy," he said, sweating openly now.

They got up finally and started walking down Main Street. Halfway down the block a wagon went by hauling empty barrels. Swatsy started backing into an alley in fright. Updyke gazed after him in some wonder and followed. As they walked down the alley a black cat ran across in front of them. Swatsy went "*Whe-e-e-e!*" and suppressed a scream. Updyke looked at him in astonishment.

"You mean you really believe in those superstitions, Mr. O'Hara?" he asked in wonder. Mr. O'Hara looked at Mr. Updyke in turn with even greater amazement, trying all the time to bring his jangled nerves back to normal. At length he turned and looked out the foot of the alley toward Seward Street, where the unerring O'Hara eye saw a telegraph office.

"Wait right here," he said to Updyke and Wilson. "I want to get off a telegram."

"Good!" said Mr. Wilson, looking proudly from Updyke back to Swatsy, who was rapidly disappearing.

Swatsy went into the office and wrote rapidly. He sent the following message:

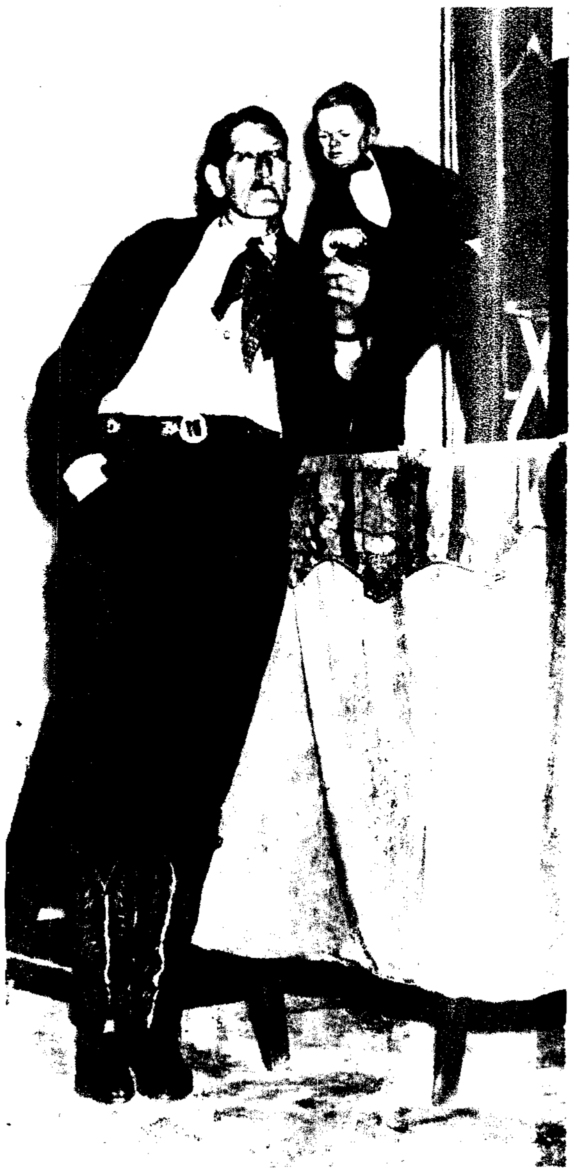
UPDYKE GREAT HITTER GREAT FIELDER BUT NO GOOD FOR US STOP THE GUY IS A NUT STOP WOULD DISRUPT THE WHOLE TEAM IN A MONTH STOP NASHVILLE TOMORROW
SWATSY

Side-Show Diagnosis

By Hannah Lees

Right this way, folks. For the first time in any country we have under this tent a doctor, captured at risk of life and limb. Step up and buy your tickets, folks. He will tell you about the Leopard Boy, the Bird Girl, the Bearded Lady, the Man from Mars and a thousand marvels beside which the wonders of the ancient world pale to insignificance. It's stupendous, colossal, amazing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Just ordinary folks with extraordinary and sometimes spectacular afflictions are the fat ladies, the giants and the midgets, the so-called living skeletons and leopard girls of the side show

IT'S circus time, side-show time. The barker is calling his wares. The ticket seller is taking in quarters. The crowds are flocking to see the horrors. And this is pretty funny when you look at it one way, for the chances are that most of the freaks Mr. Man in the Street is paying his hard-earned quarters to see have already been viewed by a good many doctors—for nothing. Many of them have probably even gone so far as to pay to be looked at by doctors. For practically all side-show freaks who are not fakes, and most of them are not, can be found fitted snugly between the pages of some medical textbook. Curiosities they may be but what they more certainly are is sick.

I made this discovery a short time ago when I happened to attend my first side show, surrounded, one on each side and one behind, by the medical profession. For while the barker shouted and while, fascinated, I watched a repulsive-looking lad smilingly fasten a safety pin into his stomach I was hearing in one ear, in tones of grave interest, "Amazing. I've never seen a case of syringomyelia before," and in the other, "Well, that sensory loss goes along with one kind of leprosy too, you know," while from behind came the words, "Why make it so difficult? Probably all the fellow has is an advanced case of tabes."

We weren't in a side show at all, it seemed, but a medical clinic, and the consultants were exercising their time-honored right of disagreeing about diagnosis. From then on, as far as I was concerned, my doctor friends completely stole the show. Their patter was probably less dramatic than the barker's, but it was a lot more informative.

The Leopard Man, for instance—*A human being with the skin of a beast of the jungle. Look at him, ladies and gentlemen, the only one of his kind*—may look pretty fantastic to you. But if you ran across him in a dermatological clinic as you easily might, with no spotlights and no fancy pants, he'd fade right away into a light Negro with a skin disease known as vitiligo. Not that vitiligo is exclusive with Negroes, but it shows up better on them, and vitiligo, skin specialists tell me, is rare, but not so rare but that pictures of lots of Leopard Men can be found in any dermatological textbook. What it is is a fairly mysterious disease that attacks the pigment of the skin, not the skin itself, just the pigment, making it disappear in patches.

Some doctors believe that vitiligo can come from the shock of some great tragedy or emotional disturbance, the shocks affecting in some unknown way the nerve ends of the skin. But most doctors cheerfully admit complete ignorance of its cause or cure. I say cheerfully, because vitiligo really doesn't affect the health of the patient any other way. A doctor I know once had a plumber who had it, and our Leopard Man in the circus could just as well put his clothes back on and go to work in some more conventional way. But then he can probably earn more money with less effort under canvas.

Skin with a Snap

A more genuine oddity but still a patient for our clinic is the India Rubber Man, whose skin can be pulled out six inches and returns with the snap of a garter when released. Science in this case, however, can't do much better than the barker. For the best dermatologists can do is to call such talent *cutis hyperelastica,* which translates a bit tamely into abnormally elastic skin. They know that *cutis hyperelastica* comes from some defect in the fibers of the skin that govern its suppleness, fibers that are known medically as the elastic fibers, but that's about all they do know. They seem to think it is something a person is born with and that it is probably hereditary. They have no way of curing it, but that isn't so serious, for *cutis hyperelastica* is no more a handicap than an ability to wiggle your ears—and wouldn't need to interfere with presidential ambitions even, except for the distracting counter-lure of life in the big tent.

The girl who is sometimes billed as the Elastic-Skinned Woman is a different kettle of fish. The one I saw had skin hanging around her thighs in such folds that she could all but pull it up and hide her face in it. This, doctors tell me, is not *cutis hyperelastica* at all, but merely an exaggerated skin tumor—of a type called *fibromyxoma.* The chances are, what's more, that this tumor could fairly easily be removed and the girl herself removed to private life—but she would in all probability find it extremely dull.

The Men from Mars, or Men from the Moon, become through medical eyes nothing in the world but albino Negroes. Their remarkable appearance, as you probably know, comes from a total absence of any pigment in their make-up. Not just a loss in patches like the man with vitiligo—but none. They are born without it, so their hair and eyes and skin are completely colorless except where the blood shows through, which of course is what makes their eyes look pink. Doctors know for a fact that this particular lack is hereditary. It is somewhat commoner in Negroes than in white people and apt to be the result of inbreeding. What is more, albinos are likely to be somewhat below par both mentally and physically, and so it is really a good thing that they can achieve distinction by claiming such a distant birthplace as the moon, since there isn't much chance of their achieving it any other way.

The Blue Man, on the other hand, is a lot less fortunate, for his intriguing color is the direct result of somebody's carelessness or ignorance. And he may have the mind of a genius or the soul of a poet, but once he turns blue, blue he is going to stay. For what he has is known to doctors as argyria, and comes from overdoses of silver nitrate or some other silver-containing preparation. It has been known to come from the constant overuse of argyrol for a long period of time, but don't let that keep you from using argyrol when your doctor prescribes it. Argyria is very rare.

The way it happens is depressingly simple. If you've ever studied chemistry you may have, one time or another, spilled silver nitrate on your skin and had it turn black and stay black till it wore off. Well, some years ago there was a vogue among doctors for prescribing silver nitrate for ulcers of the stomach and it undoubtedly did help heal the ulcers, but sometimes too it deposited this dark silver salt through all the cells of the patient's skin, dyeing him a delicate gray-blue as indelibly as if he had been tattooed. The chances are that most of the circus Blue Men, and a good many other people too who are going about their less spectacular businesses in a blue haze, are a result of this unfortunate ulcer cure. But luckily, though science makes mistakes it also makes progress, and the chance of there being many Blue Men and Women when the present supply gives out is pretty slim.

The bread and butter of any side show, as you probably know, depends on the fact that glands occasionally, but only occasionally, over- or underfunction. Such bread and butter are the Fat Lady, the Bearded Lady, the Midgets, the Giants and even the Ugliest Woman in the World.

Circus Fat Ladies, most doctors agree today, are a result of some sort of pituitary underfunction. This theory hasn't been completely proved, for the pituitary has so many and such complex functions that experimenters have so far not been able to separate the hormone that burns up fat from the rest of the pituitary hormones and inject it into fat ladies to see if it reduces them. What's more, a group of scientists are busily working on an opposite theory, that

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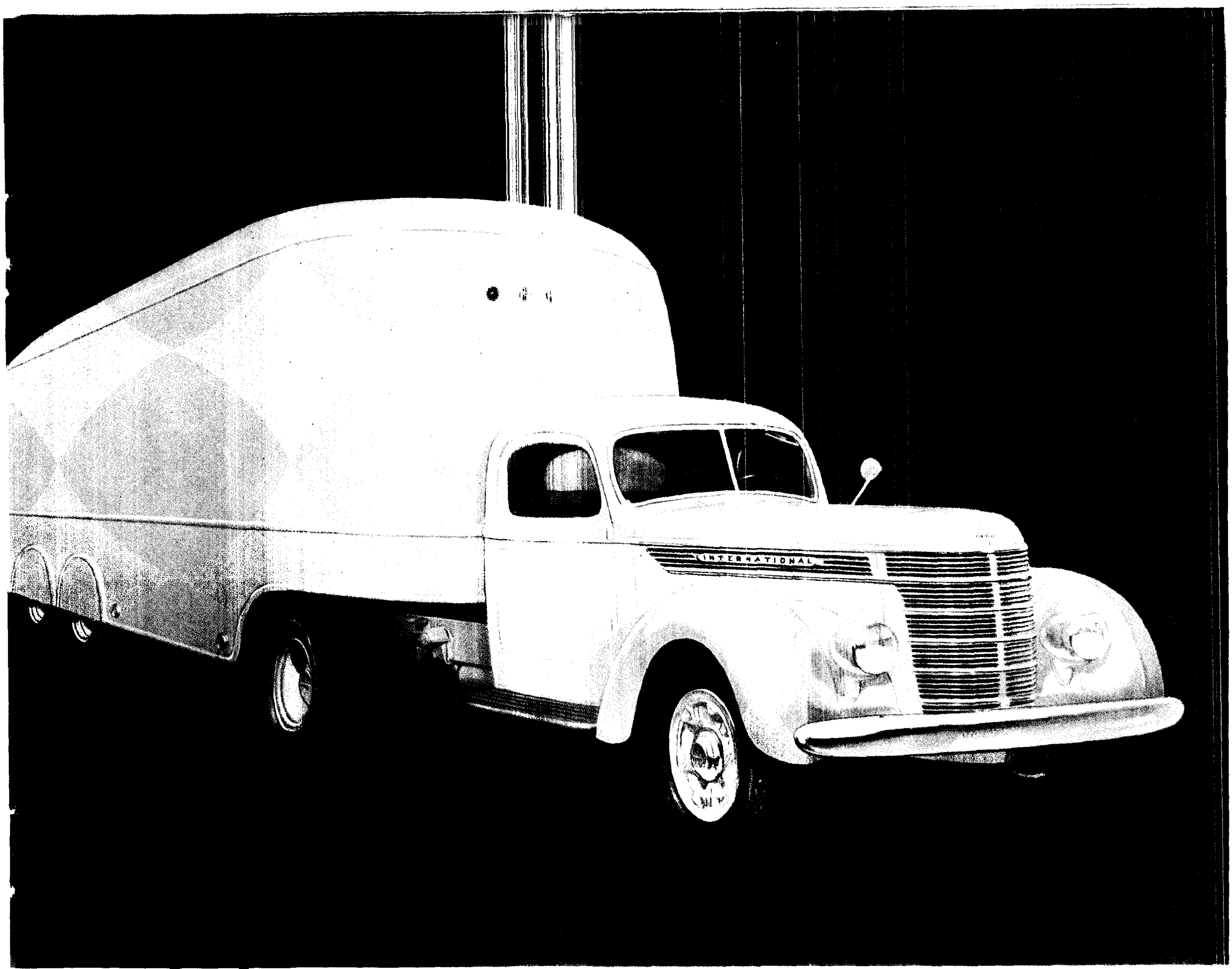


THE *Ne* INTERNATIONALS

International Harvester produces no "yearly model" changes in trucks. A new line is not just a matter of the calendar with this Company. It is interested only in keeping International trucks at top efficiency.

The International "C" models, now on the highways in many tens of thousands, are living evidence that this policy gives the truck user what he needs for hauling satisfaction. There have been no better trucks on the market, but *now* there are better trucks by far—these new Internationals.

The International reputation has advanced steadily on performance and long life, on unequalled nation-wide service, and on the truck user's final objective—ECONOMY.

In the meantime, International has been constantly at work on the basic problems of engine and chassis design, load distribution and braking, increased power, fuel economy, and driver comfort. The resources of its engineering staff, its laboratories, its plants and proving grounds were centered in the development of a fundamentally better product. Today the many improvements are consolidated in this *completely new* line of trucks.

Today International Harvester offers truck users the finest value of the year, a product not only *engineered* to the moment, not only *proved* in the long process of development, but *styled* for public acceptance. These new trucks are at your service—on display at any International branch or dealer showroom.

Illustration shows the
w International 3 to
ton Model D-50 with
mi-trailer body of
ial design. Interna-
nal sizes range from
Half-Ton unit in the
w-price field up to
gged Six-Wheelers.

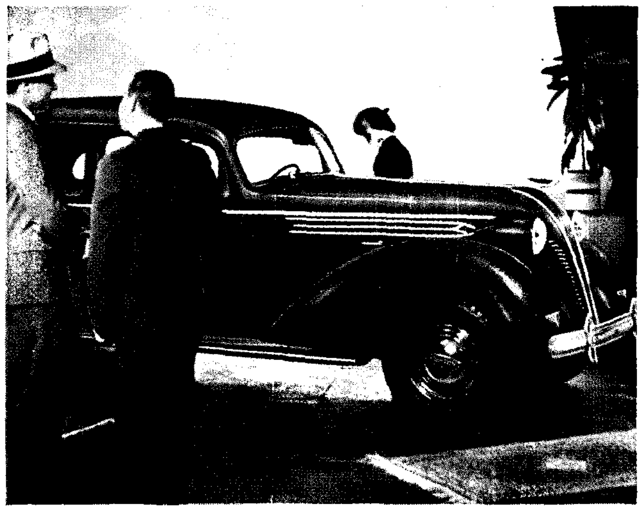
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

NTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

THE MARTINS FIND OUT *how much* THEY'VE BEEN MISSING!

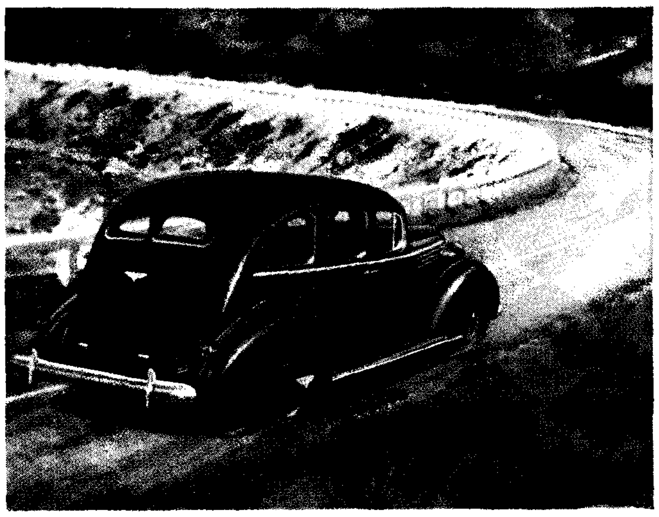
and YOU can find it, too, in America's No. 1 CARS!

"All right . . . you win," says Mr. Martin. So, instead of simply placing an order for the same make of car again, they are going to look around. "Because," Mrs. Martin explains, "how else can we be sure we haven't been missing something all this time?" And so, just to make sure, the first place they visit is the Hudson and Terraplane showroom.



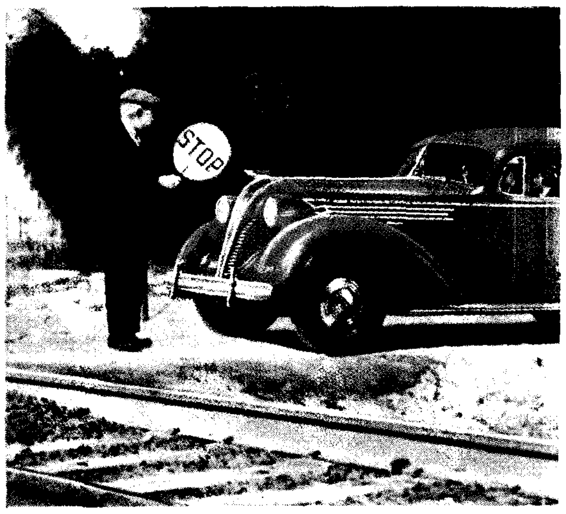
"Best looking car we've seen," remarks Mr. Martin. "These Hudsons have a style all their own. You can spot one as far as you can see it on the road." But Mrs. Martin is busy looking inside. Admiring the finer upholstery fabrics . . . the beautiful instrument panel. Noting that this car has *every* luxury feature . . . little niceties and conveniences they have missed up to now.

"Look at the room in that seat!" Ah, that' thing else you've been missing . . . 55 inches of fro comfort for three; several inches more than in an popular car. Plenty of head room and leg room, f rear. And here's another surprise! The front floo *clear* . . . no gear or brake lever. You can step i the *curb* side, the *safe* side, as easily as from t

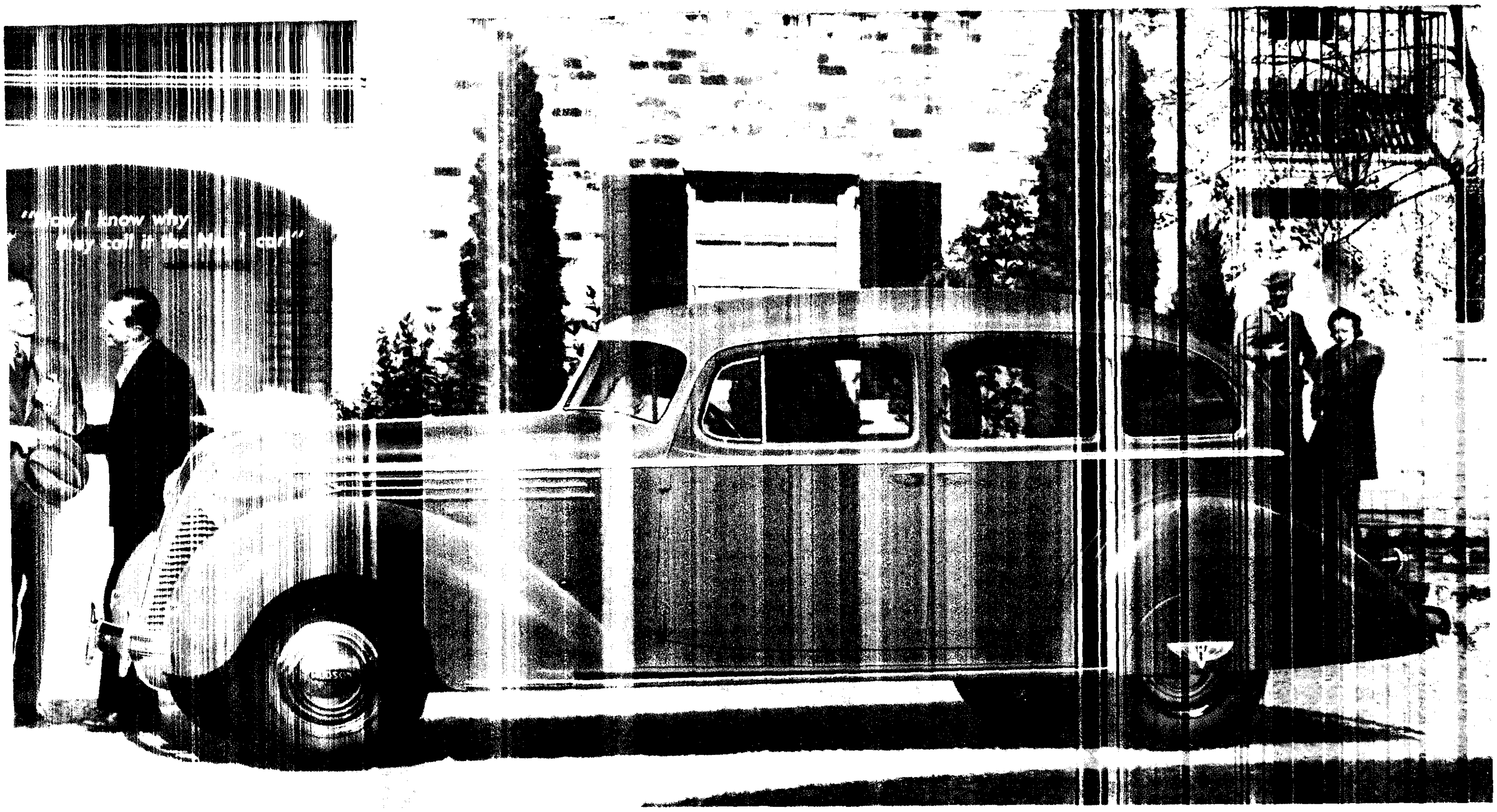


"Boy! Is that motor smooth?" Old Hudson owners have known that smoothness for years, but it's new to those who have been driving other cars. Smoothness! Power! Endurance! Hudson had to have them all, to travel 2104 miles in 24 hours, averaging 87.67 miles an hour. "An all-time record for closed cars at any price," the salesman explains.

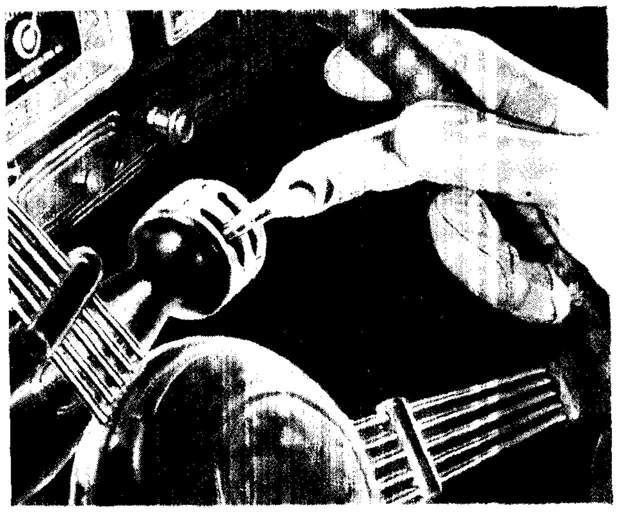
"We've been missing lots of comfort!" Hudson's long, gentle springs . . . free for the first time from steering and braking strains . . . do make a big difference. So do longer wheelbases . . . 122 or 129 inches. Mrs. Martin, now at the wheel, likes the way the car holds the road; revels in its easy steering. Then she echoes something all Hudson owners know: "Why I'd never get tired, driving this car!"



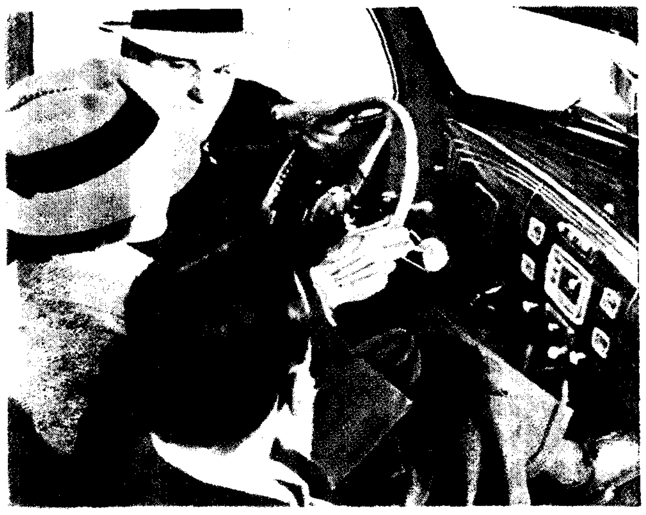
"I've never seen such brakes!" True . . . other cars have Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes. " touched the pedal," exclaims Mrs. Martin. Giant Soft, smooth action! And, operating from the *sa* pedal, there's a *separate* safety braking system th hold *automatically* if ever needed. Still a *third* brak tem, too, in the easy-acting parking brake, up in eas



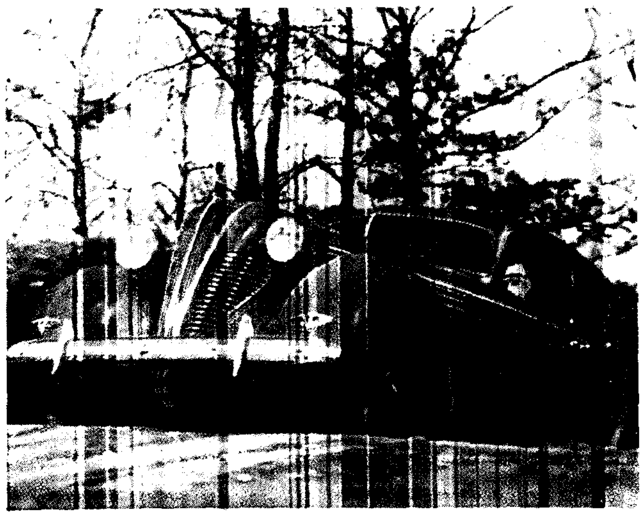
illustrated — 129-inch Hudson Eight Custom Country Club Sedan



n't this something new?" New to you, perhaps, . Martin; but more than 125,000 owners of Hudson-built s have already driven over a billion miles without a gear :t lever. You change gears with a finger flick, up at the *eel*. The gear positions are the same . . . there's nothing v to learn. "And it's wonderful," exclaims Mrs. Martin, have foot room where that gear lever used to be!"



"Where has this been all my life?" Right away, Mr. Martin gets enthusiastic about the Selective Automatic Shift. This new way to drive is so much easier and safer. Lift a toe from the accelerator; flick a finger at the wheel . . . and gears shift themselves! No need, ever, to touch the clutch pedal. An optional extra, the salesman explains, on all 1937 Hudsons. From Mrs. Martin: "Oh, let me try it!"



"How much power did you say?" Top power in each price class . . . 101 and 107 horsepower in the Hudson Six; 122 in the Eight. You notice the difference, don't you . . . in traffic or on hills? Remember, this 1937 Hudson has already broken 33 American Automobile Association records. "Now I know why," is Mr. Martin's answer.

d you say 22 miles per gallon?" asks Mr. tin. And the salesman explains that this big Hudson beat ther Eights in the 1937 Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy ., averaging 22.71 miles per gallon with 5 passengers and gage, and *no coasting*. "Even in most *small* cars," he , "you miss that kind of economy." Dual carbure- in Sixes as well as Eights . . . more power from less gas!

HUDSON
No. 1 CAR OF THE MODERATE PRICE FIELD

TERRAPLANE
No. 1 CAR OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD

"Now we won't be missing anything!" Indeed they won't . . . not with No. 1 style, power and performance. With No. 1 roominess for passengers and baggage. With the safety of a body all of steel and roof of steel. And many other features other cars lack. Drive a Hudson, today, and see what *you* have been missing. We believe you will decide as the Martins did . . . *your* next car will be a Hudson.

No. 1 Cars of the Low and Moderate Price Fields

No. 1 Wheelbases . . . 117 inches in Terraplane; 122 and 129 inches in Hudson.

No. 1 Horsepower . . . 96 and 101 in Terraplane; 101, 107 and 122 in Hudson. Double carburetion in Super Terraplane and all Hudson Sixes and Eights.

No. 1 Roominess . . . 55 full inches of front seat comfort for three.

No. 1 Driving Ease . . . with exclusive Selective Automatic Shift (an optional extra).

No. 1 Safety . . . with exclusive Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes and bodies all of steel, including roofs. New Double-Drop "2-X" Frame.

No. 1 Economy . . . 22 miles per gallon for Terraplane; 22.71 for Hudson in Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run.

Hydraulic Hill-Hold, optional extra on all models—46 models—choice of 12 beautiful colors . . . also a complete line of Terraplane Commercial Cars.

Ask about the new low-cost Hudson-C. I. T. Time Payment Plan—terms to suit your income

—"and we're going to California in our Packard"

IT STARTS EARLY—this recognition of Packard as a shining symbol of all that is smart in motor cars.

This is true today. And it has been just as true throughout Packard's 37 years of life. Probably you, if you look back into your memories, will realize that your admiration for Packard started back in your childhood.

This is perhaps the chief reason why Packard's two lower-priced cars—the Packard 120 and the Packard Six—are the sales sensations of the year. For both of them now make it possible for most Americans to realize the life-long dream of someday owning a Packard.

Even a brief inspection of these two Packards will prove to you that, inside and out, they have the smartness, verve and distinction that have made Packard your longed-for car. You will agree that both cars are *real* Packards, embodying not only Packard's famous lasting identity, but also Packard's celebrated long mechanical life.

These two Packard "lives"—long mechanical life and enduring beauty—are two important reasons why the Packard 120 and the Packard Six are shattering precedents and sales records.

The *other* reasons for the car's sensational triumph you will discover before you have driven them a mile. You will discover an agility, a fleetness of acceleration, you never suspected could be built into cars of such generous size. You'll find them thrillingly easy to handle, turn and park.

And when you take out your pencil and start to figure, you'll get the pleasantest surprise of all. For you will find that both cars are very easy to buy, and even easier to maintain. You will find that, without straining in the least, you can be the man who owns one.

For example, your present car will probably fully cover the down payment on a Packard Six. And the usual monthly payment comes to *less* than $35 a month!

Why not drop in on your Packard dealer this week?

PACKARD

PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX

Let your Packard dealer give you complete price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet "The Business of Buying and Owning a Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any *car.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Edward the Eighth

In the tumultuous days of last fall when the Crown of England hung in the scales against a woman's love and the subjects of King Edward whispered feverishly of a constitutional crisis, no one was more active than Winston Churchill. Here, in the form of a review of Hector Bolitho's "Edward VIII," he describes the monarch whose abdication amazed the world

By Winston Churchill

IT WAS a widespread but certainly a vain hope that the controversies about King Edward VIII would be ended for a while by his abdication. It would no doubt have been desirable that a period of silence should intervene between that poignant event and measured contemporary judgment. There was a very rough ebullition of disapproval when the Archbishop of Canterbury thought it necessary to read a lecture to the fallen sovereign and expatiate upon his failings and those of his associates. The pent-up feelings of the British people, whatever view had been held on one side or the other during the crisis, found relief in an almost universal expression of protest against what was considered an untimely and unnecessary utterance. The venerable Archbishop himself, after a few days' consideration, informed us of his conclusion that "silence is best"; to which the press rejoined: "It always was."

Mr. Hector Bolitho, however, has found it impossible to follow this wise advice and the book which he has lately published cannot be suffered to pass without some slight corrective comment. He is by birth a New Zealander; but we are told in the prospectus that he has been fortunate in finding a wider sphere than the famous twin islands can afford their sons. As a young journalist he managed to make contact with the ex-king during his visit as Prince of Wales to New Zealand shortly after the war. The Prince with easy good nature allowed him to come along with the royal party, and may well thus have opened to him the more spacious fields in which he now breathes and has his being.

"This book," declares the dust-cover, "*planned and begun in different circumstances,* possesses an importance not attaching to any biography of any English King which has been written within living memory. Mr. Bolitho has long been engaged on this biography, for which he had been granted exceptional facilities. During his researches into the history of earlier generations of the English Royal Family, the author was able to gain many firsthand recollections of the Duke's boyhood and early manhood. He has, in a sense, grown up with his subject; he has a special admiration and sympathy for the ex-king. . . ."

The startling events of December, 1936, evidently confronted Mr. Bolitho with a new situation to which, however, he soon addressed himself. "It would," he writes, "be rather weak of me to throw the manuscript away and yet not complete the story quietly and honestly." So he decided to add "a final chapter—horrible to me to write."

There is no need to quarrel with this decision but what is remarkable in the finished work is that the first four fifths of it lead up quite naturally, and in a sense almost inevitably, to the newly added climax and ending. It seems very difficult to believe that the bulk of this story written as we are assured four years ago, ready for print in those *(Continued on page 39)*

EUROPEAN

GLOBE

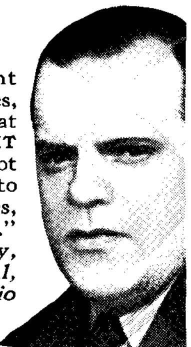
Misfit Blades Make Face Raw, Sore

—say men everywhere!

Unsolicited letters tell why it pays to use only Gillette Blades in the Gillette Razor!

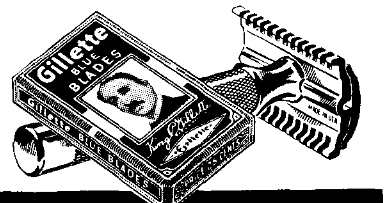
FACE SCRAPED FROM MISFIT BLADES!
"After using misfit blades, and suffering from scraped, sore skin, I've decided not to use anything but Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor from now on. This way I know I'll always get cool, clean shaves."—*H. Garner, 13 Abbe Ave., Thompsonville, Conn.*

SWITCHES BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES
"I substituted different make blades for Gillettes, but when I learned that they were apt to be MISFIT blades I realized why I got bad shaves. I returned to genuine Gillette Blades, now I get clean shaves."
—*J. H. Hennessey, St. Vincent Hospital, Toledo, Ohio*



THROUGH WITH MISFIT BLADES
"Every time I used a misfit blade my face was sore and raw. Now I use only Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor and am getting better, cleaner shaves."
—*J. D. Karp, 230 W. 79 St., N. Y. C.*

The reason you get faulty shaves with *misfit* blades is because the shaving edges are not properly exposed in your razor. Too much edge may cause scuffed, sore skin — not enough edge may leave half shaved bristles behind. To avoid these shaving discomforts use only a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. They FIT perfectly because both were designed by the same engineers—produced in the same factory. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Living on Radium

Continued from page 17

thinks Hitler is a great guy. Listen: What did we come to the Arctic Circle for—to discuss a curious little man with a comedy mustache? Where's this radium mine?

Still we had to meet the rest of them. They told us they had expected that some writing guy would show up sometime. Radium was an old story to them. The chore boy at the bunkhouse used to drive a milk wagon back in civilization. One day he took his savings and bought airplane passage to the Circle. They gave him a job—chambermaid in the miners' rooms. He told us all about it. Olaf Slaaten runs a tractor. He used to do that in the Saskatchewan wheat fields until he went broke like everyone else. Olaf was sick of the way the government was running things anyway. A man's his own man in Radium City. You're your own law on the Circle. And Nere Robert had come up from the Beauharnois country near Montreal, at first for furs. He married an Indian girl. We couldn't keep track of all the men we met. And we were glad there were only a hundred of them. We wanted to talk about radium—not Hitler, milk, floppy government and Indian girls.

Comfort at Sixty Below

One fellow used to be an electrical supplies salesman. We talked to a guy who was a stockbroker. Another said he used to be a building contractor. There were enough college football players to make quite a team—Pat Ryan of the University of New Mexico for one. Then just for variety someone showed us a heap of bulging sacks. Grab one, stranger, and give it a swing. We grabbed and we tried to swing. How were we to know that that little sack contained a hundred and forty pounds of radium concentrate? It took fourteen thousand pounds of rock to produce that much concentrate. When Kennedy has flown two tons of that concentrate out to the railroad and the railroad hauls it across Canada to Port Hope, Ontario, those two tons of concentrate are put through thirty-three different chemical processes. And then you have just enough radium to make a tiny spot on your thumbnail—enough to eat off your hand and arm. So shake hands with The Reverend. Used to be a preacher. Now he's a miner.

But we were thawed out by now. Our room had twin beds, electric light, steam heat. In the washroom a miner showed us how to get shaving water. You merely filled your basin with cold water. Then you took a hose attached to another tap and stuck the free end into your cold water. Then you turned on the tap. A roar ensued. That was merely the steam fighting through the cold water. And presently you had hot water.

If you wanted a shower—well, that was something else. We didn't find out why but to take that shower you had to leave the bunkhouse, run across fifty yards of ice, through a blizzard, to the Change House—where the miners change their clothes when they emerge from the mines. We got along pretty well on a shower every now and then.

For supper they gave us tomato soup, grilled whitefish, lyonnaise potatoes, hot rolls and butter, raisin and apple pie, doughnuts and tea. With the exception of an ear which hurt a bit (our parka hood had blown off for a moment during the sled ride) we were beginning to be ourselves.

Everybody insisted upon filling us with details. Let's see. It costs ninety-two cents a day to feed a miner at the mine. But he doesn't pay it. He gets a minimum pay of four and five dollars a day—chow and bed thrown in. And the chow's rather smooth too. They showed us the storeroom. Almonds, sweet biscuits, ketchup, coconut, figs, raspberry jam, mayonnaise, peanut butter, curry powder, spaghetti, sardines. sauerkraut, honey, ox tongue, marshmallows. Marshmallows? Yes, marshmallows. And if you want to make something out of it, step outside. It was only sixty degrees below outside. Warming up some. And of course there were such common things as bacon, coffee, sugar, oatmeal, hams, and the like.

What we wanted to do, that first night, was sleep. But we got none until we were shown all the sights. The poker game, for example. The same game has been going on for a couple of years—ever since the first permanent mining crew came in. The game runs twenty-four hours a day—five-card stud but nothing wild. But you may have to spend fifty dollars for your fifth card. There are no professional games — no professional gamblers. We are not without some experience at stud and we'd advise the ordinary professional to stay out of this game. He might, however, try his talents at billiards, pool or table tennis, which are played at the mines with great vigor and considerable emotion.

There is a radio in every room and the boys love the crooners. There are no bootleggers but you can have a few quarts brought in by plane. All you have to do is to snowshoe over to the airport—over the trail we rode in that dog sled. We stuck to the water wagon.

But when at last they let us go to bed we made a great job of sleeping—ten hours of it. In the morning we began to understand where we were.

Radium City contains North America's only known commercial supply of radium. It is smack down on the Arctic Circle, on Great Bear Lake, far north of the United States-Canada border. There isn't any depression in Radium City. Nobody is on dole or relief. The mines run twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The population is one hundred and one—the one being a lady—Mrs. Virginia Walli, wife of Emil Walli, the mine manager. And she used to be the radium specialist in Toronto's general hospital.

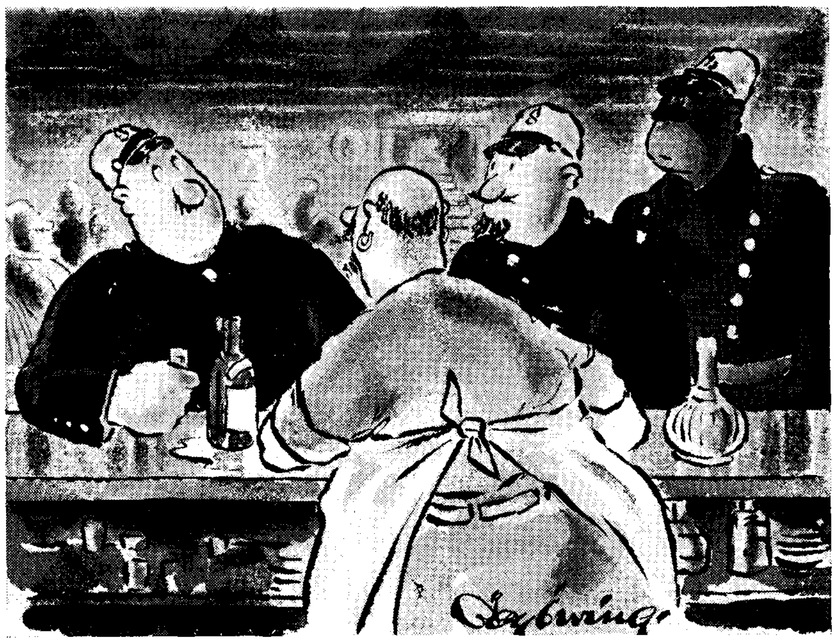
The whole place was the result of accident. At any rate, chance. Gilbert LaBine was just prospecting around—just looking here and there for gold—when he happened upon these pitchblende rocks. Every time he visits the place he shakes his head as if he doesn't believe it. Still amazed. It was in May, 1930, that he and Charlie Saint Paul, his partner, were working around the shores of Great Bear—fifteen thousand square miles of frozen water. They were merely looking for what they might find. Then suddenly one morning the glare of the snow and ice got inside Saint Paul's eyes and Saint Paul went blind.

Stumbling on a Fortune

LaBine speaks of this with warranted feeling. Had Saint Paul not gone blind they might have gone on their way with their glances and hacks at this rock and that. But there they had to stay until Saint Paul's eyes should light up again. And while they were clearing, LaBine worked the neighborhood while his partner lay in a dark shack with a poultice of wet tea leaves on his eyes.

Thus it happened that LaBine found a thick silver vein near the shack. Following it along, not overenthused because silver was no bonanza, he found a fragment of jet-black stone, about the size of a plum. In the dark shack he took the stone from his pocket. It gave off an eerie sheen—somewhat phosphorescent but with none of the surface qualities of phosphorus. LaBine says he trembled as he looked. And it wasn't the cold that shook him either. He said nothing to Saint Paul, knowing it would be deeper agony for his partner who could not see. But he raced back to the bluff, falling, sliding, saving himself from the cliff. He found the vein which had dropped the fragment and followed that. Every specimen he hacked loose showed the smooth, black, bubbled surface of pitchblende. That's how LaBine found radium—chance. There was no reason for further prospecting. He remained in the shack, his own eyes afire, poulticing his partner's eyes until Saint Paul could see. And then he showed him the shiny black rock that looks as if it had been caught and frozen while boiling.

Now there isn't a dollar to be made

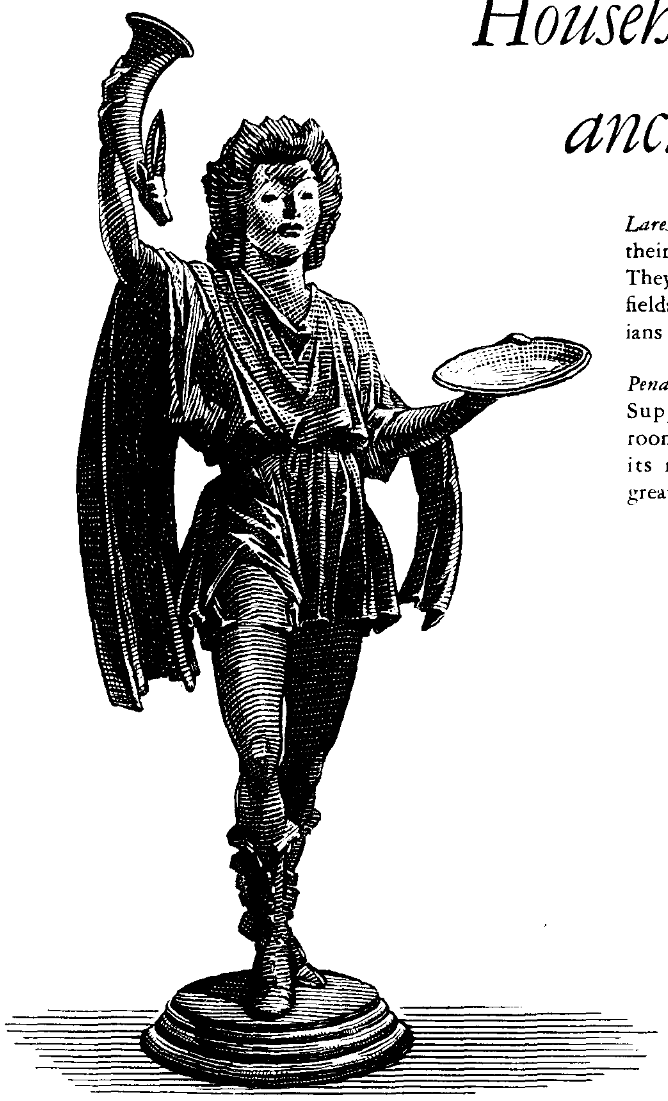


"My wife got an idea in her head I was keeping a diary. I was"

JAY IRVING

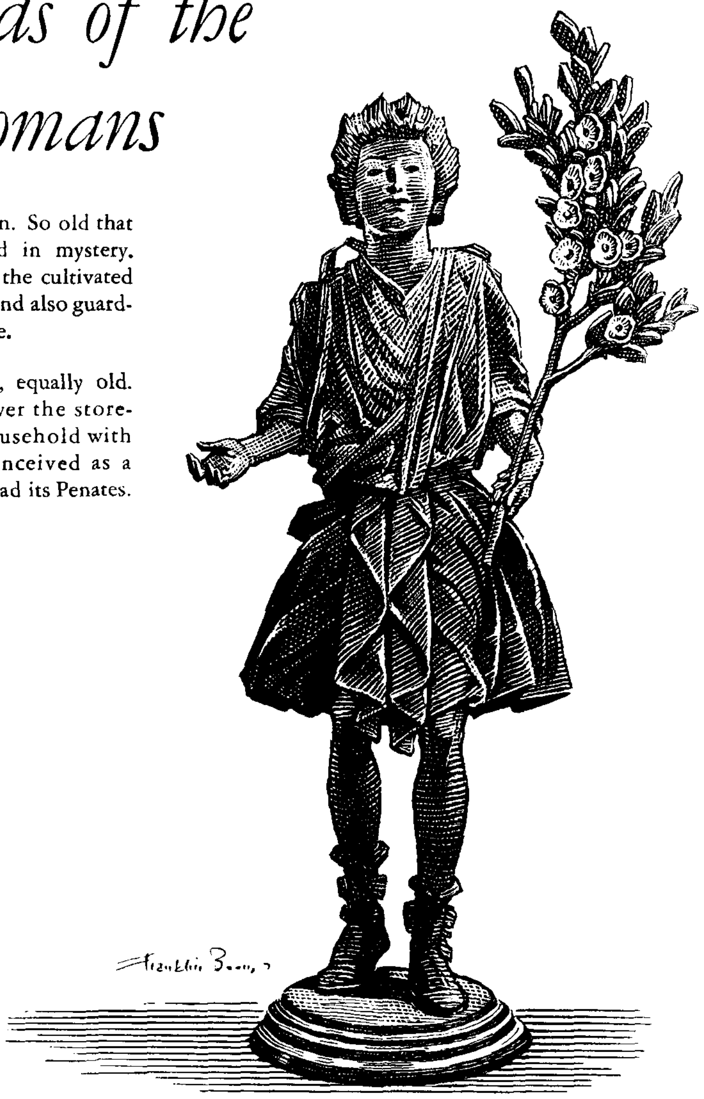
LARES *and* PENATES

Household gods of the ancient Romans



Lares—gods of Protection. So old that their origin is shrouded in mystery. They were first, gods of the cultivated fields, then of the home, and also guardians of the city as a whole.

Penates—gods of Plenty, equally old. Supposed to preside over the storeroom, supplying the household with its needs. The city, conceived as a greater household, also had its Penates.



Sketched from bronze figurines of Lares and Penates at Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

IN the days of ancient Rome every household cherished a little set of family gods on which the welfare of the family was supposed to depend.

Today the average head of a family depends on his own labors and thrift, plus something unknown to the ancients. The doubtful favors of the old pagan Lares and Penates are replaced by the certainty of modern life insurance protection issued in a variety of plans to meet different needs.

Under the Metropolitan Family Protection Plan you can arrange to have a definite monthly income paid to your wife for a definite number of years. One variation of this popular plan assures your wife $100 a month for twenty years, should your family be left without you during the vital years while your children are growing up. These checks will arrive regularly, at a time when most needed to keep your family together, to pay household expenses and to provide education for your children.

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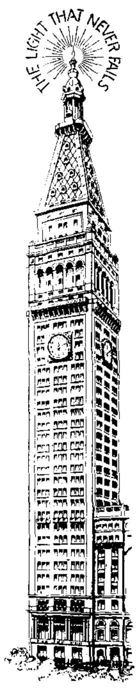
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mining radium ore unless you know what to do with it when you've got it. And it so happened that no one who knew responded to LaBine's first frantic appeals. Even the financiers whose only role was to lend the money for digging and crushing machinery and transportation showed no interest. Was LaBine crazy? Prospectors do get that way, you know. Establish a mine on the Arctic Circle, a thousand miles from the railroad? A mine on the most inaccessible reach of fifteen thousand square miles of frozen lake—frozen nineteen feet deep ten months in the year? Listen, LaBine, stick to the gold business and make yourself some money.

But they didn't sell LaBine off radium. Gold? Everybody had gold. The United States had so much gold that it was planning to build a fortress to keep it in. What the world was crying for was radium. And if you didn't believe it, why, there was the word of the great Howard Atwood Kelly, surgeon and radiologist at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, to say so. Kelly told LaBine that ways had to be found to develop the strike. Had to. The scientific world, said Kelly, was praying for radium. There was not enough for active surgical work, much less for laboratory practice.

Well, you can't work as feverishly as LaBine did and not get somewhere. Somehow, the process being lost now in the maze of incident, LaBine heard of a scientific Frenchman named Ponchon. Ponchon had been an associate of the Curies in Paris. The Curies, you know, presented radium to the world. Ponchon was at the moment wringing a trickle of radium from a meager deposit in Cornwall, England. When he heard what LaBine had found he came across the Atlantic, pacing the decks in his eagerness. Ponchon knew his job. And then the financiers and the little investors caught fire. The money came trickling in. LaBine began to dig and ship. Ponchon, saying it was easier and cheaper to bring pitchblende to chemicals than chemicals to pitchblende, established the refinery at Port Hope, Ontario, a long, long trek from LaBine's black rocks on the Arctic Circle.

We shan't weigh you down with the droning tale of financing. How LaBine got machinery and supplies to Radium City is a story of herculean labor, mad chance and fool's luck in flood, through rapids, over ice and snow and to hell with storms. LaBine's like most of us: Today he tells the tale as if even he who did it can't quite believe it. The gods were kind and the gods were merciful—long enough, anyway, to let him pass.

A Transportation Problem

The financiers and the shares-buying public had a miserable time of it understanding why more, more, and more money was needed. Hadn't LaBine bought hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery with their money for the mine and for gadgets for the refinery? Well, why not show us radium? And why did it cost $230,000 for transporting the ore to Port Hope in a single year? If that sort of thing were to continue, was the radium worth while?

Even when he had beaten the freight bills down to a quarter of a million dollars he wasn't shipping enough ore to keep Ponchon's refinery going. To carry a ton of freight to Great Bear Lake by air, the only way north from the railhead, cost fifteen hundred dollars. And it cost just as much to carry a ton of concentrate from the mines to the railhead. And remember, it took two tons of concentrate to produce enough radium to be seen at the refinery. Moreover, the railroad charges to Port Hope, after the planes had delivered from the mines, were stiff.

Wringing more money from the increasingly reluctant capitalists, LaBine bought his own airplane. That cut his air-transport costs in half. Then he went to the shipyards. When the Athabaska opened for shipping this year, the first craft to warp clear from the docks near McMurray was his Radium Queen, built near Montreal and shipped knocked down across the continent. On her decks as she chugged downstream was her brother, Radium King, which was similarly to be welded together beyond the rapids at Fort Smith for freight and passenger service on the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. With these, the concentrate may be carried from the mines to the railroad for a hundred dollars a ton. It sounds all too simple. But it took courage, faith and bone-grinding work.

We have a sense of guilt; we've told you all too little of the bewildering adventure—not ours, a mere sight-seeing expedition—but LaBine's. But we, like him, must deal in concentrates.

Reeking with Freedom

Anyway we had seen it. We had frosted our nose and had our eyes frozen shut. But here we were (wondering where we'd be next) with our feet on the richest rock on earth; worth a hundred and twenty dollars a ton, raw and unmined. Where's that notebook of ours? Yes, that's right: every gram of this rock's final product contains the energy that 3,000 tons of coal can produce. And its energy doesn't diminish with use.

Standing here on this richest rock on earth our sensations come in jumbles. You'd understand if you were here. Electric lights, with nice arty shades, on the Arctic Circle. Eskimo mukluks standing beside a miner's bed that is covered, like as not, with an almost-dainty silk comforter. Water running out of shiny taps in the washroom. Bathrooms. Airplanes fetching fresh eggs from the railhead. Steam-heated, hooked-rugged, pretty-papered bedrooms. Steamships traveling across the continent on flatcars. Billiard tables. Table tennis. The latest novels, phonograph records and swing music.

We're beginning to like the place. As the time approaches when we must leave we feel a little resentful. This is a man's town, Radium City. You live your own life up here. You have your own thoughts and you can argue without restraint. The thermometer says that it's sixty-five below zero; but the air reeks with freedom. Who cares about the Supreme Court of the United States—or about Spain, about Mussolini, about Hitler, Stalin, the Duke of Windsor, John L. Lewis, Leon Blum or the freedom of the press. You're your own man up here.

But we have to go. The dog team drags us back to Kennedy's plane. Kennedy is still grinning at us. And that's all right with us. He has cleared the mountain ridge, pointed south toward Yellowknife where Pete Racine will feed us beans and caribou again. Then Great Slave Lake, Fort Smith, McMurray, Edmonton and the railroad. That sky ahead of us looks mean. Kennedy is talking into his radio transmitter: "Kennedy to Fort Resolution. Kennedy to Fort Resolution. Give me your weather. Give me your weather."

Even if the sky is shaking its fists at us, we're pretty happy. We're regaining something of the little smug self-importance that we lost on our way north. We are feeling just a little bit sorry for you who haven't stood on the richest rock on earth. And we giggle to think that we may be on the equator in a few weeks.

But all the snow in the world is beginning to fall. We wish we were back in that stud game in Radium City.

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The Right Man

Continued from page 20

turned to other affairs. The main street was brightly lighted—for a desert town—shops gleamed pleasantly, people chatted on street corners, motorcars rolled slowly along and the citizens in sight all acted as if life still retained a trace of interest, so I felt sorry for Jasmine, buried in disdain. She wasn't melancholy in the least, but she was certainly sulky and what she needed most was a smart spanking, preferably with a shingle. Passers-by turned to stare at her, attracted by her pert beauty, and doubtless some of the men envied me, her escort.

Alone, I would have found plenty of interesting things to do, but everything was ashes to the blonde at my elbow. In front of the drugstore, I was tempted to say: "Maybe I can get you a large-size bottle of cyanide," but thought better of the impulse and skipped it. After all, this was merely a job of work by an employee of the Roe Wire Works.

"It would be possible," I said eventually, after we had strolled, "for you to go riding on a scooter."

"On a what?" she inquired.

"A scooter. You could have one and I'd have one. They are driven by little gasoline motors and mounted on pneumatic wheels. They say it's great fun."

"YOU work for my father, don't you?" she asked.

"In the auditing department. I have charge of—"

"And you want to go riding on a child's scooter because it happens to be driven by an engine. Do I look to you like a girl who would like riding on a scooter?"

"I just mentioned it offhand," I said apologetically. "To a certain degree, Rodeo Hot Springs is limited in its amusements."

We continued to walk slowly down the main street, Jasmine not enjoying herself in the slightest, and I ruminated upon the amusements of the town. We came presently to a wooden horse, so mounted on stilts as to give the appearance of a bucking broncho, its head down, its jaws open in rage and its rear legs kicking back into the air with great realism.

"You can have your picture taken," I suggested to my little friend, "on top of the bucking broncho and mail post cards to all your friends in the East."

"Thank you, no," she said coldly and we continued our futile walk. I began to perceive that Mr. Roe had handed me a difficult assignment.

"Would you care," I continued, with slightly abated enthusiasm, "to hear a few cowboys sing the plaintive laments of the range? There is a cowboys' barn out here on the desert and not far, where the cow lads dress up in furry pants, plunk their mandolins and sing."

"I have heard cowboys sing," Jasmine stated, "and it will be all right with me if I never hear another. And if this town offers nothing better than what you have mentioned so far, we may as well start back to the hotel."

It was quite plain that as a desert guide and provider of entertainment for young women I was rather a failure, and I knew Mr. Roe would hear about it.

We started slowly back to the Alamo and, while moving along, I happened to think of the small town of Golinga, which is only thirteen miles distant, still farther down on the desert.

"It is rather early to retire," I said more hopefully. "Perhaps you would like to take a short ride in the car and have a look at Golinga. There is a quaint spot indeed."

"What is Golinga?"

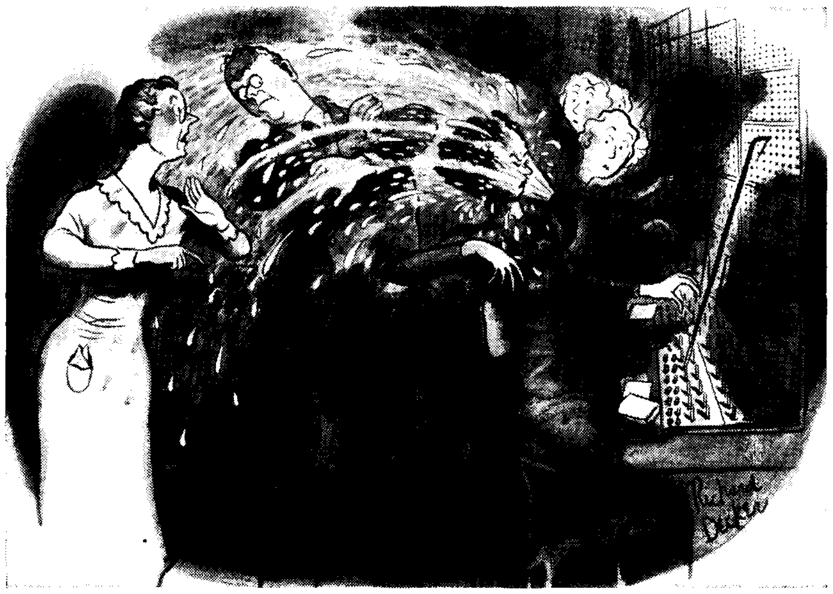
"A little village down on the desert and even smaller than this. But there is a café and dance hall in the town, known as The Tunnel, a rather interesting spot, formerly quite a famous resort. Its best days are over, for the exciting times are gone, but you might be interested."

"Could a person get a cocktail?" she asked gloomily.

"Oh, yes. The place is still operating. It is quiet now, but once it was the liveliest haunt in western America."

"Very well," said Jasmine in a resigned manner. "Any port in a storm and this is a storm."

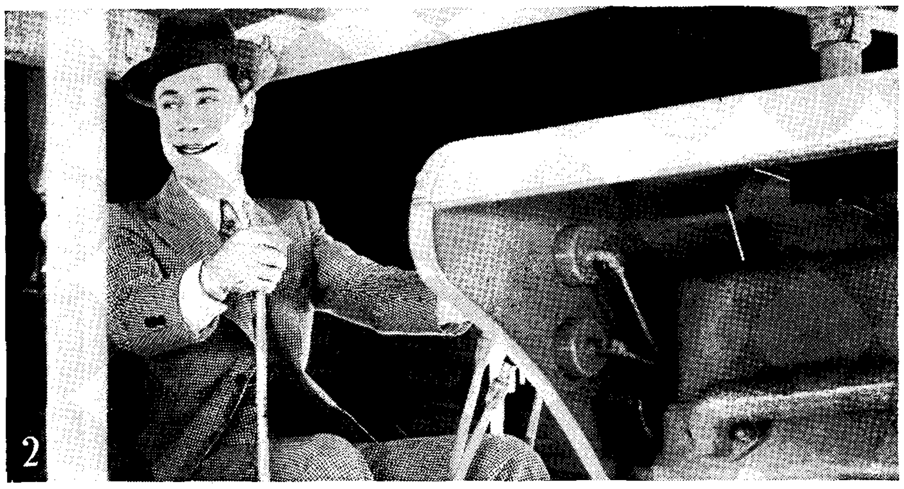
After leaving word with the uniformed doorman at the Alamo Hotel that we were starting for Golinga, we stepped into my machine, rolled across the desert and, when I glanced at the stony and unsmiling countenance of my charge, I realized that the prospects were poor, for there is little in Golinga to intrigue a sophisticated young lady and especially a bored soul like the one at my side. Jasmine's attitude toward me remained unchanged, as if I were a chauffeur or a bodyguard, a circumstance that irked me not at all. Even if she had



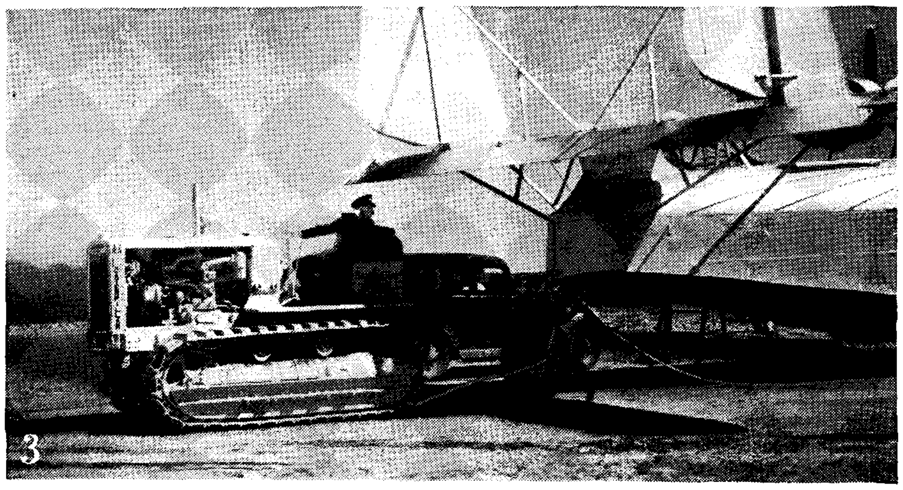
"It happens at that one board—whenever the girl plugs in the City Water Department"

RICHARD DECKER

Joe E. Brown, starring in David L. Loew's production "When's Your Birthday?", is still laughing about a recent picture in which...



... he did tricks with a Diesel-powered "Caterpillar" tractor. For "Caterpillar" Diesels Sinclair has...



... developed an outstanding new lubricant, Sinclair "Tenol", which enables a tractor-owner to operate his tractor ten times as many hours between overhauls! You also benefit by Sinclair research in lubrication when you...

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... have your car lubricated by a Sinclair dealer. Ask him to show you the lubrication chart for your car which was prepared by Sinclair engineers.

I danced with him in 1932 and—

Don Herold Says:

One dance, and you may be ALL THRU

If you slip JUST ONCE in this matter of perspiration aura, you may be stamped forever after as a blacksheep.

People are sometimes cruel about this, I know. Even those who are guilty themselves may scathingly scorn their fellow offenders.

A man who goes JUST ONCE to a party or to his office with even the slightest hint of perspiration odor sometimes makes a lifelong reputation as being THAT KIND of man.

I wouldn't be preaching Mum just to make you guys dainty. I'm not asking you to think of it as something lah-de-dah or *nice!*

I'm speaking of it as serious insurance against JUST ONE possible day or evening of serious, unfavorable publicity. You can afford to use Mum for life to avoid JUST ONCE the possible notoriety that the Mum habit may spare you.

Don't think of Mum as feminine. Thousands of men now use it regularly each morning after their baths, and again before evenings out. Just two dabs will prevent underarm perspiration odor all day (without interfering with perspiration) and touches to the feet will keep hose and shoe linings fresh. It's a fragrant cream, pleasant to use.

I CAN'T LOSE

I know you don't often send for samples of things, but JUST ONCE send your name on the margin of this page to Dept. M1-67, Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a free sample of Mum.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

made a fuss over me, I would have smiled and changed the subject, because certain types of girls do not appeal to me and this was Type Number One. I only wished Myrtilla could have been present to learn how wrong she was and how unjust she had been to me.

In a short time, the lights of Golinga gleamed down the road and soon we were speeding into the town, which is without distinction and looks like the sleepy village it is.

But there is a certain deception to this look of rural quiet, for while Golinga is dull enough in the daytime, when evening comes there is a subtle change. The authorities happen to be building a large and long aqueduct or pipe across the desert to carry water to southern California and this pipe runs through deserts, mountains, valleys, barrancas, foothills and inland seas. The workmen are known as hard-rock men, because they have to blast their way through the lofty mountains, using dynamite and other explosives, and these men are quite tough. I mean their manners are uncouth, for a man cannot be shooting off dynamite all day and go home nights to read an improving book. On paydays, it was the custom of these hard-rock men to wander into Golinga for a dash of entertainment.

I WAS reliably informed that all the hard-rock men had finished their blasting and disappeared, leaving a milder type to clean up, probably soft-rock men, and thus Golinga was no longer the picturesque spot it had been. Even on Saturday nights, so I was informed, there was no excitement, as the soft-rock men went home early and lacked quaintness. I omitted mentioning these facts to Miss Jasmine, who sat beside me in glum silence as we drove down the main thoroughfare and parked at a spot not far from The Tunnel. That is where the hard-rock men gathered in the lively days of the town. It still has the same outward appearance, a long, rambling building, painted brown, with crude pictures of the aqueduct running up to the roof. It still has the same management, the same bartenders, the same girls, but the old spirit seems to be gone, or so they informed me.

Once inside, we were escorted to a table, sat down and Miss Roe ordered her cocktail, while I asked for ginger ale, as I am one of those odd persons who never drink a drop. The waiter stared at me, but did not smile. I could see that Jasmine was interested in the place, for she was looking about her and there was plenty to see. The dance floor was surrounded by an iron railing about five feet high. At one end of the room was the long bar, with three barmen in white costumes. An alcove sheltered the band, or orchestra. Around the room were small set-back rooms, where persons could commune in quiet. The place was dimly lighted with electric globes in imitation oil lanterns, hanging from the ceiling, and when we entered the dancing was under way.

"Rather interesting, isn't it?" I ventured.

"Well, it's better than the last town," she admitted, sipping her drink.

She was still wearing her bored and scornful manner, and if I hadn't been working for the Roe Wire Works I would have said a few quiet words to her and walked out. True, I am only an auditor, but when a young fellow is doing his level best to entertain a girl, she ought to show a few signs of appreciation. Her boredom did not continue for any great time.

Out on the dance floor, some bohunk bumped into another bohunk and, without the slightest warning, there was a mild melee. It began quietly with the first man hitting the other a light blow to the ear, and as little as I know about such matters, it was obvious that here was a lively set-to. After the first man hit the second man, the ladies hit each other and began shrieking and, for no reason whatever, other dancers, in no way involved, joined in the affray and what had been a local row in the middle of the dance floor almost instantly spread over the room.

I have never seen a disturbance start so quickly or spread so rapidly. Miss Jasmine stood up, laughed heartily and for the first time was genuinely alive. I had finally found her something that didn't bore. And yet there was really nothing to laugh at, as even a bystander was in danger of having his ears knocked off.

I arose from my seat, having a vague idea of taking Jasmine by the arm and leading her out into the moonlight of Golinga. Nothing alarms me so much as a brawl in a restaurant and, once it starts, I quiver all over and have indigestion. Once on my feet, I observed that the aisles were blocked by soft-rock workers and so it was impossible to leave. It must have been very much like the old days at The Tunnel and soft-rock men cannot be much different from hard-rock workers. Beer mugs started flying through the air, striking against the wall and bouncing down in splinters and one of the flying mugs struck me on the hand. Looking down, I perceived that my thumb was bleeding a trifle and I wiped it with a napkin. A guest pulled his gun and shot at the lanterns on the ceiling, why I do not know, and at this point, I felt certain I would be killed.

In the midst of the noise, a tall young man came in and worked his way toward us, and when he drew near, I saw it was Drury McClow, the movie actor. Jasmine saw him and you could almost hear her shriek of joy above the clamor, while beer mugs hit the wall and fell upon her in fragments. Mr. McClow fought his way through to our table and his attitude was that of a strong man taking charge of a bad situation. He threw his arm around Jasmine, drew her to him, kissed her fondly and I felt that, as an escort and entertainer, my job was virtually over. She kissed him four times and called him names, the least of which was darling. I looked under our table and saw a good place to slip into if it grew worse. I likewise wrapped a handkerchief around my thumb, which was bleeding a trifle, a mere flesh wound.

"Let's get out of here," shouted Drury McClow above the uproar. "I don't see why you ever brought a girl into such a joint."

"She wanted a cocktail," I hollered back at him, "and besides that, I was informed that the rough days of this place were over."

Meanwhile, the noise of combat attracted outside attention and the authorities moved in. There first appeared the local sheriff, with his deputies, a man long accustomed to stopping at The Tunnel on its nights of fun. They proceeded to bounce willow clubs off passing heads, take guns away from customers, smack down the hurlers of beer mugs and restore order. They were aided by a small but contained group of state police and in five minutes the rioting had ceased and a lovely quiet was over the room. Drury and Jasmine had not moved from the table and the young lady's expression was full of vivacity. She looked bright and wet-eyed with emotion—possibly because her handsome boy had stopped at the Alamo, found out where she was and had come to the rescue.

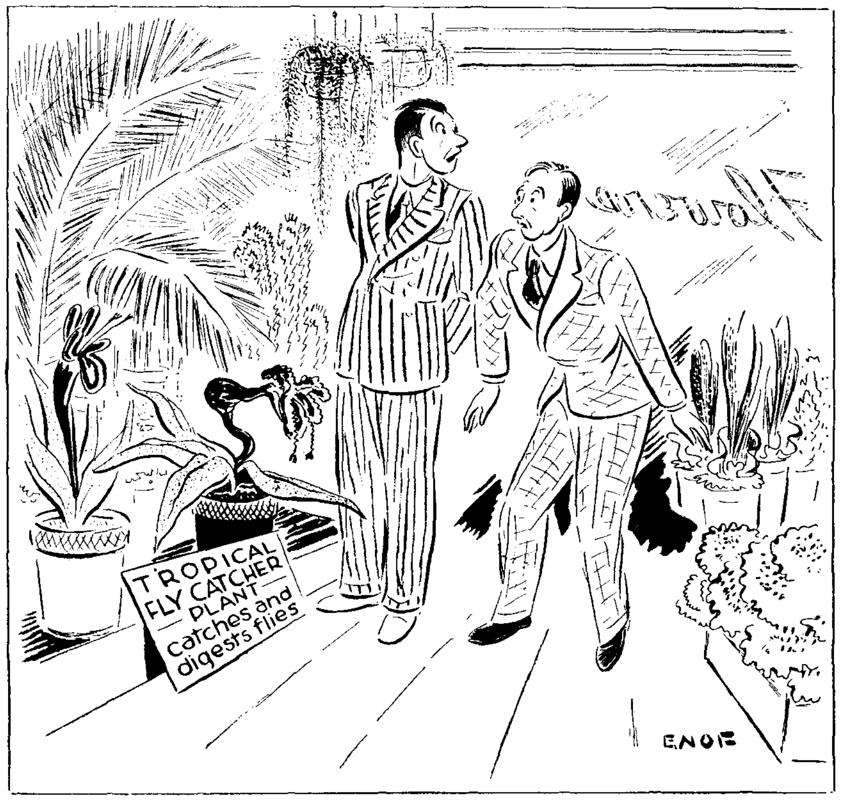
BUT while Jasmine was twittering with excitement, Mr. McClow was not. His countenance was black, and if a director had ordered him to simulate annoyance he couldn't have done it better.

"Isn't this jolly?" Jasmine cried.

"It is far from jolly," I stated. "You will find there is no great fun spending the night in a small-town jail full of little bugs."

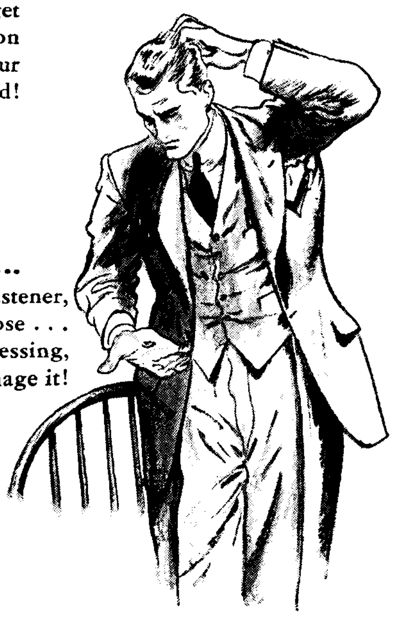
Mr. McClow glared at me and was about to reply, but before he could speak, three state officers herded us into the line and we began a short march to the Golinga jail, which is but a few steps removed from the Tunnel. I presume they built the jail close to the dance hall for just such occasions. Upon arriving at one of the worst jails I have ever been in or seen, the local doctor patched up the wounded and I came out of it with cloth on my thumb.

I still believed myself to be Vernon Case, in charge of Miss Jasmine Roe by orders from her father, and so I walked close to her as we passed through the short street to the jail, with Drury


TROPICAL FLY CATCHER PLANT — catches and digests flies
E. NOF

"I think it must have swallowed a bee!" E. NOFZIGER

ZIP! AND YOU'RE READY...
It's amazing—the "kick" you get out of the speed of the Talon fastener. Just *slide* it—and your trousers are opened or closed!



GOOD-BYE TO THIS...
With the Talon trouser fastener, there's nothing to get loose . . . and finally break off. Pressing, dry cleaning do not damage it!

"You'll Wonder how you got along without it"

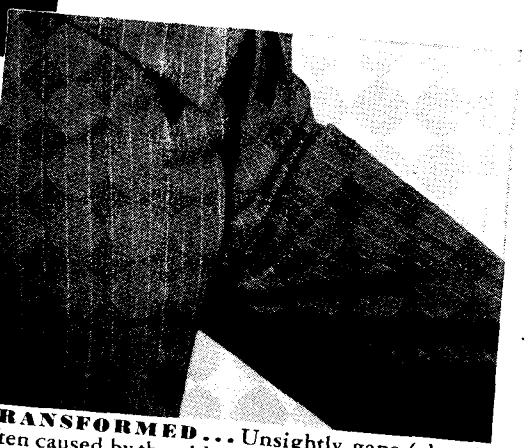
TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *SLIDE FASTENER FOR TROUSERS WORN BY 12 MILLION MEN!*

"This makes sense," is what you'll say the first time you try the Talon fastener. "Why should a man bother with five fastenings, when *one* is so much more convenient—and better-looking in the bargain!"

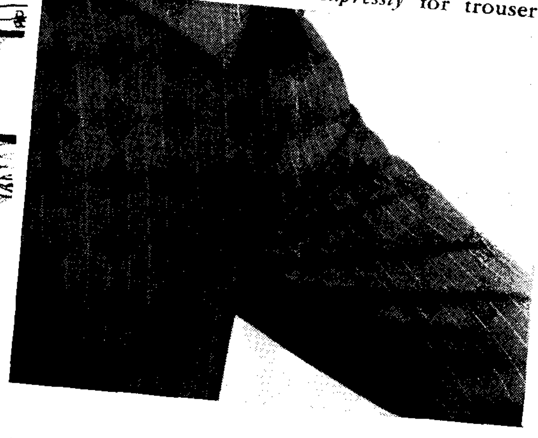
Today millions of men insist on the ease and speed, the security and durability of the Talon slide fastener in *all* their trousers.

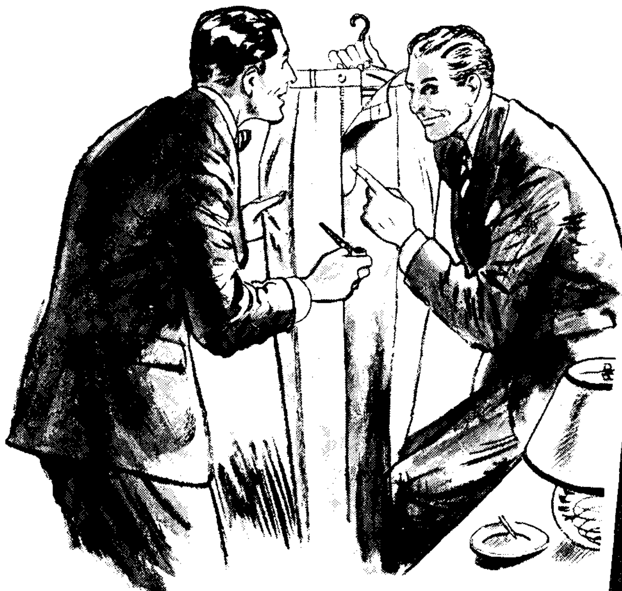
Try it yourself the next time you buy a new suit. Introduced in expensive clothing . . . the Talon slide fastener for trousers now comes on better-made suits of all prices. It's an *extra value* for your money!

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



TRANSFORMED... Unsightly gaps (above), often caused by the old-type trouser fastenings, are eliminated by the Talon slide fastener (below) that has been perfected *expressly* for trousers.





LOOK! IT LOCKS...
Notice that the Talon fastener is as flexible as fabric, invisible when closed—and *locks* at the top!

NOTHING TO FORGET...
A little absent-mindedness will never expose you to embarrassment. With the Talon slide fastener, you *know* your trousers are properly closed!

TRY THE **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

"I was on flood duty...

SHIDELER H. HARPE, INDIANAPOLIS

...OUR ENTIRE SQUAD OF FIFTY SOME MEN USED MY SHAVER AT LEAST EVERY OTHER DAY"

Does a Schick Shaver stand the wear of daily shaving? Is this wonderful instrument of precision capable of shaving tough beards and giving close shaves day after day? Judge from the following unsolicited letter:

"I am a member of the U. S. Air Corps, Indiana National Guard, and during the recent terrible flood our organization was ordered out for flood duty. I took my Schick along. We were quartered in a school building and had electricity available.

"There was no water for drinking, shaving or bathing, so shaving by usual means was out of the question.

"Our entire squad of fifty some men used my shaver at least every other day—most of us every day. I expect that in ten days the shaver received as much wear and tear as it would normally in several years, and most of it in the hands of beginners. It came through but little the worse for its trying ordeal."

WHY WAIT ANOTHER DAY?

Go to an authorized dealer. Let him show you the Schick Shaver and demonstrate its use. The price is $15, and it is by far the cheapest way to shave—for you need no blades, no brush, no lather!

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores throughout Canada.

SCHICK SCHICK SHAVER

holding her other arm. At some point close to the jail entrance, but not inside, she and Drury disappeared and I cannot understand how they slipped away without my knowledge. First they were beside me and then they were gone.

It transpired later that Drury had a word with the sheriff and talked both himself and Jasmine out of a night in jail, and while they were safely out of the discomfort and disgrace, still and all, it left me in a poor spot.

As the companion and guide of Miss Jasmine, it was my bounden duty to keep her from contact with the movie fellow, which Mrs. Roe had been doing successfully for months. This was my first night on the job and Jasmine had escaped with her lover, both of them in his car, Heaven knows where and myself in jail. That would make an elegant report when presented to Mr. Roe.

I asked the sheriff in a quiet voice if he would let me out on bail and he replied he would not and for me to keep silent, so I remained the night in as nasty a jail as I ever hope to see, in company with a low crew of roughneck soft-rockers. In the morning I was fined fifteen dollars for disorderly conduct, a rare comment upon American justice as administered by small-town judges, as my only disorderly conduct consisted of being hit on the thumb by a beer mug.

IN THE gray dawn of the morning, the situation was not improved. It was a little worse, for the metropolitan newspapers came in by airplane and announced that a frightful riot had occurred in Golinga, with many persons seriously injured, but the only participant who had been shot was a citizen named Vernon Case, who, with the other malcontents was now confined in the town jail and was regarded as a possible ringleader. There was a picture of me, taken at the age of eighteen, a beach scene. I read the narrative and mentally said goodby forever to Myrtilla, her papa and mamma. Persons who get arrested have very little chance of marrying into the Freemans.

That was not all. There was more news in the papers, an item announcing that Jasmine Roe, the celebrated society beauty, and Drury McClow had eloped to Yuma, where they were married by the night-marrying judge and were heading east on their honeymoon. "It is the culmination," said the paper, "of an interesting romance that has been going on for a year or more."

In a chastened spirit, I returned to the Alamo Hotel to make a formal report to Mrs. Roe and found that lady sinking rapidly into one of her nervous attacks. We conferred on a couch in the lounge, where she at first glared, shook the newspaper at me and seemed speechless with emotion.

"How did this happen?" she finally asked.

"It was because I was arrested," I told her frankly. "Had I been free to act, I might have prevented it, but the sheriff had me. Jasmine was also arrested, but McClow managed to get her out."

"My daughter was arrested?"

"And might have spent the night sitting on a keg. She was picked up in The Tunnel, where the riot occurred. You will notice in the paper it says I was shot," I said, holding up my bandaged thumb, "but that is a misprint, as I was only hit by a beer mug. Jasmine is not injured to my knowledge."

"A notable protector you turned out to be for our family," she said frigidly. "I have kept my daughter safe and away from that wretch all this time, and the first evening you are in charge, she marries him."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Roe. I was only trying to entertain Jasmine."

"You'd better be sorry, young man. I shall speak to Mr. Roe on the telephone. I don't believe that we care to have thoroughly inefficient persons working for us."

"I can see that, Mrs. Roe," I replied, and after a few more words, none of them any good, I slowly wended my way out, climbed into my car and, there being no reason for remaining, I drove back to the city, thinking of Myrtilla and how right she was.

I went at once to our main offices, where the employees glanced at me and made witty remarks, asking how badly I had been wounded. I ignored them and sent word to Mr. Roe's office, and in a few moments I was facing him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Roe. An unfortunate series of accidents brought this about, but I have no excuses. You gave me a task to do and I failed completely, and brought about the very thing you sought to avoid. She is now married to this man. I therefore offer you my resignation, thus giving you no reason to discharge me."

He arose, walked around his desk and placed his hand on my shoulder, much to my surprise.

"My boy," he said smilingly, "you don't have to resign and you are not discharged. You are promoted to the job of assistant auditor with a salary increase of twenty-five dollars a week."

My amazement must have been apparent, for Mr. Roe broke into one of his rare laughs.

"Vernon," he said, "I am not upset or sorry because Jasmine finally married this bird. It has cost me about thirty thousand dollars in the past year, mostly hotel bills and steamer tickets, to keep the two apart, and it was Mrs. Roe who insisted, not me. Furthermore, I rather like my wife and would admire to have her around the house again, as I have not seen much of her in the last year. Jasmine having married the young man, our home can resume its normal state and I shall save money."

I haltingly thanked Mr. Roe, as I was still astounded, and he suggested that as I had had a trying night I'd better go along home and have some sleep.

"Be on the job in the morning," he said pleasantly, "and many, many thanks for what you have done. I knew I picked the right man."

I PROCEEDED directly to my rooms, where the landlady, Mrs. Raymond, met me in a state of considerable excitement.

"Dear me," she cried. "I'm so glad you've come. The telephone has been ringing every ten minutes. She's frantic."

"Who's frantic?"

"Miss Freeman. She's been calling like a mad one."

I dropped my bags and rushed to the telephone.

"Hello," I said shakily, when Myrtilla answered. "Were you calling me?"

"Oh, Vernon! My darling. I am so relieved to hear your voice again. I thought you might be badly wounded. Where were you shot?"

"In the hand," I said happily. "It's really nothing. I'm sorry you worried."

"Worried! I was desperate."

"Then—then you still love me?"

"Of course I do."

"And you'll marry me—we're engaged again?"

"Yes, indeed, darling. And can't you come right over and tell me everything?"

"I shall be there in fifteen minutes," I cried joyously, "just as soon as I can have my wound bandaged afresh."

And to this very day, Myrtilla hasn't found out it was a beer mug. Our marriage is merely a matter of weeks and I am doing fine in my new position at the works. . . . The latest report in the chatter columns is that Jasmine McClow has been offered a job in the movies.

Side-Show Diagnosis

Continued from page 22

overwhelming pounds have nothing to do with the pituitary but come instead from certain brain centers near the pituitary that control our appetite. When these centers overwork, say they, we eat outrageously—we can't help it—and so we gain outrageously.

Whichever theory proves to be right in the years ahead, it is fairly certain at least that the Fat Boy or Fat Lady is neither a simple glutton, nor, as people used to think, the result of a lazy thyroid. For if it were gluttony I've an idea the streets of any city would be full of circus fat people. And if it were a lazy thyroid that was the trouble, our mammoth attractions would be sad and listless, instead of the jolly gigglers they usually are.

The Case of Mr. Bones

The Living Skeleton comes so logically after the Fat Lady, both because of his oppositeness and because of the tales you constantly hear of love affairs between the two, that I can't leave him out. But he strictly doesn't belong here at all, for there's almost no chance of the Living Skeleton being a glandular case. Certain glandular diseases, doctors tell me, do cause excessive thinness, but when they do they also make people so weak that they couldn't conveniently go on display. It is unexcitingly possible that the Living Skeleton is merely a naturally very tall, very thin person who has starved himself into still greater thinness for the sake of a fat contract. But what is more likely is that the Living Skeleton has an advanced but arrested case of tuberculosis. This would explain his emaciation, and it would explain, too, all the tales you may have heard of the love life of Living Skeletons; their violent passions for the Fat Lady or the Tattooed Lady or the Snake Charmer, so violent that they have been known to end in murder or suicide. And the reason it would explain it is that tuberculosis, doctors have noticed, seems to have some side effect on the emotions, making people with the disease even more prone to fall desperately in love than you or I.

The Midgets and Giants, however, present in every proper side show, bring us right back to the pituitary, being, as you probably know, exactly opposite extremes of the misbehavior of this small, important gland. Contrary to legend, these attractions have seldom inherited their freakishness. Both may on rare occasions become fathers or mothers, and when they do you read about it in the newspapers. But actually such blessed events are rare. Nature seems to be pretty smart about keeping the human race fairly average, and when the pituitary misbehaves it is more than likely to have a side effect on sexual development. So most Midgets never grow up sexually and most Giants are either sterile or impotent.

In the same way the Ugliest Woman in the World is very unlikely to have ugly daughters follow after her, I am told. Her ugliness, you see, is probably due to acromegaly, a sudden overproduction of growth hormone after maturity which causes the jaw, nose, lips and tongue to enlarge. And acromegaly is almost always due to a tumor of the growth cells of the pituitary, which in growing crowd the sex-stimulating cells and so produce sterility. Though this may be a little hard on the maternal feelings of the circus' ugliest women, it is probably a very good thing for the race.

One of the most unbelievable of the endocrine freaks is the Bearded Lady. Yet if her beard is her own, and it easily can be, there is almost no medical question of what is wrong with her—a tumor of the adrenal glands, glands which for some reason always lend excessive masculinity when they overfunction. The contract-producing beards, however, and all the other masculine trimmings, could usually be banished by the removal of this tumor, if the Bearded Ladies were willing to risk loss of livelihood for a rather speculative feminine charm.

Neurological diseases are scarcely as productive from a side-show point of view as glandular, but just the same they can and do furnish some of the most spectacular side-show attractions. The lad whom you may have seen happily sewing buttons onto his skin or pinning himself full of safety pins is one, having almost certainly, as my doctor friend remarked, a type of advanced syphilis called tabes which has destroyed some of the sensory nerves of his spinal cord. So, most likely, has the foreign-looking gentleman who can, with a pleasant smile, lay his palms and soles on a red-hot iron. Both of them claim to be immune not only to pain but also to infection or injury. But my medical companions at the side show pointed out that while the self-stitcher boasted proudly of never getting infected there were a lot of unpleasant-looking red swellings on his arms and thighs that seemed to

PRESCRIPTIONS
WATCH
DRUGS
MENU

"I'd go for that lemon chiffon pie if I thought it wouldn't put me down for the count"

GERALD GREEN

I'M ALLOWING YOU
$75 more than he got

YOUR car is *different* when Marfak'd. Because Marfak is *different* from chassis greases. They are usually made with *light-bodied* oil.

Texaco has found a way to make Marfak with dark, viscous, *heavy-bodied* oils. It adheres even in hard use. Ordinary greases, made with *light oils,* wash out on wet roads, melt out on hot drives.

Most cars need chassis lubrication every 1,000 miles. But most greases don't actually last 1,000 miles. Then wear-and-tear and troubles begin.

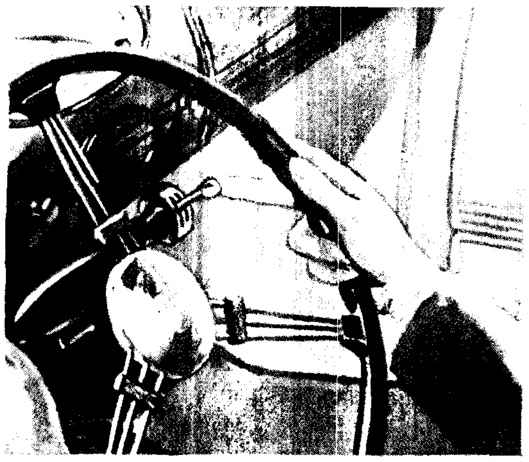
That's why car dealers will allow you $50 to $100 more for your car when it has been properly lubricated. One car dealer writes as follows:

"Proper, systematic lubrication makes as much as $100 difference in the trade-in value of a car two or three years old!"

Drive to your Texaco Dealer. Let him Marfak your car. Ask about the extra lubrication services he offers.

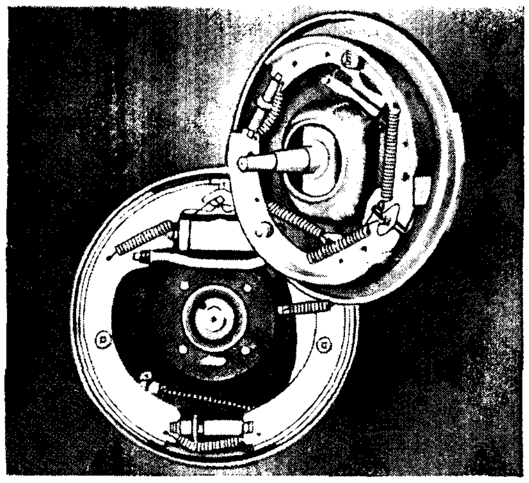
Don't say "Grease it"
Let us MARFAK your car

Hear Eddie Cantor in "Texaco Town" every Sunday night, Columbia Network
8:30 E. D. T. 7:30 E. S. T. 7:30 C. D. T. 6:30 C. S. T. 9:00 M. S. T. 8:00 P. S. T.



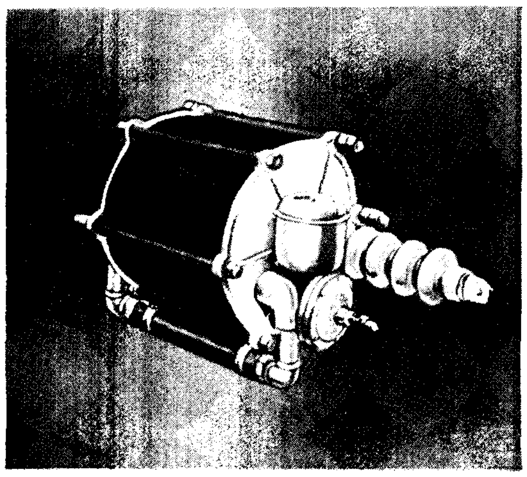
BENDIX FINGER-TIP GEAR SHIFTING

Shifts at a finger's touch through all speeds—eliminates gear shift lever—permits 3-passenger comfort with plenty of knee-room in front seat. Driver's hand need never leave the wheel; his eyes need never leave the road. Standard on leading makes of cars.



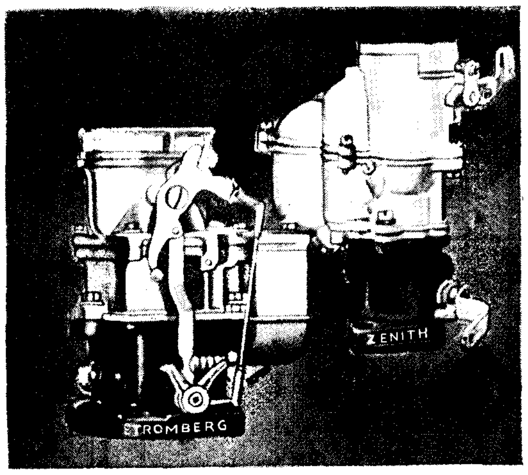
BENDIX EQUAL-ACTION DUO-SERVO BRAKES, MECHANICAL...HYDRAULIC

Standard equipment on many leading cars. Deliver finest balanced, equalized deceleration smoothly and with minimum pedal effort. Adjustments are enduring, and other than occasional take-up (which is readily made from outside) are very rarely needed.



BENDIX B-K CONTROLLED VACUUM POWER BRAKING

Safe, sure, effortless control in severest service. Avoids sudden lock-wheel stops. Applicable to virtually any car or truck. Original braking is left intact. Operating cost is zero, since otherwise wasted engine intake vacuum does all of the work.



STROMBERG and ZENITH CARBURETORS

These two foremost names in carburetion provide the vital fuel mixture for the majority of cars, aircraft, trucks, tractors and power boats. Ask your service station about Stromberg and Zenith replacement carburetors and Stromberg Exchange Plan.

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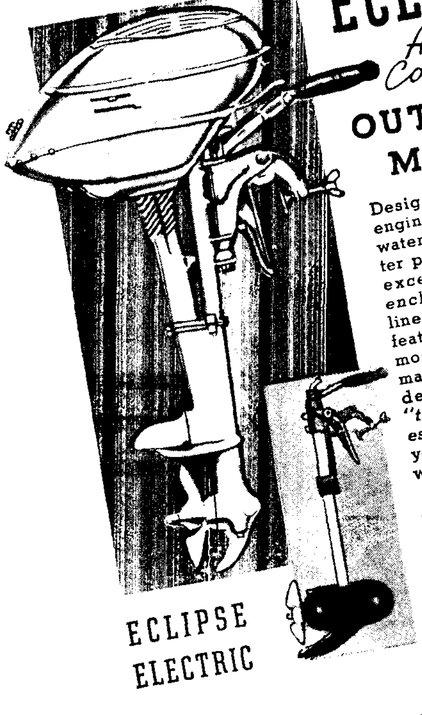
ECLIPSE *Air-Cooled* OUTBOARD MOTOR



Designed on aviation engine principles. No water-jacketing or water pump troubles—no excess weight. Fully enclosed and streamlined! Scores of unique features, including the most potent outboard magneto ignition ever devised. Famous as *"the world's startin'-est"* outboard. See it at your Bendix dealer's, or write for new literature.

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Eclipse Electric—world's quietest boat power—positively silent! Runs on storage batteries—perfect for summer home, or yacht tender use. Ideal for fishing.

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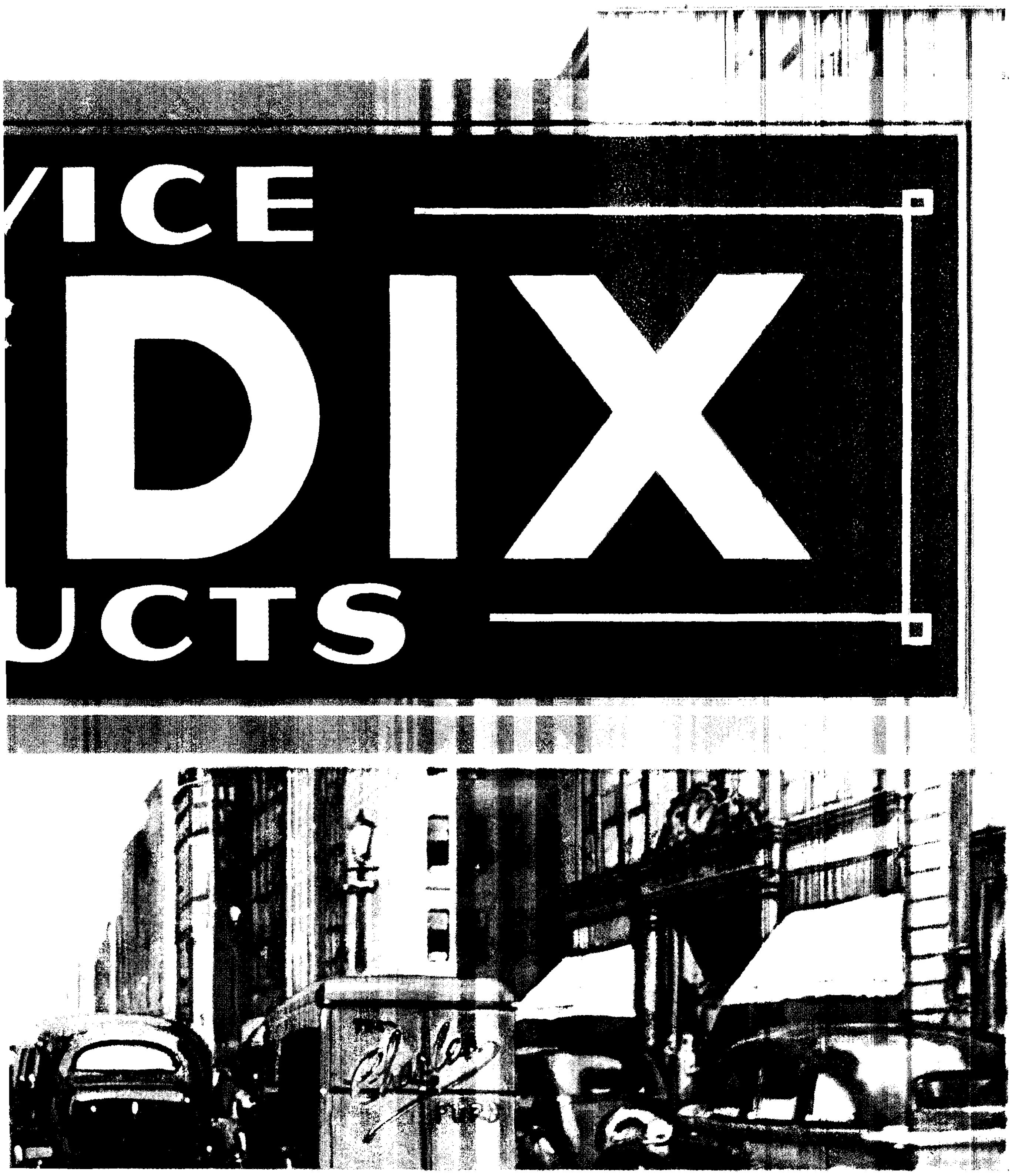

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Send me full information regarding the Bendix Products I have checked below:

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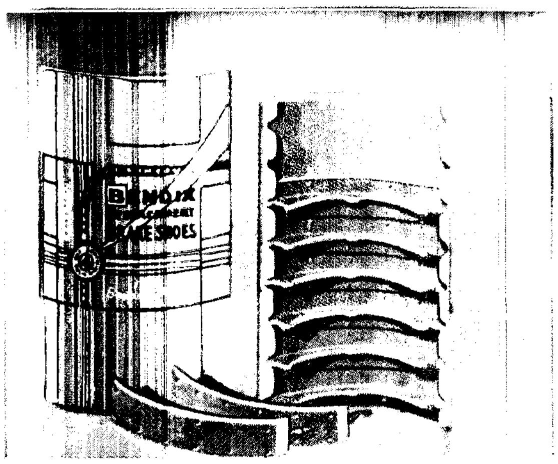
Name

Address

City *State*

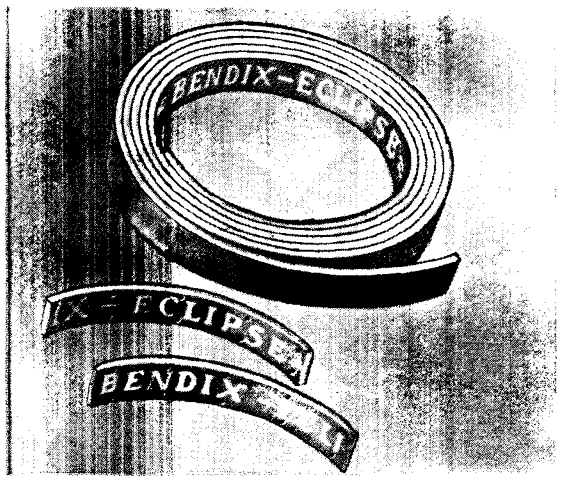
☐ Car Dealer ☐ Service Station
☐ Parts Distributor ☐ Car Owner*

*Make of Car Year and Model



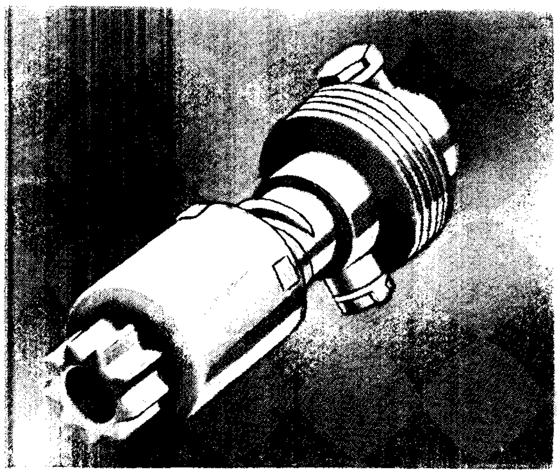
BENDIX RESTORED BRAKING

Relining the same old brake shoes [illegible] new-car braking. Insist on Bendix Restored Braking. That means brand new brake shoes, [illegible] with the correct grade of brake lining, precision-ground to exact concentricity with master drums. Packed for protection, as shown, in metal containers.



BENDIX-ECLIPSE BRAKE LINING

A brake lining developed in co-operation with the world's foremost brake manufacturer's engineering staff, to meet today's—and tomorrow's—traffic demands. Smoother, longer lived, quieter, far superior in stopping surety to older types. Specified by leading manufacturers as standard brake lining equipment.



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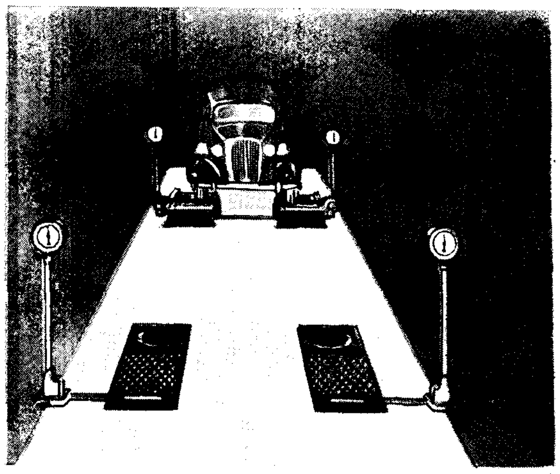
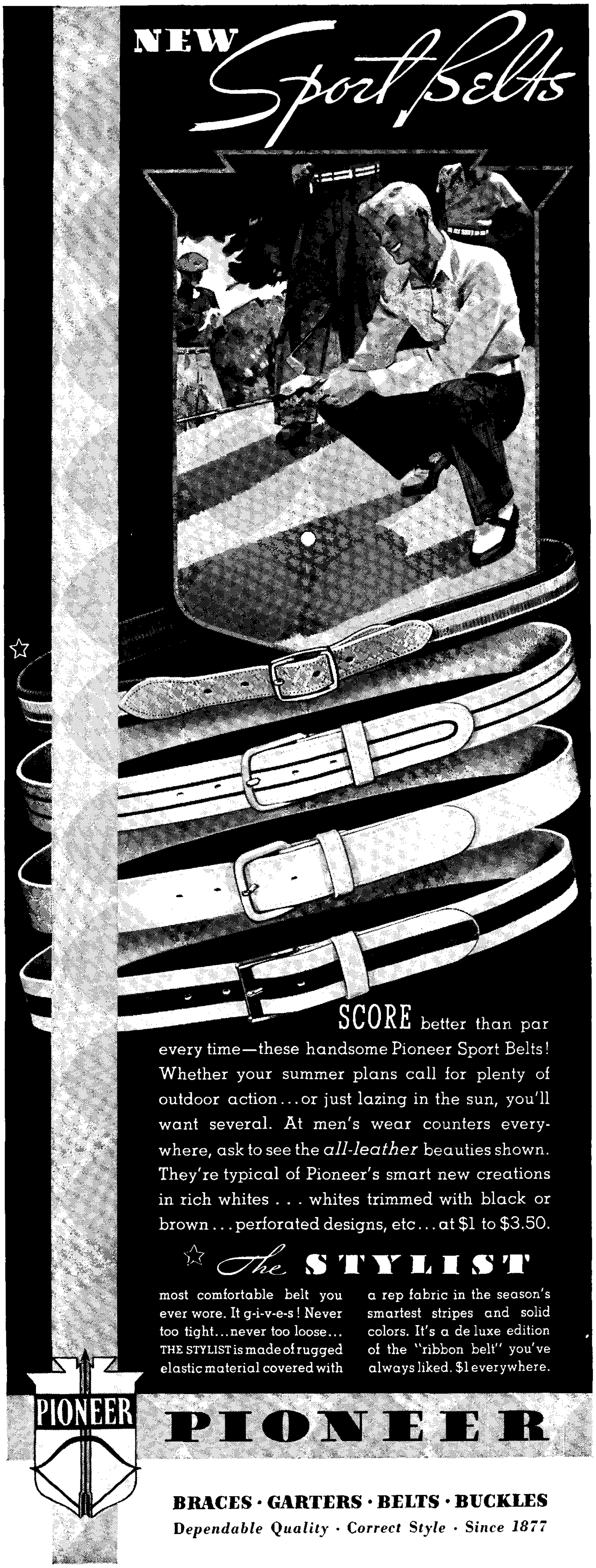
"The mechanical hand that cranks your car." This is the device which made self starting practical. Used on more than 50 million motor cars. Sold and serviced throughout the world. Liberal Exchange Allowance Plan, whereby you trade in your old Bendix Drive for a factory-new one, receiving a generous credit.



BENDIX SAFETY and CORRECTIVE SHOP EQUIPMENT

Real motoring safety begins with positive chassis inspection and correction. Bendix equipment is used by many cities, by service stations and by automobile manufacturers for testing and adjusting brakes, steering, wheel alignment and other functions.



SCORE better than par every time—these handsome Pioneer Sport Belts! Whether your summer plans call for plenty of outdoor action...or just lazing in the sun, you'll want several. At men's wear counters everywhere, ask to see the *all-leather* beauties shown. They're typical of Pioneer's smart new creations in rich whites . . . whites trimmed with black or brown...perforated designs, etc...at $1 to $3.50.

☆ *The* STYLIST

most comfortable belt you ever wore. It g-i-v-e-s! Never too tight...never too loose... THE STYLIST is made of rugged elastic material covered with a rep fabric in the season's smartest stripes and solid colors. It's a de luxe edition of the "ribbon belt" you've always liked. $1 everywhere.

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Dependable Quality · Correct Style · Since 1877

disagree with his statement. And in the same way, the soles and palms of the fire fighter were just as highly thickened as your thumb or mine would be if we should scorch it badly.

What is more, these losses of sensation are apt to follow certain nerve paths in certain localities only. The self stitcher has favorite spots for his needlework and wouldn't like it at all if you suggested his trying others. His areas of numbness could just as well, as my disagreeing doctor friends remarked, be caused by leprosy or a disease called syringomyelia. But if the former were the case, the gentleman would not, I feel perfectly sure, be allowed at large; and syringomyelia, a disease in which cavities gradually appear in the spinal cord, is so very rare that not even doctors see it often.

Neurological patients of a slightly different and much more depressing order are such well-known freaks as the Pin Head, the Boy with the Cigar-Shaped Head and on some occasions the Bird Girl. All of these are pretty likely to be idiots or, at the very least, mental defectives, and were undoubtedly born with their dubious financial blessings. Doctors call them, as a group, microcephalic idiots, which means people with heads too small for their brains to have developed properly, but there is nothing they can do but try to take care of them, for the trouble that caused these freaks must have occurred before they were born.

The Bird Girl gets her name quite logically because lack of development in her forehead and chin makes her nose seem to stick out like a beak. The Pin Head of course explains himself, and so does the Boy with the Cigar-Shaped Head, but you might be interested to know that he belongs to a definite subdivision of the idiot family known as oxycephalic or steeple-headed idiots.

It proves of course how seldom Nature makes a mistake, that these very badly developed people should be rare enough to be side-show material. Other proofs just as dramatic are the Siamese Twins, the Armless Wonder, the Spider Boy, who was born without legs, and the woman of side-show legend who had four legs and two bodies.

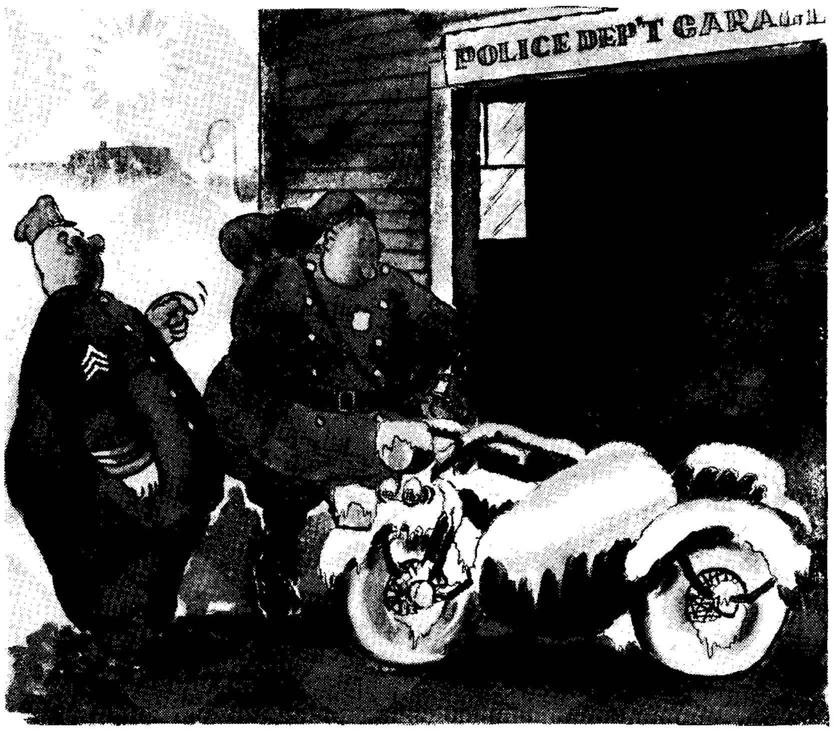
The Half Man, Half Woman is always one of the most popular side-show people, and no wonder, for he is pretty puzzling even to doctors. But one thing is certain. Whatever else, he is not half man, half woman, for there simply is no such thing. Everyone has heard of hermaphrodites, and most of them are entirely legendary, though there are a few authentic cases in medical history. But medically speaking, a hermaphrodite is simply a person, either man or woman, who has, by some strange accident of nature, both ovarian and testicular tissue in his or her body. The sexual division has never been known to be central and vertical.

Muscles as Hard as Bones

The Half Man, Half Woman is pretty apt to be faked with judicious use of a razor, clever make-up and paraffin injected under the skin to simulate a breast. But there are other possibilities. A man could, by coincidence, have a breast tumor on the same side of his body as a leg shriveled by infantile paralysis. That would create the illusion, you see. And there are also two exceedingly rare nervous conditions known as hemiatrophy, lack of development of one side, and hemihypertrophy—excessive development of one side, in which the nerves governing one entire half of the body become affected so that it either overdevelops or wastes away.

A fairly common feature that doesn't fit into any of the classifications we've discussed is the Petrified Boy or the Marble Man—and the sad thing about this freak is that the side-show title isn't so far wrong. Every once in a while something happens to a person's bone-making apparatus so that it goes wild, and when it does, calcium is deposited through the patient's muscles and tendons, making them as rigid as bones. This rare disease is known medically as *myositis ossificans,* and once it begins it spreads and spreads until the very life is calcified out of the person who has it, because so far doctors don't know any more than the side-show barker what causes it or how it can be stopped.

In fact it must be rather depressingly obvious by now that doctors don't know much about a good many of the rare diseases that make side shows possible. But at least they know more than anyone else does, and at least they are constantly working night and day to remove the mystery a little further and remove as many people as possible from the side-show classification.



"I thought I told you to clean off all that snow last winter! ! !"

JAY IRVING

Edward the Eighth

Continued from page 27

bright days—could really have been left unaltered and yet fit a conclusion so dark and hostile.

Frankness and candor, we are told, are the qualities which Mr. Bolitho has displayed. "Above all, it is not a book written in the manner of a courtier." Everyone will agree that there can be no courtiers of a court which has ceased to exist. Frankness may be very readily used in describing the life of one who is no longer powerful or fortunate. The robust and virile independence, the perfect lack of servility to royal personages, the unsparing candor wherever faults and difficulties are concerned—all of which we are invited to admire—are virtues that are easily practiced toward a prince who has renounced forever the title to rule. They belong to that class of fine behavior which costs nothing, and may even in certain circumstances be highly profitable.

From Boy to Man

There is a school of democratic thought which holds it a duty to give the public at any given moment what it wants or what it is supposed to want. This certainly seems to have been Mr. Bolitho's aim. It is easy, by a number of deft touches, slight alterations to the values and emphases, the hinting of a fault here, the indication of a warning there, to impart a unity to the whole story. Thus what would have been understanding appreciation soon converts itself into well-informed disparagement; and a Coronation Ode may be transmogrified into abdication odium.

However, it is to the subject of this book rather than to its author that the main interest of the reading public will be drawn. The story of the ex-king's youth, toils and travels is set out with much detail; many incidents and stories, some of them well-known, are related in a manner which is neither tedious nor spiteful. We have a picture of the education and training under modern conditions of a child and youth born to be king. Much of this is already known to many well-informed people. Obviously there is too much discipline and too many kinds of discipline. Parental discipline, tutorial discipline, scholastic and academic discipline, military discipline, naval discipline, court and society discipline—too much altogether.

Moreover, in these various disciplines there is a lack, as the author points out, not only of continuity but of consistency. On the one hand everything is done to arouse in the youthful breast the feeling of immense responsibility and of being specially singled out for the most severe forms of duty as well as the highest honors. The Prince must set an example in every field which he enters. He must be the pattern of what everybody would like someone else to be. All must be impeccable and conventional: never a game which a headmaster could not consider salutary; never a word which could not be recorded in a copybook; never a smile which could not appear upon a stained-glass window.

He must become an almost saintly figure, devoted to his high mission, conscious of his exalted rank, and yet do nothing which the ordinary commonplace wearer of the old school tie would consider pompous, conceited or airified. Thus while some of his guides and tutors inculcated the habits of mind which would sustain the highest dignities and obligations, others, his seniors by a few years, put him in his place at the Naval College or poured red ink down his back as our author describes, because he was a little slow in leaving the room when the elder cadets so required.

Now this is not a rational treatment to give to anyone. Either the prince should be protected as a sacred personage from the common jostle of the world, encircled with a respect which may never be broken, or he should take his chance in the rough and tumble of school and college, and develop in normal freedom the faults and virtues of ordinary boys. The author relates with gusto that when the youthful Prince of Wales served as a midshipman on the Hindustan, the naval authorities wrote that "not the smallest exception or discrimination has been made in his favor. The Prince of Wales has taken part in every duty . . . the day before yesterday for example he was bearing his share in 'coaling ship' and you know what that means. He has worked hard in the gunroom and at drill. . . ." We are told how at the military maneuvers "his susceptibilities were not spared the experience of an issue tin washbasin and a bell tent which he shared with five other cadets; nor was his digestion spared the strain of army rations." It is clear that all this perfectly healthy rough experience of life is not in time of peace easily to be reconciled with the exceptional requirements of a royal station. Great kings of the past often in youth endured the severities of war and sometimes the harshness of parents, but they were not expected to bustle about with Tom, Dick or Harry, while at the same time maintaining their exceptional reserve and pre-eminence.

We now enter the war period. Our author recounts how the young Prince, then a lieutenant in the Grenadiers, struggled to get to the front; how at last he was allowed; how he served in one theater or another throughout the struggle, always endeavoring, often with success, to reach the line and share the dangers of the troops. He quotes the Prince, "The war gave me my manhood." It was true. He went out as a boy. He returned a man.

A Straight and Narrow Path

There followed from 1918 to 1936 eighteen years of travel and public service. He visited every part of the empire; he visited many foreign countries, especially the countries where his visit would help British influence and trade. He discharged the ceaseless routine of functions at home. It was remarkable that although brought up in naval and military surroundings his keenest sympathy and interests were excited by the plight of the poor, and lay in social reform. I have seen a map which shows that in these eighteen years he fulfilled in Britain alone seven thousand public engagements.

It must have been rendered infinitely more laborious from this dominant fact—the heir apparent must never say a word which is controversial. Who can live in the modern workaday world without developing strong views on this and that? Nothing that issued from his lips must be taken as espousing or opposing any cause about which any difference might exist in our complicated free society. The smallest minority would make an outcry which would resound through the land if they felt themselves aggrieved by any word or phrase from the royal lips.

Yet here was a man who felt very much like the bulk of his father's subjects upon all kinds of questions. He saw things being done by governments which he regarded as foolish or wrong.

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saw things being neglected by governments which he regarded as calling for immediate treatment. Can anyone measure the self-restraint and discriminating intelligence which enabled him in all these eighteen years of constant public utterance never to put a foot wrong, never to cause an incident and scarcely ever the smallest criticism.

But Mr. Bolitho, while giving us some account of this, is quick to note the darker side of the picture. Sometimes in his travels when the Prince attended balls, he was guilty of dancing too much with some pretty girl whom he met for the first time and admired, and of dancing too little with the elderly official hostess. All this is faithfully set forth by the author as befits one who is no courtier. It may well be true. After the blare and glare of the long day was done, after the crowds had dispersed and the last salute of cannon had reverberated into silence, after the ceaseless hustle and bustle had been gone through, it cannot be denied that from time to time the Prince seemed to want to indulge his own wishes for a change. From this also we can see why it was he threw himself with such an exceptional and excessive ardor into riding to hounds, steeplechasing and athletic exercise of all kinds, and finally aviation.

In the main, and with much consistency, this story of the life of this brilliant, gifted, charming and warmhearted prince represents him as being below the average of mankind. We are given a picture, alleged to be intimate, claiming to be drawn by a friend and admirer, of a character vitiated by grave defects of temperament and conduct, at which the wise, the good, the healthy and, above all, the average British man and woman would frown or blush. A whole series of excuses and explanations are offered for him by his disillusioned defender. All is done in the guise of sorrowing friendship. This heightens the effect of the general depreciation. An atmosphere of insulting pity is made to pervade the story and thus prepare the reader for the final chapters which the author found so horrible to write, but which he nevertheless wrote unflinchingly.

No Constitutional Issue

By the time King Edward ascended the throne our author, without excising the long account of his many public services and successes, has contrived to draw a picture of a delinquent on whom long-delayed but inevitable retribution is about to fall. "Royal persons usually live in strange isolation from the rest of the world. . . . This isolation from the broad stretches of society sometimes confuses the judgment of princes, and they often imagine qualities into persons who break down the barriers of reserve by affecting familiarity. These are usually second-rate flatterers. . . . For some sad reason the Prince of Wales was not equipped with this power to judge, and early in his life he was inclined to gather about him those people whose familiar manner made it easy to talk with them, rather than those whose loyalty and respect made their manner seem reserved. . . . He did not seem to know the 'half-way house between jest and earnest,' and when his official duties were ended he often sought his pleasure in society which was unsuited to the needs of the heir to the throne."

His grandfather was "never accused of being casual over his duties. His grandson seemed unable to uphold this wise division in his life, perhaps because of the hustled state in which he lived and perhaps because of some sad fault in his judgment. While he traveled over the face of the world on waves of compliment and praise; while the English newspapers coined fine names for him and increased the record of his dutifulness and his chivalry, there was a growing undercurrent of discontent. It left a shadow wherever he went."

The author cites a quotation from the New York World on his second visit to the United States. "He managed, by his choice of friends and diversions, to provoke an exhibition of social climbing on the part of a few Americans which has added nothing to his prestige nor to the prestige of royalty in general." The author adds: "On this second visit to America the Prince began to unravel the good reputation he had made when he went there after the war. . . . From the time of the Prince's return to England, in 1924, the murmurs against him grew louder. . . . Tales of his casual social life leaked out and depressed those who were too genuinely fond of him to quicken the harm of gossip. Serious and conscientious men, who saw him day by day, hoped that his good gifts would guide him in the end and that the taste for unsuitable people would pass as a phase. But the error went on, and when, in 1925, he returned from his tour of South America, stories of his late hours traveled ahead of him."

STATE
HIGHWAY DEPART

"He says not to wait for him. He wants to hang around until dark and see what happens"

RICHARD DECKER

We are treated to a quotation from the Spectator which suggested that the Prince would "rightly interpret the wishes of the nation if he made it impossible for people to have any excuse for saying that he is unduly restless or that he exhausts himself in giving to amusements time which might be spent in preparation for work that is always and necessarily exacting and tiring."

We are far from accepting these statements as true. Even if they were, they would be but a very small offset to the enormous labors which the Prince of Wales discharged for the public. But, true or false, they certainly would never have appeared in a book about a reigning sovereign.

It is not yet the time nor have we here the space to tell the story of King Edward's abdication, but the truth is far different from Mr. Bolitho's tale. King Edward VIII had for some years been deeply in love with a married woman, and when this lady sought a divorce from her husband, he desired to marry her if and when she should be lawfully free. This was deplorable, and it raised grave difficulties of state. It is certain, however, that no English king, and we doubt if any other, ever lost his throne on such a score. Mr. Bolitho adds another reason: "Many members of the government resented his campaigns among the poor. They found his eagerness discomforting since it exposed the methods of the authorities and proved their work in the distressed areas to be slow and blighted by caution." This we believe to be utterly untrue. The King did nothing in respect of the poor or distressed areas of which the government did not approve. In fact, wherever he went he was accompanied by a minister, and the very idea of a constitutional sovereign in Britain acting over the heads of his ministers upon political issues is absurd.

There was never any constitutional issue of any kind. Under the constitution the sovereign was free to marry whom he chose. Ministers would certainly have advised against what was conceived to be an unsuitable marriage, but if the sovereign had persisted no means existed in the constitution to prevent him. If, for instance, he had chosen to wait until the divorce proceedings had been completed, he could have been swiftly and secretly married, and could have confronted his ministers and subjects with the accomplished fact. The event might have given rise to many inconveniences in the court and in society. It might have caused a widespread scandal throughout the empire. But nothing could have affected the position of the sovereign on his throne.

If, a year after the coronation, he had informed the Prime Minister of the day that he was already married to Mrs. Simpson, as Louis XIV was secretly married to Madame de Maintenon, nothing could have undone the event and nothing but armed rebellion could have driven him from his throne. Deceit and subterfuge of all kinds were so foreign to his nature that he rightly scorned such courses. He would not go through the coronation ceremony having any secret purpose in his heart which might subsequently divide him from many of his people. All must come out. All must be open. If they wished him to go, he would go. But how was this to be ascertained?

It must be considered as a mistake and a misfortune that the British press maintained for so long an artificial silence. A gradual and natural growth of criticism and comment would have enabled all concerned to see the trend and feel the force of public opinion. But instead of a steady and increasing pressure extending over some months, all was pent up until it was finally let loose with explosive force.

The very fact that he knew his projected marriage would cause a great many difficulties made him all the more submissive and disregardful of his rights and interests as king. If his people would not accord him the liberty of marrying under the law the woman he loved, which he considered was his inalienable right, then rather than be a cause of embarrassment to them he would abdicate as quietly and as quickly as possible. Once he saw that at the very least his marriage would deeply divide his people, his loyalty to them led him to make way for his successor with the least possible inconvenience; and we have no doubt that the same loyalty will ever guide his future courses.

Not only was there no constitutional issue at any time, but for nearly a fortnight before his abdication there was no issue of any kind between the king and his ministers. He had asked, as he was fully entitled to do, whether legislation could be introduced to enable him to make a private marriage, that is to say a marriage as the result of which his wife would not be Queen. This was in fact legislation to limit his undoubted rights. He was advised that legislation was impracticable. He accepted this advice and there constitutionally the matter ended.

Fortitude and Self-Control

If the ministers had required from him an undertaking not to marry Mrs. Simpson, he could have replied with extreme propriety that as nearly five months would pass before she would be free, and as she might never be free, such a question ought not to be asked and could not in any case be answered. If he had wished to gain time he had any number of ways open to him. He discarded them with one object and one object alone, namely, not to cause trouble or expense to the British people, or introduce division among them on account of what he regarded as his private affairs. Mr. Bolitho does not appear in the slightest degree conscious of the magnitude of the self-sacrifice in one whom he professes to care for and admire.

He speaks of the king's "wretchedness" in these last days of his reign. Most people who saw him then, including Mr. Baldwin, bear testimony to his magnificent bearing. At every stage his poise was perfect. His courtesy and his consideration for others were unfailing, but he was indifferent to everything which concerned himself. That he had long hours and nights of agony in giving up the glories of the British Crown cannot be denied. But outside his own chamber he displayed a marvelous fortitude of self-control.

Indeed it might be said of him as of an even more unfortunate predecessor:

> *"He nothing common did or mean,*
> *Upon that memorable scene."*

We regret that this book should have been written. We regret that it should have been written by one from whom charity and kindness might have been specially expected. It certainly does not represent the final view that will be taken of a unique and far-reaching event in the history of the British nation and empire; nor is it a just appreciation of one who has now become the most loyal and faithful subject of His Majesty, King George VI.

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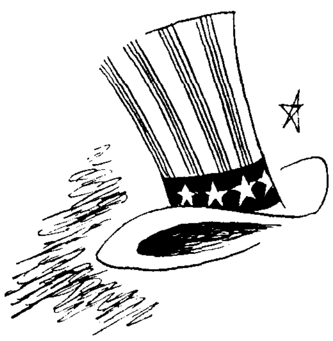
...gin should be a **mixer.** Hospitable to other flavors! Blending so smoothly that you neither **smell** nor **taste** the gin in the finished drink.



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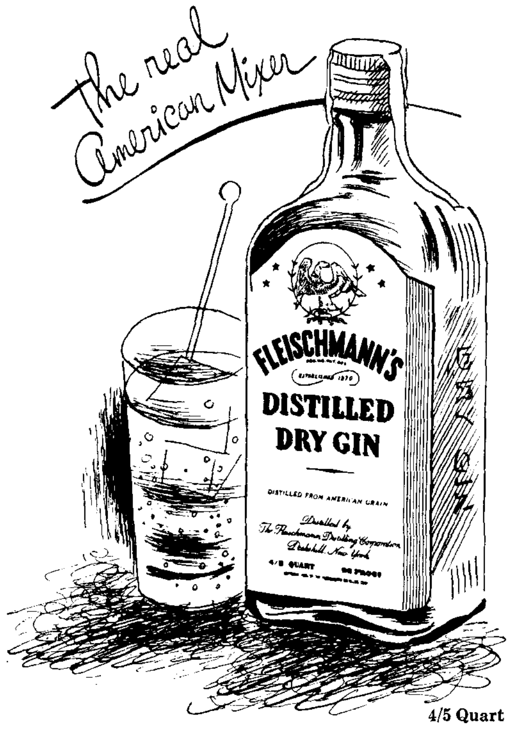
Fleischmann's—the original American Gin—is especially distilled to please the American taste in mixed drinks.

It whispers to the **lemon** juice—doesn't shout it down.

Makes the **soda** bubble with joy—smooths **ice and sugar** into melting tenderness.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A soothing paste of our Baking Soda* is a helpful first aid for burns and scalds—it relieves the pain. If the injury is severe, call a physician.

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Many good things to eat are not easy to digest. Digestive discomfort is relieved by using Baking Soda*, a half teaspoonful in a half glass of water.

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The American Medical Association approves the use of our Baking Soda* in conditions for which the physician prescribes Sodium Bicarbonate.

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Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 18

disappeared. Afterward the nose of the car slid into view and stopped.

Something flashed across the way, from the shadowy face of the white house. There was Gonelli in tails holding the door wide open and past him walked Leslie Carton with her face raised to him, laughing, and the furred collar of her evening cloak thrown back.

There was enough street light to show the leer of Gonelli as he handed the girl into the car. When he got into the driver's seat, Ryder, straining his eyes, could see no one in the rear seat.

The car started quietly, stepped with smooth fluctuations into second and third. Ryder waved his hand and watched Martin coming fast. He ran out into the street and Martin took him on the right side of the car.

"Go after them!" commanded Ryder.

"They have cops around, this time of night," said Martin.

Ryder threw himself back against the cushion.

"Do it your own way," he said.

The way of Martin was infinitely smooth. He changed the coupé into a hunting cat that stalked through the traffic behind Gonelli's sedan with the thickness of the crowd screening it. But in the congested theatrical district their quarry slipped away from them.

"Go home," said Ryder, after he was sure that Gonelli could not be found. "Wait there till I call you."

THE crowd pushed Ryder back and forth before he thought of his next step. He got to a phone and reached Seelig.

"Where's everyone?" he asked.

"They scattered like birds," said Seelig. "Miss Carton with Gonelli—"

"Where?"

"They went off like a skyrocket and my man couldn't follow them, Mr. Ryder."

"Everybody else went home?"

"Marene Sutherland double-locked her door and doesn't answer the telephone."

He hung up and telephoned to Ravenna. The voice of Eileen Durante answered.

She said: "Uncle Mike isn't here for the moment, but he'll be right back. . . . Come quickly. I have tremendous news for you! I have the most wonderful news in the world for you!"

"What is it, Eileen? What's it about?"

"You can't guess. It's like nothing in the world. Will you come?"

"I'll come," he said. And he took a cab straight out across town to Ravenna's house.

RYDER went up to the music room. The girl saw him but she finished the last notes of her song, lifting them into a triumph before she came hurrying toward him with something she had snatched from the top of the piano held behind her back.

"I have to see Mike," he told her. "Do you know where he's gone?"

"I don't know. Only that he'll be back soon," she said. "But what have I for you, David? What's my surprise?"

"I can't guess," he said.

"You have to guess," she commanded.

"Well, it's paper of some sort. Jimmy Hickey's last column, perhaps?"

She laughed.

"It's a thousand times more than that. It's something that belongs to you, and I found it. You'll never know where. You'll never guess where . . . but—look!"

She held before him a stiff fold of paper and as he opened it she still was laughing.

"I've read it, too," she said. "I had to read it to know what it was, and it made me sorry for poor Uncle Mike; but then I know that you'll never let him starve, anyway. So why should I be sorry for him? Why should I be sorry for anyone? I'm only happy for you, David!"

His eye was running swiftly through the single typewritten page of the last will and testament of John James Leggett. It was so brief because there were so few legatees. To Martin, to Estey and to Gains went legacies of twenty thousand dollars each. Not a single one of the dinner guests was mentioned; not even Ravenna! The entire residue of the estate was the inheritance of "my beloved nephew, David Ryder."

Thirty millions—forty millions, the lawyer had said. Not mere wealth but a kingdom. Ryder stuffed the long fold of paper into his pocket while his mind flew out at a blank random over the labyrinth of New York's streets. Leslie was out there somewhere—and Gonelli.

"Eileen, how in the world did you find it?" he asked.

"Don't ask me till tomorrow," said the girl. "I've sealed my mouth tight. I can't speak till tomorrow."

She came up to him with a sudden concern.

"What is it, David?" she asked. "What's made you so unhappy? It's as though I'd only found an old button on the floor and given it to you! . . . What *can* be wrong, David?"

"I don't know," he answered, frowning. "You've made me rich, Eileen. But I seem to be numb. I can't even thank you."

"Something has filled up your mind," she said. Her voice went hard and clear, and she searched him with narrowing, cold eyes. "It's a woman, isn't it?"

The change in her startled Ryder so that he looked down at the floor, incredulous of what he had seen.

"I suppose that's it," he said.

Her voice changed to its usual sweetness but now, with his ear attuned to every modulation, it seemed to Ryder that he detected a little tremor of restraint or of effort.

"David, is it a grand passion? Is it something you never can recover from?"

"I'll never change from it," he said, still looking down.

She broke out with a hard, ringing anger.

"It's a Millicent, or a Leslie, or a sweet Sydney," she said. "Tell me which one, David. Which one is going to make a fool of you?"

She caught her breath, as he looked suddenly into her face.

"I didn't mean that!" she cried. "*Please* forgive me, David."

"Why, Eileen, you're a bit excited, that's all. And I've been an ungrateful dog, a dumb beast!"

"I thought we were such friends, and so close! And now you're millions of miles and ages away from me."

SHE stared at him with pitiful, great eyes, her hands clasped.

Ryder said: "Eileen, you're wonderful."

"Wonderful?" she asked, struck suddenly out of her trance.

"Wonderful . . . a great actress," said Ryder. "And you came close to getting an encore from me. So damned close!"

"David, what are you saying to me?" she whispered, her mouth softening to childhood.

He laughed a little.

"It's no good, Eileen," he told her. "An instant ago you let me see through you."

She was nothing but amazement, agape and staring and hurt.

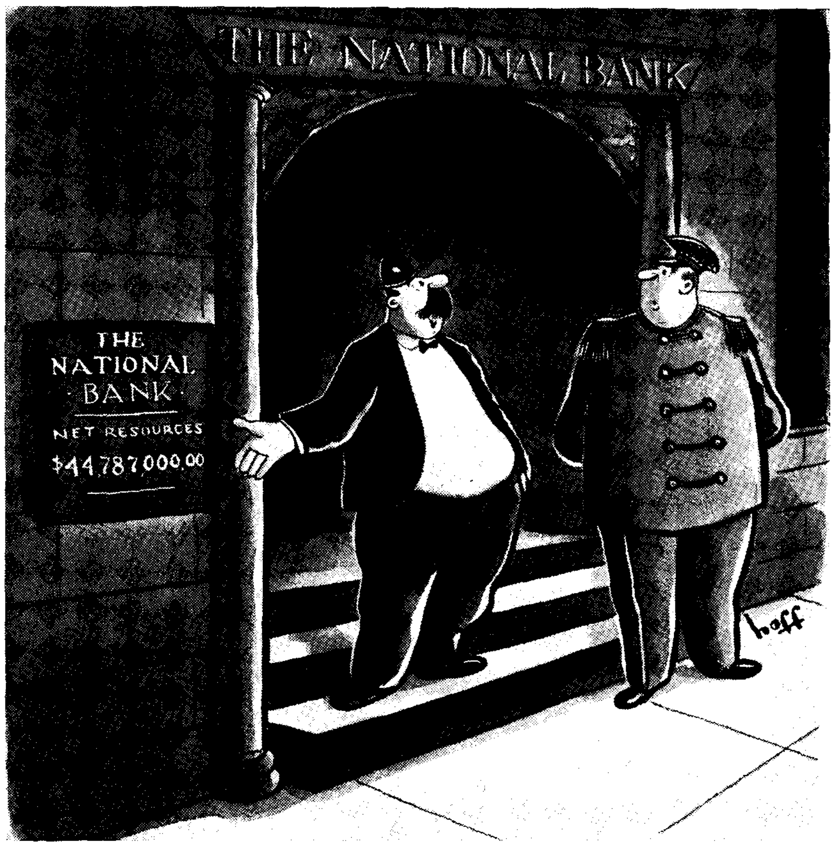
He asked: "Eileen, when did you get that will? Was it the night of the murder? Was that when?"

The bludgeoning words, instead of cowing her, made her stand straighter.

She nodded a little. "You're *not* quite a fool, are you, David?" she said.

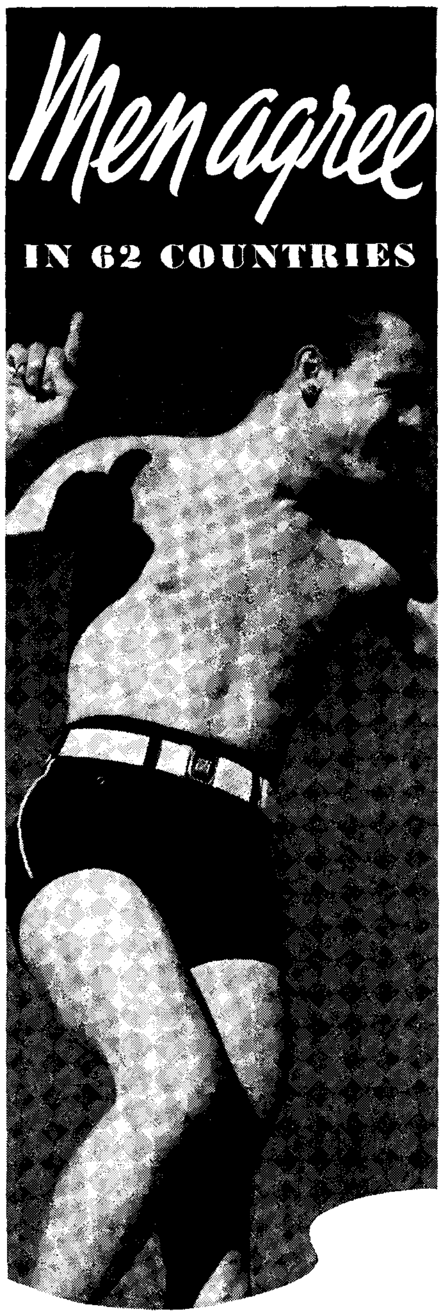
"That's right," said Ryder. "Be your natural self, my dear."

Rage suddenly mastered her and set her glaring. She could not speak.



"I just deposited a dollar. When do they change the sign?"

SYDNEY HOFF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WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name
Street City

"That stroke of the five thousand dollars . . . that was a great conception, Eileen," he said. The anger had gone from her. She was smiling.

"It was, wasn't it?" she answered. "I *thought* that was good. But I spoiled it all just now."

"One only needs a small keyhole to see a great room, you know."

"It shows that one has to be patient to the last," she agreed, picking up a cigarette.

He lighted it for her. She lifted her eyes with a smile.

"Life is so short, and art is so long," sighed Eileen. "The next time I try, I'll be patient to the very altar, David."

"Poor old Mike!" muttered Ryder. "Not a penny for him in the will! It will crack his fat heart right open. Not the loss of the money but the fact that my uncle could change like that!"

"I WONDER," she murmured. "Are you going to tell him at once?"

"No. I'll wait a decent time. You're not sponging on him, are you?"

"Not very much."

"Eileen," he asked, "what started you . . . *this way?*"

"The gifts that God gave me, when I saw them in the mirror. By the time I was sixteen I knew that the baby face would last a long time. Well, I used to cry myself asleep. But then I decided that I would be a fool to turn my back on my fortune, and I've been in training ever since. . . . It isn't so easy. Actresses usually just have to learn their lines and do them. But I have to compose mine as I go along. You know."

"Very hard," said Ryder. "To be so naïve; and yet show a touch of woman in the child, too."

"Singing to you, too. . . . The old ballad. . . . That was a rather good bit. . . . I think the heart of David went pitter-patter once or twice, didn't it?"

"It did."

"Except that you were such a sleepy pig."

"I was just making myself at home," he said, grinning.

"I saw the entire future, with you in slippers at the fire," she said. "And darling Eileen pouring your Scotch and soda."

"How long before you would have put something in the drink?" he asked.

"Never, I think," she said. "For forty millions I think I could have been adorable for forty years, at least."

"Eileen, there's murder behind this will in my pocket."

"Is there?"

"You know there is."

"Do you know something, David?"

"I'm beginning to, I hope," he said.

"The moment you saw through me, I really began to love you quite a lot."

"That's sweet of you," said Ryder. "Suppose we go back to my uncle."

"Do we have to? He was a frightfully soggy old bore about girls."

"I know. The last time I saw him, there were six golden angels around his table. . . . But speaking of murder—if you could talk, and tell me something worth while . . ."

"Hush, David!"

"I'd see that you were safe," he told her. "And I'd be willing to pay you thirty or forty thousand dollars."

"Oh, *would* you?"

"I would."

"Would I have to stay, or could I run like the wind the moment I had talked?"

"You could run like the wind."

"David, I always knew that something good would come out of you. But let's speak in a rounder number. Say fifty thousand?"

"*Will* you talk?" Ryder asked. "For fifty thousand?"

"Just give me a breathing spell," she said. "I have to think it over. I ought to think it over till the morning."

The telephone rang just beside him and he picked it up absently.

"I think I shall talk—and right now," said Eileen.

"Hello? Hello? Mr. Ravenna?" asked a familiar voice.

"I'll take a message," said Ryder.

"*Con chi parlo?*" demanded the speaker.

"Mr. Ravenna . . ." began Ryder.

"Ah!" said the other. "Gonelli is here now."

"Where?" demanded Ryder.

"*Con chi parlo?*" shouted the voice again.

"I'll take the message for—"

The receiver at the other end of the line went up with a crash.

"Trouble?" asked the girl.

He looked at her vaguely. That Italian voice had rung in his ear not so long ago. Gonelli was there; and where Gonelli was, the girl must be.

Eileen said: "If you let people know before morning that you have the real will . . ."

"If it's known that I have this in my pocket, you'll be murdered?" he interrupted.

"Just like that," she said. "I'm ready to tell you the story, now."

"I have it!" cried Ryder, and whirled toward the door.

"Good luck, dear. And I hope your hide is bulletproof!" she called. "You won't stay to hear me?"

"Tomorrow morning," he answered.

He fled down the hall, down the stairs, and out onto the street. At a run, he went up the block, and turned down into the first avenue. Luck brought him a taxi that he hailed from a distance, and as he swung in through the open door, he called: "Do you know Tony's restaurant?"

"Yeah, and what of it?" asked the driver. "It ain't open this time of night, I guess."

"Go to Tony's!" Ryder said. "And go fast. I'll take my chance."

For he thought he had recognized on the telephone the voice of the waiter who served him and Millicent at Tony's restaurant only a day or two before.

THREE lights starred the front of Tony's but all one side of the restaurant on the first floor was darkened. It was late.

"Yeah, you see it's a bust," said the driver.

But Ryder stepped out onto the pavement.

He rang the bell and listened to the jangle inside. He waited. He rang again. The light inside the clouded glass of the door brightened and a footfall approached. That same Julio of the twisting smile pulled the door open and peered out at him.

"Mr. Ryder?" he said. "Come in, sir."

Ryder paid the driver and went into the restaurant.

"Is there a lady here?" asked Ryder.

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," said Julio.

"A friend of Gonelli's?" asked Ryder.

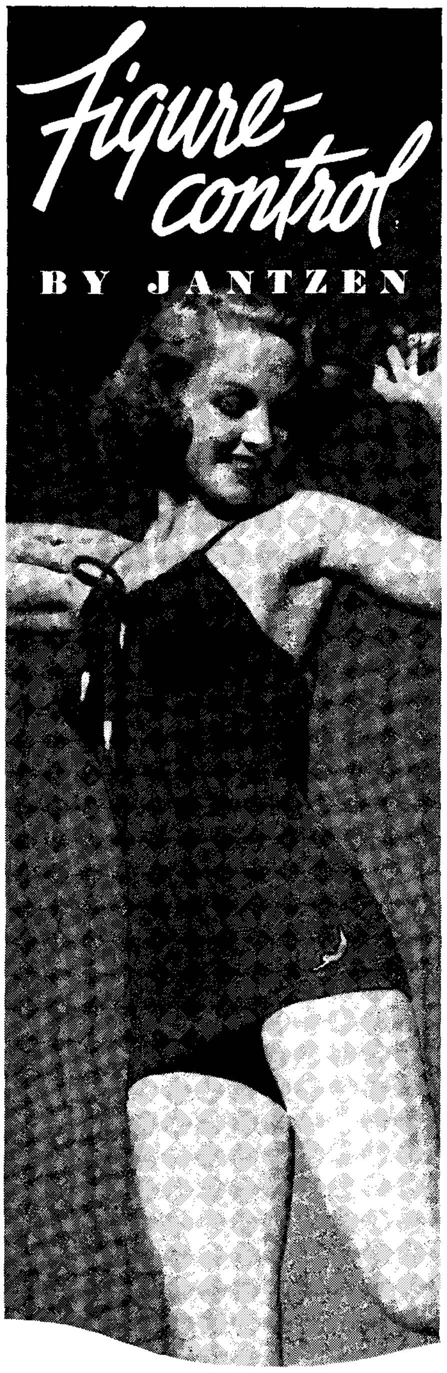
"She is, sir. Do you wish to join them? This way, if you please. The same room you were in the other day, Mr. Ryder."

He led the way, half-turning to keep his back from the guest. The lines about his mouth seemed to deepen with a smile. They climbed the stairs and passed down the corridor above. The voice of Leslie Carton laughed somewhere ahead of them, and the heart of Ryder stopped. Julio pushed open the door to the private room, saying: "A friend to see you!"

Ryder came in with all his muscles prepared for shock—and saw before him, across the table from Leslie, not Gonelli but the rotund bulk, the rosy, smiling face of Ravenna!

He leaned a hand against the wall and stared again.

"Hi, David!" shouted Ravenna. "I'm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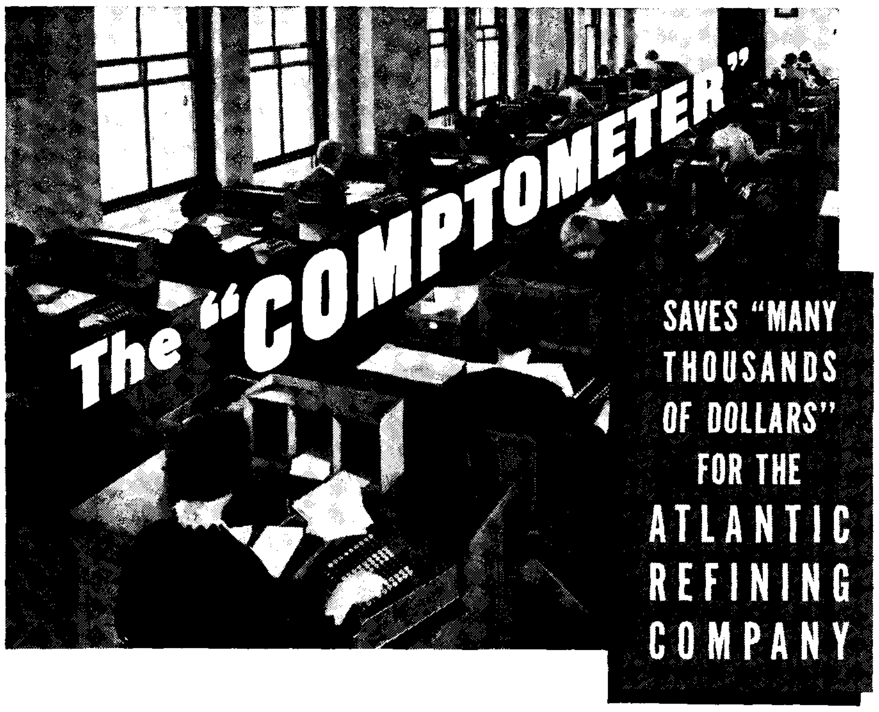
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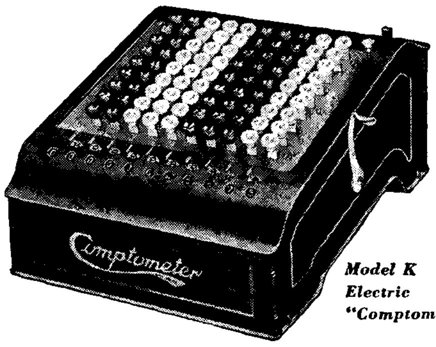


Model K Electric "Comptometer"

COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

glad to see you! What do you think I found down here? That triple-ply rat of a Gonelli had dared to take Leslie down here to the bottom of the world. I walked in and found them chattering in here as chummy as a pair of squirrels. Sit down, my boy!"

"They reached you, then?" asked Ryder. "I was at your house when Julio telephoned."

He sat down. His brain had been so set for Gonelli's long, handsome, brutal face that he could not adjust his thinking to the enormous bulk of Ravenna.

It was easier to look at Leslie Carton and to wonder at that mysterious Providence which enables a girl to smile through everything, as she was smiling now with an almost sleepy calm.

If Ravenna was there, everything must be all right, and yet everything was not all right.

His heart began to beat with such force that he was afraid his lips were trembling.

"SO JULIO telephoned to my house while you were there?" Ravenna was saying. "He telephoned everywhere. Like a good boy, eh, Julio?"

He laughed up at the waiter.

"Get something for Mr. Ryder to eat," he directed.

"I don't want anything," said Ryder. "I'll have a glass of that red wine."

The waiter disappeared.

"Now, help me talk to this silly girl, will you?" said Ravenna. "If she will come here with a Gonelli, she'll go to hell with the devil himself. What d'you see in the vulgar brute, Leslie? Speak up, now. I can see Ryder's punch-drunk, not able to understand. . . . But she only laughs, David. You see and hear for yourself how she only laughs when I talk about that Gonelli, that throat-cutter!"

"Elia's not as bad as all that," said the girl, shaking her head, smiling at them. "And he has verve. He's so vain, and so important, and really so charming, in his own way."

"Just a big, good-hearted lad," said Ravenna. "A little blood on his hands, but what of that?"

"What happened to him?" asked Ryder.

"What happened to him? Why, what do you think would happen?" demanded Ravenna. "I ran the rascal out of the room and out of the restaurant."

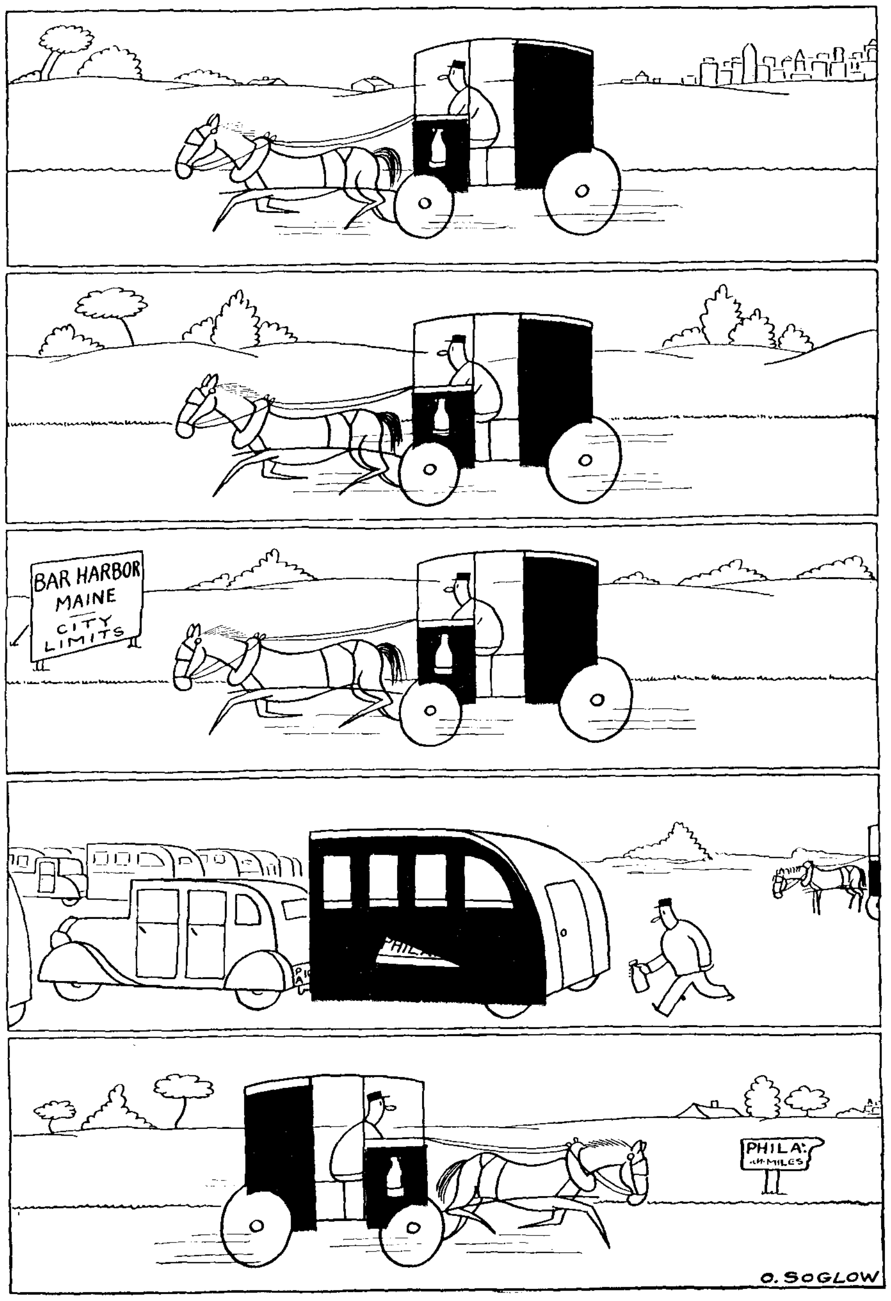
"And he knew his master's voice," said Leslie Carton, looking earnestly at the Italian. It seemed to the strained nerves of Ryder that he saw a shadow settling deep in her eyes.

Ravenna emptied his wine glass, leaned back in his chair and sighed. A drop of the wine commenced to run down toward his chin.

"You know, David," he said, "I have to have men of different kinds. A good man for good work. A bad man for bad work. And this Gonelli—well, I don't like to talk about him. I never used his knife, but I've used his hand in certain dark corners. Bah! I'll never wash the thought of him out of my mind if I drink a whole barrel of wine. When I speak to him, I smell rats in an old attic."

From the point of his chin he rubbed off the wine drop on the back of his hand. It made a long, thin, purple smear.

"Before I leave you tonight, Leslie," he went on, "I'm going to make you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MILES
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promise never to see Elia again. You hear me?"

"But that would insult him," she answered.

"What's the brute for except for insults?" asked Ravenna. "Eh, David? You've seen his face. And that's enough. Leslie, do you hear me? The saying goes that the beast of a Gonelli hired a murderer to shoot David down. Ah, that changes your color a little, does it?"

"Did he do that?" murmured the girl, staring at Ryder.

"So it's said," answered Ryder.

"But who said so?"

"A fellow who was sitting on the pavement with a broken leg," said Ryder.

"I don't understand you," answered Leslie Carton, almost angrily.

"A short, thick, big, chunky man," said Ryder. "His name was—no, I think I promised not to use his name."

The smiling of Ravenna ended. He listened with a set eagerness.

"But what had happened?" asked the girl.

"He was trailing me. I got Martin to trail *him*. We had a little mix-up in an alley. Martin smashed his shinbone for him. That's all. After a while he talked a little."

"What makes you so thoughtful about it?" asked Leslie, looking at Ravenna, seeming to forget what Ryder had said.

"I was just trying to think," said Ravenna. "I was trying to place a man like that. I've seen some of Gonelli's thugs. Did he have blond hair that glistened?"

"I don't know," lied Ryder. "Let the thing go. But I've had a happy surprise that you ought to see, Mike."

He took the will from his pocket and passed it to Ravenna.

The Italian lighted a cigarette and let his eyes drift sleepily through the document. He pushed it back to Ryder, and shrugged his fat shoulders.

"You young devils have all the luck," he said. "When I need money, I'm going to borrow like the very devil from you, David."

"Of course you are. And you're going to get at least fifty cents on the dollar," said Ryder, grinning at him.

"But the whole thing? Ah hi! John, John, John! You might have had a thought for my old age."

He turned up melancholy eyes toward the ceiling, but laughter overwhelmed him at once and he broke into a hearty roar.

"Let's get out of here," said Ryder.

"As soon as the coffee comes," said Ravenna. "You know I can't move without a stimulant of some sort. . . . He's robbed me of twelve or fifteen millions, Leslie. He's taken it out of my pocket, confound him."

RYDER, putting a hand on his thick arm, could not help smiling as he said: "If you're going to be sad about it, I'll have to give it all back!"

He restored the will to his pocket.

"Ah, well," said Ravenna, "wouldn't I be a fool to take on the burden, after all? Why not let David have all the responsibility and we'll simply help him do the spending."

The girl laughed, but broke off to say: "If I'm going back, I must telephone first. Or they'll have the house locked up."

She rose and Ravenna rose with her.

"I'll take you to the phone," said Ravenna.

"But it's just down the hall," she protested. "Stay where you are, Mike."

"It's just down the hall," agreed Ravenna. "But that werewolf, that Gonelli, may be just down the hall, also."

Here the waiter, entering, served the coffee, and Ravenna picked up his cup to take with him. He said to David: "Pay the bill, rich man!" and left the room behind the girl.

From the threshold, Leslie looked back toward Ryder. Her smile vanished at the same instant. A great, staring trouble reached out toward him and seemed to call on him for help; then she was gone.

"The whole bill for you, sir?" asked Julio. "I'll bring it at once."

He bowed himself out of the room and closed the door.

Ryder, as he lighted a cigarette, found himself waiting for something.

He remembered, after a moment. It had been in this manner that Millicent, Countess Lalo, had left him alone in the private dining room. She, also, had pretended that she needed to telephone, and he had waited in this same manner, vainly, to hear the click of the deposited coin and the whirring of the dial. Of course, the partitions might really be too thick to let such small sounds through; and yet a strange nervousness grew up in him by degrees.

He held himself on a stiff leash until the cigarette was half consumed. By that time, he felt certain, she should have finished the call; their footsteps should be returning.

He jumped up and went to the door. It seemed to have stuck, as ill-hung doors are apt to do. He tried it again, with a good, vigorous thrust of his shoulder.

At once a hand tapped on the door; the voice of Julio said: "Pardon, signore. Everyone is busy for a moment. But afterward you will be let into the game!"

LESLIE CARTON, as she passed into the hall, said to Ravenna: "After all, it would be better if I could talk from a booth. Is there a booth here, Mike?"

"Of course there is. Downstairs," said Ravenna, and he went down beside her, making the stairs creak with his weight. "That fellow Ryder is making a dead set at you, Leslie. You ought to smile at him now and then, don't you think? Or is he too dangerous for you?"

"Is he dangerous?" asked the girl.

"David? . . . I love the boy, Leslie; but he's always running wide open. Pray God he doesn't smash up, one day."

She came down into the lower hall and the uncertain light.

"Over there," said Ravenna. "Two booths together . . . Help yourself, Leslie!"

He held open the door of the first booth and closed it behind her. After that, he slipped quickly into the adjoining booth and pressed his face against the partition. He could hear her saying: "I want the police . . ."

Ravenna sighed. He was walking up and down outside the booths when she pulled open the double-hinged door and said: "There's something wrong, Mike. The line seems to be dead."

"Dead?" said Ravenna. "That's strange. There's another phone in the next room. We'll try that."

He pushed open a door. The damp, sour breath of a wine cellar came up to her. When he snapped on the lights, she saw a dark descent of steps.

"I can't go down there," said Leslie.

The soft bulk of Ravenna pressed her suddenly forward; the door slammed behind them.

The smooth, deep unction of his voice was saying: "Steady, Leslie. Steady, my dear."

She looked down at the hands that held her, and up at his eyes. A smile puckered the fat eyelids, but the smile had no meaning.

"You don't want me to start screaming, Mike, do you?" she asked.

Mike Ravenna put a thick arm around her. He said: "Poor darling, lean on Uncle Mike. The worst part is the first. . . ."

He was leading her down the steps. They were now in a large cellar room

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NO MORE "B.O."— Bill forges ahead
WHY DO WE GET CANDY WHEN YOU GET PROMOTED?
THIS IS JUST A LITTLE THANK-YOU! I OWE YOU GIRLS A LOT
14
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
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"Some of those hungry relatives of yours must be coming to see us, Bessie; the fryers are all runnin' for cover"

REAMER KELLER

set with a forest of unfinished wooden uprights. Shelves strung among them showed the dusty necks of wine bottles, the tarnished gilding of champagne. At the end, the cement floor dipped down to a black sheen of water. Two sloping wooden ways showed how cargo was brought from the river into the cellar. A double door, reinforced by a heavy iron frame, closed the waterway.

THE building must have been a warehouse before it was converted to other uses, and the cellar was simply a housed-in landing stage, convenient for removing heavy weights from barges. The effect it gave now was so unusual that it was like seeing a mask withdrawn from a human face.

". . . but after the first shock, the nerves of the brave soul brace," said Ravenna.

She said: "Do I have to die?"

He blinked at her, still smiling.

"What is that, child?" he asked.

"Are you going to kill me, Mike?" she repeated.

"Ah, my dear; my beautiful, beautiful Leslie," said Ravenna, "nothing will be done in haste. There is time for talk. But in the end you must die. . . . So—so! . . . Here, child. Taste this and you'll be better at once."

He jerked a bottle from a shelf, knocked off the neck with an adroit blow, and offered it to her lips.

"No, Mike. Thank you," she said.

"Are you sure?"

"I don't want it."

"Sit down here. Now, my pet—when did you first suspect me?"

"When I first came to New York, Mike."

"As soon as that? Why did you telephone to the police, just now?"

"I only knew, suddenly, that David was in danger."

"It was for him, then, my dear?" asked Ravenna, tenderly. "Well, well, but why did you suspect me from the first?"

"Of all the people Dorrie knew in New York, I thought there was only one vicious enough to harm her—that was Gonelli. There was only one strong enough; that is you."

"And pretty Dorrie was your sister? You're a graver girl than Dorrie, you know; and for a man like me, who sees the soul rather than the face, the resemblance is very small. But when did you know that Dorrie was dead?"

"I haunted the morgue. After weeks, I recognized the body."

"Ah, but that's almost impossible, child. At the time when it was recovered, I made sure that it would hardly be recognizable."

"There was a birthmark . . . Mike, how could you have harmed her? She was so sweet. There was so much kindness and goodness in her!"

"It was because of that same kindness and goodness, Leslie. It began to draw in Leggett. If he married her, it meant millions. . . ."

"She never would have married him!"

"Perhaps not. But I couldn't take chances."

"And Porter Brant?" she asked.

"I'd rather talk of him, by far," said Ravenna. "Think of that rascal slipping into the study of Leggett, finding him dead, picking out of his pocket a certain air-mail envelope with information enough to put poor old Mike Ravenna in jail. So when Brant tried blackmail, of course I had to deal with him. Disgusting beast of a fellow, my dear.

"See how quiet and brave you are . . . but if you could have seen how fear shook *him* to pieces! I loathed the rat so much that I could hardly force myself to handle him; but by remembering how he had tried to blackmail me, I was able to enjoy the work. So Brant was gagged and tied into the kitchen chair with the end of a rubber tube held under his nose. The tube ran to the gas stove, of course."

"Brant *was* a fool to try to blackmail a Ravenna, wasn't he?" asked the girl.

"Ah, but the temptation, my dear," said Ravenna. "Think of that! To have in his pocket the proof that it was not that scoundrelly Gonelli who was sucking Leggett's blood, but poor old fat Mike Ravenna himself! It was too much for Brant. I had blackmailed Leggett, now Brant would blackmail *me*. The future began to look rosy to him. He saw himself, suddenly, producing super-super moving pictures with lots of Ravenna money behind them. . . . Gonelli is a little slow. He ought to be here with the boat, by this time."

"Why is *he* coming?"

"Does that stir you? Does that rouse you, child? But you've spent so much time with Elia that you must be quite used to him by this time."

"I knew from the first that he had something to do with Dorrie's disappearance. To be with him was like holding a spider in my hand. But I had to find out what he knew, if I could. Dorrie had seen you and she had seen Gonelli on her last night. . . ."

"How in heaven's name did you know that?"

"The landlady."

"Ah," said Ravenna, "the eyes of a woman! The eyes of a woman! What a wonderful gift to the world! . . . But we were talking about Brant, weren't we?"

"You were saying that you had blackmailed Mr. Leggett. Was *he* dishonest, too?"

"J. J.? Not exactly. But when he had to take over a contracting business for a bad debt, the first thing he ran into was a necessity for paying graft money. And he paid it. Once. That was quite enough for me, of course. I simply had a record taken of how and when and how much money had passed. Gonelli posed as the blackmailer. Poor, fat Mike remained Leggett's best friend and bled him through that leech, Gonelli, all the while."

He began to laugh again.

HE PULLED a paper parcel from his coat pocket, unwrapped it, and began to gnaw at a chunk of Italian sausage.

"But Gonelli, the brute, confused everything. Tim Daley was the fellow who carried the money for the bribe from Leggett to the alderman. From Daley we got the information that tied up Leggett. After Tim left prison for a little job he'd done, Gonelli turned him down when he asked for money; which naturally sent Tim to Leggett. That was why I was on a scaffold, like a man about to be hanged, the night of the dinner. I knew danger was coming. Does it all grow clear to you, my dear?"

"You've told me so much, Mike, that I know there's no hope for me. I have to die," said the girl.

"Ah, there's the pity of it!" boomed Ravenna. "It's *not* only the beauty of you, Leslie. It's more than that. It's the courage. When I think what a pair you and David would make—a glory to the race, Leslie. You do love him?"

"With all my heart," she said. "Will you tell me what Dorrie had done to you?"

"What had she done before Gonelli and I had to take her on the little boat ride—as we're about to take you, my dear? Why, it's fairly simple. Leggett had a soft streak about women, so I surrounded him with girls who were under my thumb, in one way or another. Girls with records that I knew. Cormorants who never could swallow that big fish, because I had a string around their throats. All beautiful. All charming. And Leggett was quite dazzled. He chose Marene for the time being and looked the others over to find a wife. What did I care? If one of them married him, I would have an invisible hand on the Leggett millions. You see? They were so much in my hand that when our brave young David recently went about searching for the golden angels, he really was walking from trap to trap. I sprang a few of those traps but a devilish good luck saved him. A very active boy, my dear. I once had to go in person and interrupt a scene between him and Marene. He almost had her ready to talk, but I came just in time."

"But Dorrie?" asked the girl.

"Your sweet little sister, Dorrie. . . . How much you love her, Leslie! And how love becomes a good woman! It is more than sun to a garden."

He picked up the flashlight and steadied it on the face of the girl.

"But when Dorrie appeared, Leggett at once went mad about her. I saw that there would be a marriage, and I had no control over Dorrie."

"THERE never would have been a marriage," said Leslie. "She was only having a gay time in New York. She wanted to go on the stage. That's why she took my mother's maiden name of Innis. But she was only being amused. She never would have married him!"

"Perhaps not," said Ravenna. "But it seemed dangerous to me. By that time, mind you, I knew that I was written down in Leggett's will for forty per cent, and I had to be serious. Sixteen million dollars—a fortune—a religion! So Gonelli and I took her out onto the river with a strip of plaster across her mouth, just as we'll have a strip of plaster across yours, Leslie. . . . How long was it before you missed her letters and came down to New York, dear?"

"Only ten days or so. She had been home and left a ring there with 'J. J.' inside it. And she had given me a pair of shoebuckles set with brilliants. I thought they were too expensive—both the ring and the buckles. And I was worried. Besides, she talked so confidently of friends who would help her to get on the stage. She mentioned all of you. Then she went back to New York, and the silence began."

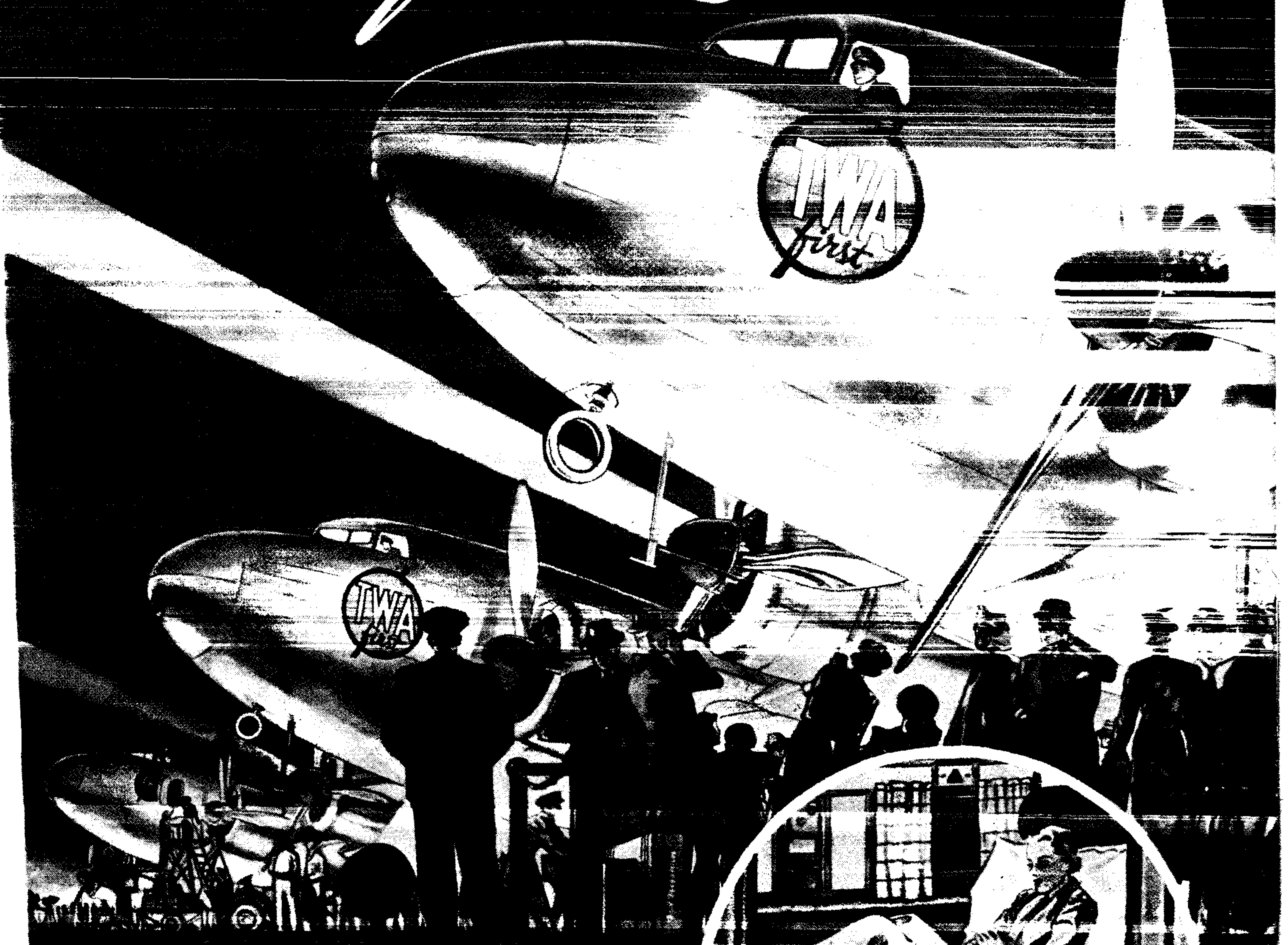
"So you came," said Ravenna. "And followed her footsteps, eh? True sisterly devotion, culminating in that little act at Francesco's, tonight. . . . Did you know? Did you guess before you left the stage?"

"When the rest of them jumped up, you remained still. When I saw your mouth sag open," said Leslie Carton, "I could guess, then, that you had killed poor Dorrie; that was why you knew it was only a ghost. . . . You, and Gonelli! You knew it *could* not be Dorrie."

"This will be a sad evening for Gonelli," said Ravenna. "He adored Dorrie. He really did. Before he struck her, he held up the club in both hands and seemed to pray to God. . . . I'm sorry, Leslie, darling. I should have avoided that ugly detail! . . . But he never cared about Dorrie as he cares about you. Jealously, Leslie. Damned jealous of David Ryder. . . . How I admire the patience with which you let him fall in love with you."

(To be concluded next week)

TWA *first* The Lindbergh Line



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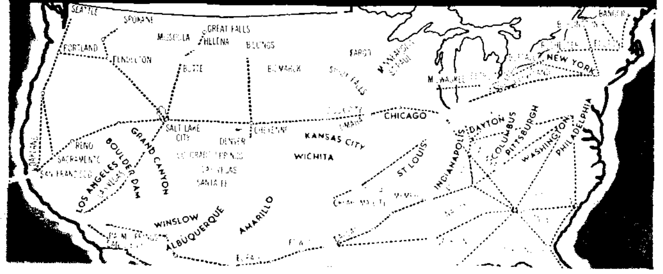
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PORTLAND
PENDLETON
MISSOULA
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BILLINGS
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FARGO
SIOUX FALLS
MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL
MILWAUKEE
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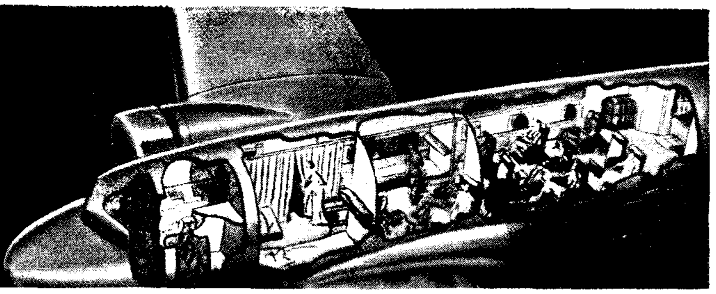
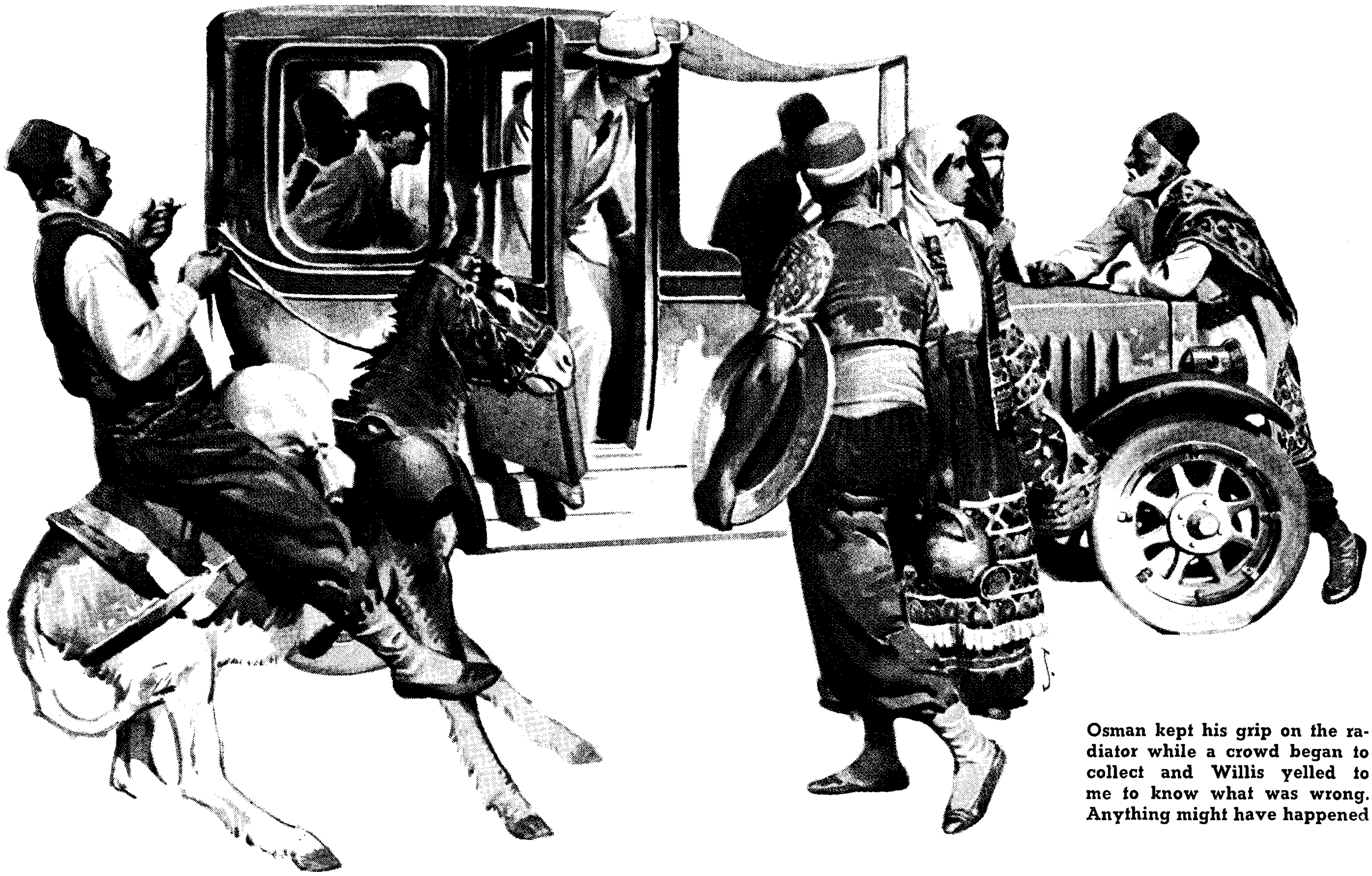
TWA was *first* to require that all pilots carry the highest Government rating. TWA planes and pilots hold *more* air transport records than all airlines combined. TWA Ground Crews—Flight Control Officers, Engineers, Meteorologists are the most experienced in transport aviation.



first IN LUXURY

TWA spent an extra $10,000 on each of these planes to provide the utmost in luxury, beauty and comfort. Seats costing $500 apiece—upholstery deeper, softer than ever known. Wide, full length beds—finest linens and blankets. Table dining, complimentary hot meals.



Osman kept his grip on the radiator while a crowd began to collect and Willis yelled to me to know what was wrong. Anything might have happened

Money Changer

The next time you're in Istanbul, look up Osman. You can trust him. But don't try to cheat him. For Osman, like the prophet, believes in taking an eye for an eye — and he doesn't mind waiting

By Harold Lamb

I HADN'T been in Istanbul an hour before I met Osman. I was stiff with long sitting in the Paris-Orient express, so I left my baggage where it would be safe—piled under the eye of an American petty officer in the vestibule of the embassy, and I went forth to wander in the city until such time as the embassy would be open for official business. And I found Osman, as it were, lying in wait for me.

He was sitting in that vine-covered lane leading into the Street of the Book-Sellers, which in turn disappears into the maw of the great bazaar of Istanbul —Constantinople, you know. Sitting behind a glass cage.

The cage was piled with coins, and several Turkish pound notes were stuck inside the glass, showing that Osman was a *sharaf* or money changer. A dozen other *sharafs* looked up as I passed, and all of them knew me for an American, and began to tap on the glass. But Osman didn't. He just looked at me expectantly. He had mild brown eyes, his grizzled beard was cut off square at the chin, he wore a sheepskin coat, and he didn't have so many banknotes in his cage as the other *sharafs*. He seemed to be a Turk of the older generation—a pre-war Anatolian Turk.

I thought he might be honest. So I stopped and disgorged the handful of silver and paper I'd brought off the train. Osman muttered in his beard as he sorted it out, pushing back regretfully some phony coins. Then he counted out the exchange in Turkish pounds and piasters. It looked about right to me.

"*Ilhamdillah,*" I said.

Osman smiled and touched his chest and forehead—probably surprised that an American should know how to thank him. That was the beginning. After that, when I wanted money changed I went back to Osman. I discovered he'd take out his exact commission each time, no more and never less.

"I've found," I told Bailey, at the Club, "an honest man in the big bazaar."

"No," Bailey laughed. "It can't be."

The bazaar of Istanbul, he assured me, was not simple and Oriental, like the ones I'd known in Isfahan or Aleppo. It was the clearinghouse of the Near-East, peopled by all the descendants of the Forty Thieves, exiles of every nation, past masters of the art of beguiling the tourist and intriguing the unwary.

"No one's ever been able to beat them," he explained, "at their game. If your Osman's really a Turk, he's honest. But some day you'll find that he's a wolf in a sheep's skin."

Still, I kept on doing business with Osman. It was quicker than the bank, and more friendly. After all, the money changer was the world's first banker. And nowadays, what with embargoes on gold, limitation on foreign exchange, not to mention occasional spasms of devaluation, the big banks shudder when they change any money for you. Not so Osman. He seemed to trust me.

He couldn't have known that I had come to Istanbul to stay a year or so, to copy some early Turkish manuscripts in the library of the Serai—that cluttered mass of manuscripts that even the Turks haven't managed to sort out. I'd done the same thing in Persia, delving into the history of ancient Asia. All the consuls knew of me, and the Persian government had decided to decorate me.

But to Osman I was only an American, his friend. He insisted on taking me to his house one evening for dinner.

WE SAT together on a faded carpet that had been valuable once, in the ghost of a garden, out by the twisted cedars of the Ayoub cemetery. A woman draped in black came in, frightened, holding out flowers to me in both hands. She put the flowers down by my knees and vanished, to reappear with a bowl of pilauf. Then she produced a bottle of cheap wine, three cigarettes and a match. Osman made no mention of her, and after she had delivered herself of apricots and grapes and a jar of cool water, she vanished.

Osman would not touch the wine, or the cigarettes. They were for me, his guest, he explained. Only one thing troubled him, as he sat telling me stories in simple words that I could understand.

"My son," he explained regretfully, "is away."

And after a moment he added, "My son is not as I am. *Ilhamdillah*—the praise to Allah."

(Continued on page 62)

WHEN YOU'VE WORKED AND SAVED FOR

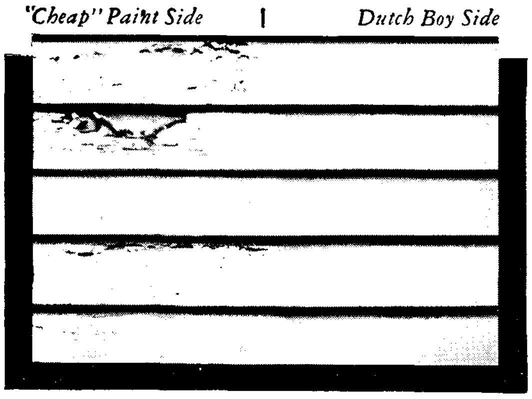
A Home of Your Own

DON'T LET "CHEAP" PAINT SPOIL IT

THINK of the years of planning, of all the things you've gone without so you might buy your home. It means so much to you . . . don't let it be spoiled by "cheap" paint.

For "cheap" paint *can* spoil a house. If you doubt it, look at the left-hand side of the photograph. See how the paint has cracked and scaled, leaving the wood exposed.

As the weather gets in its work, all the expected savings of the "cheap" paint job fade away. Not only must you repaint in a short time, but pay for two *extra* items (1) the burning off of the old paint, and (2) the new priming coat which this makes necessary.



DOUBLE HOUSE SHOWS UP "CHEAP" PAINT— *Here's what happened when the owner of one side of a double house used "cheap" paint and the owner of the other, Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job cost $16 less in the beginning. Now this owner must pay out $160—for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting.*

Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It resists the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint. That's why the experienced painter uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

* * *

The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan is available if you prefer to pay for your painting in monthly installments. Check coupon below for full information. But regardless of whether you are interested in this plan, send the coupon any way for a free copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In". Tells how to modernize with paint . . . and how to get your biggest money's worth when buying a paint job. Write Department 263 in care of the nearest branch.

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD
GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

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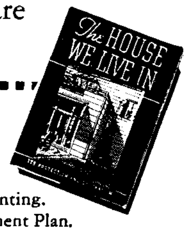
The HOUSE WE LIVE IN

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 263 (*See list of branches at left*)

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

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"I'd like your cheek Old Boy—

. . . if you had a Barbasol Face"

No woman likes to see a man's face getting old and wrinkled when he's still in his prime.

What's this got to do with Barbasol?

We'll answer that with another question. Why do men in the tropics look old at forty?

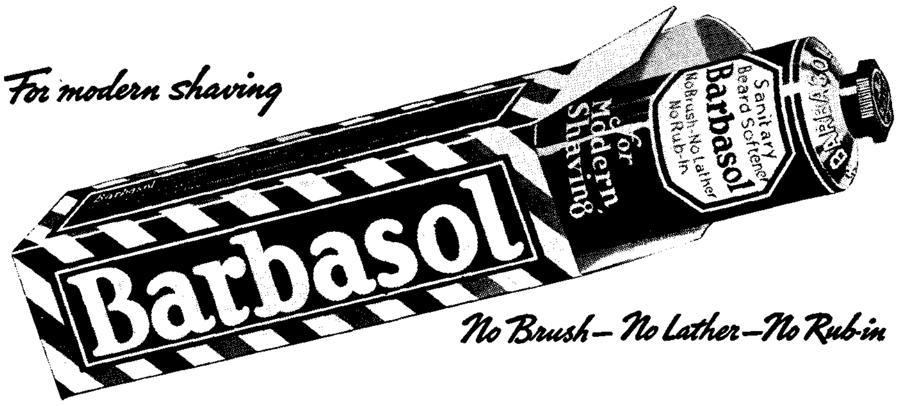
It's the sun—the hot sun drying out the skin, making it wrinkled and old looking.

Old-fashioned shaving methods work the same havoc with skin. Containing alkalis, they tend to bite, dry and wrinkle it.

With Barbasol, it's an entirely different story. Being a cream, Barbasol soothes and refreshes and leaves the skin feeling soft, looking young, after every shave.

Get a tube of Barbasol today, try it for two solid weeks, and see how much smoother and younger your face looks. Get yourself a Barbasol Face and keep the ladies happy.

What need to mention that Barbasol gives the finest, cleanest, sweetest shave a man ever had! The fact that it is America's largest-selling shaving cream speaks for itself. Large tube 25¢; giant tube, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug-stores.



The Vanishing White Man

Continued from page 13

with goods for China, but put other sun-flag fleets into service replacing American canned milk with Dutch milk; American wheat and flour with Australian and Canadian; American machinery and cars with German, English and Belgian—and Japanese.

In the board rooms of the Mitsui and Mitsubishi companies in Tokyo and in the counting rooms of the Sumitomo Bank and the Yokohama Specie Bank, grave, gray-haired Japanese in black silk robes knew they had us beaten—long before we realized it. Early this year the official figures—which did *not* include the smuggled tonnages—proved they were right.

Maybe it's just a temporary victory—but the boys along the longest bar in the world at Shanghai don't think so. The taipans and the shipping moguls, the importers and exporters, the engineers and the plane salesmen from the granite buildings along the Bund—they don't think so. They gulp their Scotch-and-splashes and Martinis and tell you that, five years ago at cocktail time, this bar was three deep in white men, all making money.

There's plenty of room along the bar today. The taipans and the rest of them scrawl their names on their liquor chits and tell you:

"The white man is on his way out of the Orient!"

They can prove it, too. . . . That's the beauty of the Orient: You can make any statement about it and its peoples and prove it with obvious facts. Look:

"You can't change the Chinese."

Proof: Twenty-five years ago the Chinese government officially abolished the Chinese New Year and adopted January 1. Today, except in government offices under the thumb of the Kuomintang, everybody still celebrates the old Chinese New Year, any time from late January to early February.

"The Chinese are the most quickly adaptable people on earth."

Proof: Almost all the Chinese threw away the customs of centuries overnight, cut off their queues and stopped binding girl babies' feet.

So it is quite easy to bring forth proof that the Orient is just opening up as a huge market for American products; or that exactly the contrary is happening.

The truth seems to lie, as it often does, midway between the two statements. What is really happening, according to your correspondent's observation during thousands of miles of recent travel in China, is this: China is being westernized—but she is being westernized via Japan.

We can sell China one new improved super-de luxe mousetrap—but the million cheap copies of it that China is going to buy are going to bear the chop of an Osaka factory on the packing cases.

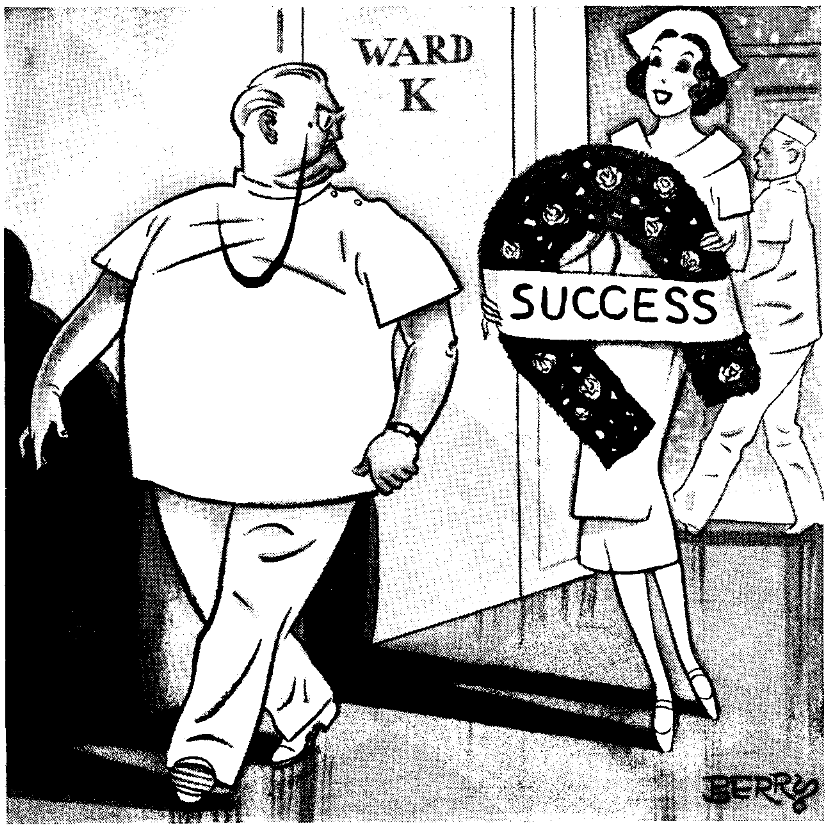
Just Poison Ivy to China

The Chinese don't care much for any foreigners, but they can tolerate Americans much more easily than Japanese, whom they regard as a species of human poison ivy. And some Chinese are quality-conscious when it comes to buying. But most Chinese are content to buy anything that will get by. Chinese bridges will just carry their load, and no more; Chinese locomotives will just pull their trains, with just enough steam pressure to move them; most Chinese buildings will just hold together, unless a five-ton truck goes by.

So, talking American quality to China's millions is wasted breath. And even if it weren't, it would be useless to tell a Chinese woman that a $10 American article is ten times as good as a $2 Japanese copy. She hasn't got the $10.

The idea that millions of Chinese are about to become buyers of American cars, light bulbs, cameras, razors, woolens, piece goods, radio sets and hats is just a dream. When China adopts these things *en masse,* the smoke is going to be blacker and the wheels will be spinning faster in Kobe and Osaka and Tokyo and Yokohama and Aomori.

Right after that, Japan is going to



"It's from the patient you're going to operate on, Dr. Stein"

MIKE BERRY

have a China trade headache, too. Because it is already being discovered that Chinese help in Japanese-owned factories in Manchuria and North China can produce almost anything even more cheaply than it can be produced in Nippon.

So, instead of exporting products, Japan is more and more forced to export capital and factories. Japanese bankers and industrialists may get the profits, but the Chinese get the work—and Japanese workers, sooner or later, will have the privilege of going home to live with their families, according to immemorial custom.

Japan and China have been fighting an undeclared war for five years. Both have been doing it under difficulties. Japan has had and still has a bad internal situation and an adverse trade balance. China has had not only to fight Japan, plus a mess of rebellious war lords and a few hordes of Communists, but she has had to undertake the unification and modernization of a huge territory and get together armies and armaments in readiness for Der Tag which every Chinese believes—and hopes—is due.

America Loses Either Way

In the beginning the advantage was all with Japan. But it is getting less each day. This spring, there are signs of a turn in the tide. If China can stay united, at best she may beat Japan, maybe with Russia's help; she may, to be highly optimistic, get back her northern provinces and Manchuria. At the worst, she can make further conquest so expensive that Japan will ring up the No Sale sign.

But even if that happens, China will proceed to modernize in her own way, and not in our way. So whether Japan wins or loses makes little difference to Americans who work in factories from Olean to Oakland and Seattle to Key West. Most American sympathy goes to China, but that is purely emotional and if anyone is being sympathetic because he believes a Chinese victory will produce orders for consumption goods, he may save his tears and hurrahs.

A Chinese workman in a Japanese factory in Yangtzepoo, earning 30 cents a day, may not turn out as good overshoes as a $5-a-day American in Akron—but they're good enough for the Chinese and, what's more, the Chinese can afford to buy them.

There's no percentage in criticizing some of the methods by which Japan forces her products into the Chinese market. It is too easy for Tokyo to point to British guns forcing China to continue the opium traffic, or to American guns bluntly demanding that Nippon open her gates to the world. The white man taught Japan how to get trade, and if the pupil now proves a bit smarter and more ruthless than her teachers, that's just too bad.

That these teachers might have cracked down on their precocious pupil at the start is true. Time was, and not long ago, when American and British diplomacy, backed up by cocky little gunboat skippers, dominated the Orient. If, when Japan started her expansion drive, or even as late as '31 when seizure of Manchuria started, Britain and America had uttered a firm: "No!" Japan probably would have stopped. We said no and didn't mean it; Britain said nothing. And that, possibly, was the white man's biggest bull in the China shop.

Japan knows today, and her foreign office officials admit it after the third Fuji cocktail, that Britain and America could stop her. But she has them bluffed—bluffed with a "mystery" navy that white naval men on the China station say is five years behind ours; bluffed with an army that German military experts are sure they can beat with a German-trained Chinese force of equal size.

But you can't call that bluff without starting a war. You couldn't get ten votes in Britain and America for a bluff-calling contest. Incidentally, you couldn't get ten votes for it in Japan, either. Japan's power, based on bluff, is something she'll always have—until she tries to use it.

China going modern in a big way is grand to imagine, but the facts awaken the dreamer. One small, insignificant fact is that the Chinese are more or less insensitive to heat, cold, appearance or pain—and so there is practically no mass market for electric fans, ice machines, modern heating equipment, cosmetics, seasonal fashions or patent medicines and the endless array of health equipment and material absorbed by the American market. But that's just a starter.

The theory that America will profit immensely when China becomes Americanized simply ignores history. Three hundred years ago there was not a great difference between the living standards of Americans, Chinese and Japanese. In fact, in 1637 there was a great deal more luxury in the Orient than in America.

All the theories about China "catching up with America" ignore one fact: America isn't standing still. If it were, China eventually would catch up.

But of course we're not standing still.

Japan's battle to capture Chinese markets and control Chinese raw-material production areas is not "right," or "wrong." It is merely inevitable. It is just as inevitable as it was that Genghis Khan, having required sacrifices of his Mongols in order to build a nation, had to reward them by invading and looting China seven hundred years ago. Japan has required sacrifices from her people to accomplish her swift industrial revolution and maintain expensive army and navy forces to defend her newly won wealth and position. The people—and their exploiters—now demand something for their work, worry and high taxation.

Japan has without intending it worked herself into a tough spot. She can't feed herself. She can't produce enough raw material to keep her factories running. Without continually expanding her sales she can't provide jobs for her jammed-in millions. Her farm people have been steadily going broke for a decade, due to the vital necessity for keeping down food prices to keep down wages to keep down sales prices in the world market.

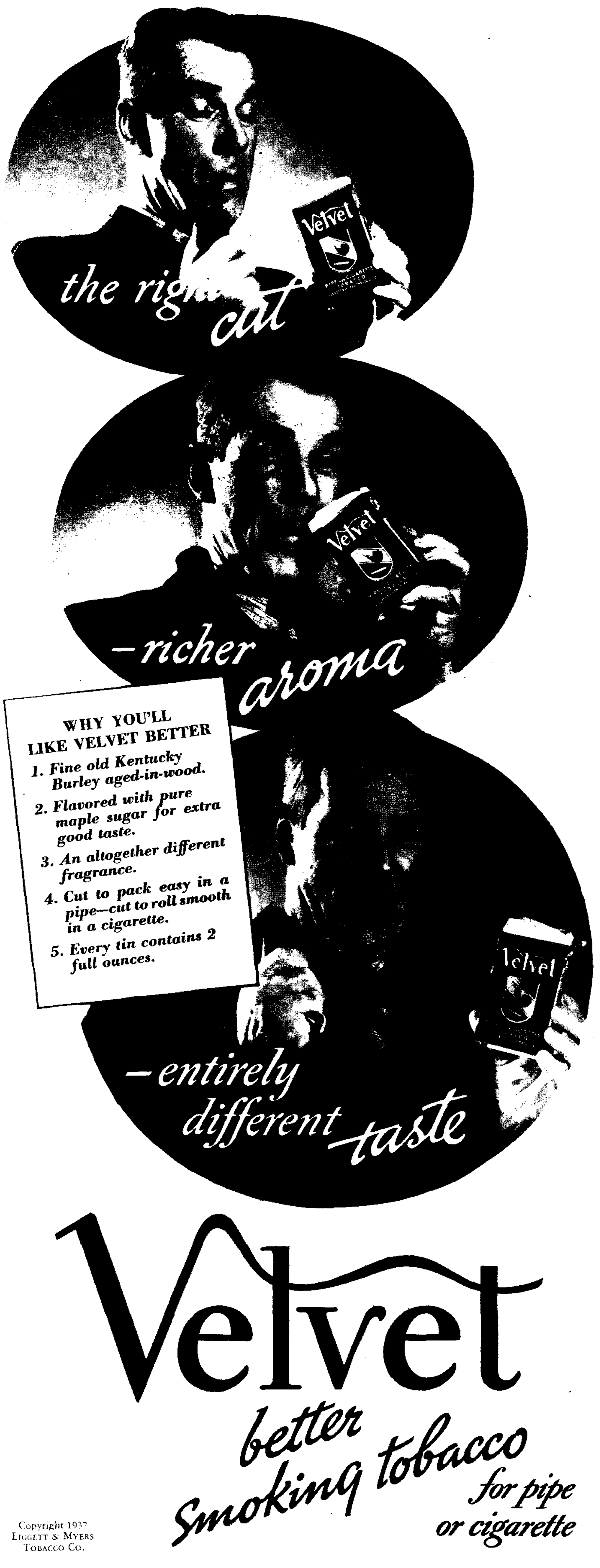
Keeping the Door Open

But again, there's no percentage for us in Japan's troubles. There is nothing to be gained by moralizing over Nipponese smuggling, Nipponese ruthlessness, or the admitted policy of trying to stupefy whole sections of China with opium and heroin to make conquest easier when the time comes.

The problem of getting back our share of China's trade is worth figuring out. There's almost a quarter of the world's population over there.

If Chinese standards could be raised; if China's millions could increase their purchasing power; if we could produce goods at prices China could pay; if Chinese women ever started to buy as heavily as their American sisters—

American brains once found an answer to the problem of China's trade. They created the Open Door, which let us into the market. Now Japan, urged by necessity, strains every muscle and wages an undeclared war to close that door. The trick for us is to keep the door open without putting our foot in it. If you get the idea



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1. *Fine old Kentucky Burley aged-in-wood.*
2. *Flavored with pure maple sugar for extra good taste.*
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4. *Cut to pack easy in a pipe—cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.*
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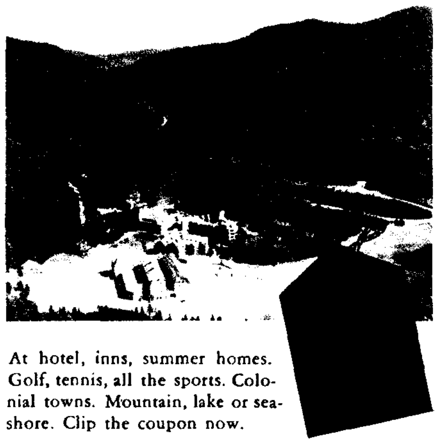

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The Story Thus Far:

HOLDING a job in London, a job which she can retain only so long as she remains single, Linnet March tells Kenneth Basil, a young engineer whom she loves, that she will not marry him. A number of relatives are dependent upon her; Basil's income is not large enough to take care of them.

Then—through Clare Lent, her prying secretary who has matrimonial designs on Basil—she learns that Max Faverel, member of an engineering firm headed by Sir Andrew Porter, has a job in Roumania for Basil—*if Basil is married!*

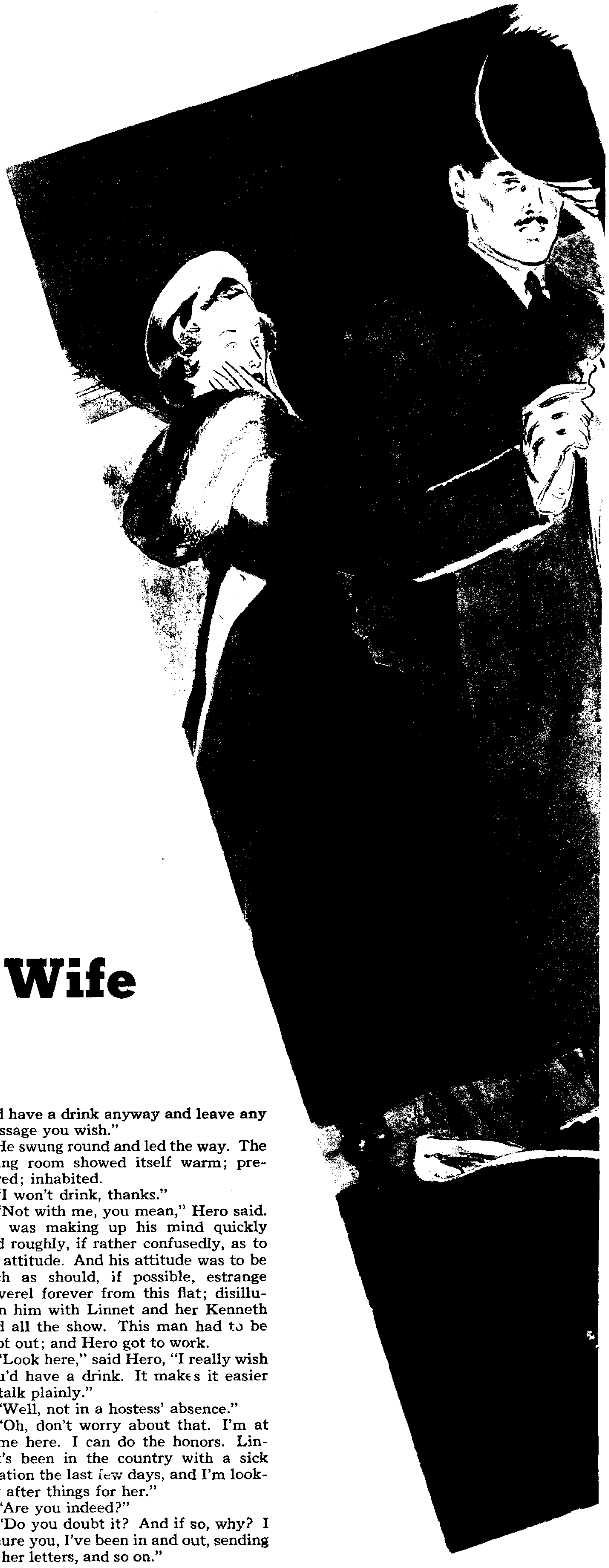
Quite by chance, Linnet meets Faverel and, with Basil's reluctant co-operation, succeeds (so she thinks) in convincing him that she and Basil have been secretly married. Faverel, somewhat skeptical but fascinated by Linnet (on the verge of falling in love with her himself), at once gives Basil the job.

Shortly before Basil is to leave for Roumania, Linnet is called away from London by the serious illness of a great-aunt. She drops Basil a line, telling him she will return at the earliest opportunity. Basil replies in a brief note which he addresses to her London flat.

Before Linnet can return, Basil leaves, by plane, for Roumania. Hero Winter, an aggressive bounder who has been imploring Linnet for months to marry him, accompanies him to the airdrome. Pressed for time, Basil hands Winter a key, tagged and addressed, and asks him to mail it for him. Winter puts the key in his pocket, keeps it; it is an extra key to Linnet's flat!

The plane roars away. Winter, glad to have a rival out of the way (he is well aware that Basil and Linnet are not married), proceeds at once to Linnet's flat. Letting himself in with Basil's key, he ensconces himself comfortably and awaits Linnet's arrival—not, however, until he has found Basil's note (which had not been forwarded) and slipped it into his pocket.

After a time, he hears the doorbell ring. He strides to the door, throws it open. On the threshold before him stands—*Max Faverel!*



Emergency Wife

By May Edginton

V

FOR a crowded moment Faverel and Hero faced each other, blank, staring. Hero, of habit, drew the smile over his lips first. "Oh, come in; come in."

Faverel stepped in; precise, well-knit, shortish, powerful, elegant. Strange and vexatious, how that effect of fastidiousness and grace came with him always! He was looking blandly and disconcertingly at the other. One easily saw that he was a man with a trained memory like all these important fellows were.

"Ah, we met here the other night, Mr. . . . ?"

"Winter."

"Is Miss March in?"

"No. I am waiting for her."

"*You* are waiting for her?"

"Naturally," Hero said, raising his thick eyebrows at the pointed question.

"Will she be here soon?"

"That, my dear sir, I can't say, and wouldn't if I could. It's rather more my business than yours, you know."

"I did not know that."

"Come into the room," said Hero. They were still in the hall. "Come in and have a drink anyway and leave any message you wish."

He swung round and led the way. The living room showed itself warm; prepared; inhabited.

"I won't drink, thanks."

"Not with me, you mean," Hero said. He was making up his mind quickly and roughly, if rather confusedly, as to his attitude. And his attitude was to be such as should, if possible, estrange Faverel forever from this flat; disillusion him with Linnet and her Kenneth and all the show. This man had to be kept out; and Hero got to work.

"Look here," said Hero, "I really wish you'd have a drink. It makes it easier to talk plainly."

"Well, not in a hostess' absence."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'm at home here. I can do the honors. Linnet's been in the country with a sick relation the last few days, and I'm looking after things for her."

"Are you indeed?"

"Do you doubt it? And if so, why? I assure you, I've been in and out, sending on her letters, and so on."

"Ah, yes? I telephoned during the week end and got no answer."

"Sorry I missed you. I couldn't be *always* here. Well, if you won't drink, I will." He had already had one drink, short and fierce, and now he poured himself out another; a mere splash of soda to nearly half a tumbler of whisky. He tossed it off and watched the other man watching him.

HE TRIED at a venture; rashly:

"By the way, you may as well know that I know all about that marriage business of hers with Basil. You didn't believe in it, yourself, of course. But if you did, you were fooled."

"I don't care to discuss that."

"Not with me, you mean. Well, I'm the Johnny you ought to discuss it with—if anyone. And if you want to know what attitude I adopted—"

"My dear sir, I don't."

Hero had to pound on: "I'm going to tell you anyway. I had the mother and father of a row with her over it. I raised hell, I can tell you. But in her impulsive way she'd set the thing going before I could stop it, and since the fellow—and I mean Ken Basil—was going away, and he was my friend as well as hers, I—I—I let it ride. See?"

"You'd better stop talking, I think."

"Come, sir. Who are *you* to tell me—"

"Whose key?" He pounced on it. "Here's a latchkey addressed to you." "What?" Linnet exclaimed. "Oh, Hero! I hadn't even seen it"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

"I am just a very new friend of Miss March."

"And I know exactly what sort of a friend you want to be, you . . ." His tongue was suddenly loosed; the foul insult rushed through his lips; inhibitions fled. He did not so much as notice the quick flame in Faverel's steady eyes, but clenched his fists, and dizzily squared up. "Now, look. Out you go, quick, before I get at you—" He hit out first and missed. Faverel sprang away and aimed a beautiful blow that also missed its mark because of Hero's lunging stumble forward. But it touched him. He was hit! All he knew was that this robber and ravisher had struck him—him, Hero Winter, full of bombast and whisky. Again he struck out with volcanic fury, and caught the other on the side of the face—smash! Faverel stepped backward but failed to parry it, reeled under it, caught his heel on the fender stool, crashed down, hit something with a sickening crack, and lay.

Half a minute passed, Hero swaying over the prostrate body, fists clenched ready for the next blow. And then a cold storm of fear blew through his brain, clearing it. He cried aloud: "My God!" Stooping, he leaned closely over Faverel, keeping his hands away. Seconds fluttered by, hovering as if there were leisurely thousands of them, counting up to hours. There was no sound except the ticking of that calm clock which he himself had just wound. He knew surely that he looked at a dead man.

He started babbling loudly: "I . . . I . . . tried to be friendly. I asked him to have a drink," and checked himself. He leaned very cautiously and fearfully over Faverel, registering the injury on his mind. The dead man had fallen over the fender stool a little way from the hearth and struck his temple a terrible bashing blow on an antique trivet, a large thing of heavy wrought iron, which by bad luck had been turned over, a sharp side upward.

DID I touch him with my hands? Hero thought. Yes, I did touch him. He hit me first; but I—surely I only . . . just . . . reached . . . him. . . .

Useless lie. His blow had gone home, if blindly, on Faverel's cheek and jaw.

Did we shake hands? Hero tried to remember.

No, they had not shaken hands when Faverel entered.

What else have I touched here in this flat?

It wasn't the first time by a score that Hero Winter had found himself in a tight place, an ugly place; although this was, by any computation, the ugliest.

Fear left him for an obsessive caution, for the instinct for escape; overwhelming.

Pity or horror were negligible qualities in his mind.

What have I touched in this flat?

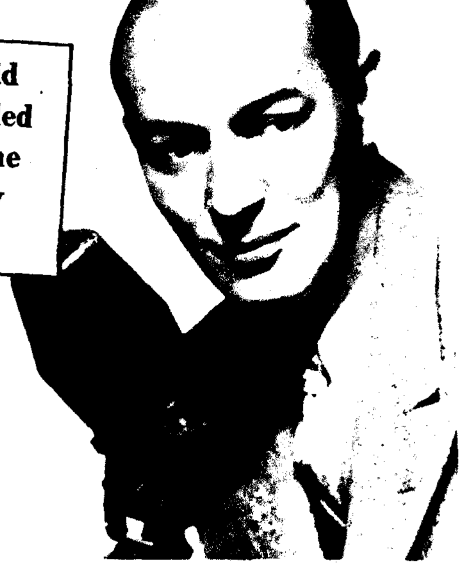
He ran out and got a cloth from a rack over the sink, and wiped the taps, door handles, the whisky glass, siphon and decanter; he wiped the glass bottles of olives and salted almonds in the kitchenette cupboard and the tray he had carried. He bent over the dead man and dared to wipe his face. Taking the latchkey from his pocket, he wiped that, and then stood staring at the label.

Kenneth Basil's handwriting. . . .

Keeping his hand covered with the cloth, he laid the key on the mantelpiece, and switched off fire and lights, and stole out of the dreadful, pretty place.

Again, not a soul on the stairs, not a light in the basement, and, thank heaven! a quiet street to hurry into. Never had he walked so swiftly and so lightly; coming into the King's Road, climbing to the top of a passing omnibus, going where it should take him. It was an omen of kind luck that it was

HE WAS HEADING FOR "HOME SWEET HOME" WHEN -BANG! A BLOW-OUT!



Read TED HUSING'S vivid account of the terror-crowded moments experienced by the Chicago motorist who now "Believes in Miracles"

TRAFFIC was heavy that blistering hot Summer afternoon as Mr. E. P. Keenan of Chicago, returning from a business trip, sped along Waukegan Road. His passenger, a fellow salesman, did most of the talking. Mr. Keenan was too busy keeping one eye glued on the oncoming traffic in the other lane.

"We're making pretty good time," Keenan's pal said. He couldn't reach "Home Sweet Home" quickly enough.

A Close Shave

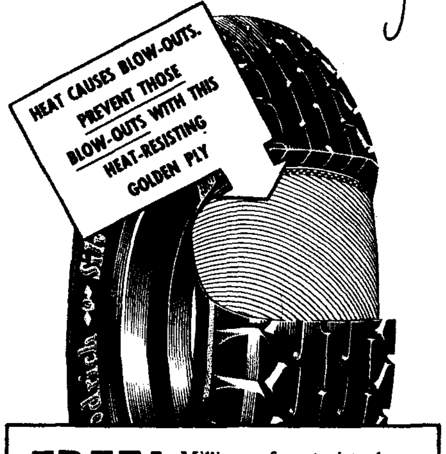
Bang! Like a thunderbolt the staccato crack of a blow-out rose above the roar of the motor. The fateful screech of tires skidding over the road froze Keenan to the wheel. In desperation he gave the steering wheel a frenzied tug. The car bolted—swung to the right just in time to miss a moving van by inches—and came to a stop at the brink of a ditch.

The sad part of it, though, is that all motorists are not as lucky as Mr. Keenan. Because I understand that thousands are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year.

It took Goodrich engineers to fight this driving hazard for American motorists and provide them with a real defense against treacherous high-speed blow-outs like this. They invented the now famous Life-Saver Golden Ply which is found only in Goodrich Silvertown Tires. This remarkable Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, I am told, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from forming. Thus the dangerous blow-out that might have been, never gets a start.

You can bet your bottom dollar that Mr. E. P. Keenan, of Chicago, is now riding on Silvertowns. Because for *safer* motoring he's convinced that there are no *safer* tires than Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns.

See these life-saving tires at any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich dealer. *The sooner the safer.* You pay no price premium for these super-quality tires.



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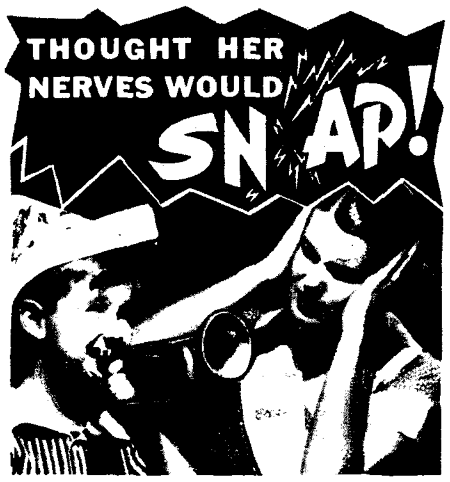
THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD SNAP!

I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. My mirror made me want to cry. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. Chew one tonight and feel the difference tomorrow!"

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northward bound. He rode for a good distance, then alighted; and dropped into one or two bars which he knew and where he was known, with the effect of a hurried man just on his way home from a harassing city day. He spoke to one or two loungers about insurance; and indeed it was true that he had been doing quite a bit of insurance touting, far enough from Chelsea, that day. But he rested nowhere long; he was homing, like a scared dog, for the seedy small Bayswater hotel which housed him just now. The weary hall porter of the Swan House Hotel did not trouble to notice his entrance—for this was a client who was mean with gratuities—and Hero went to his room and changed his clothes very quickly; examining the clothes for any splash of blood, but there were none; and as quickly he arranged himself with a lot of spread papers at the dressing table, which had also to serve him as writing desk. His mind went blank; it hid behind the muddle of papers—insurance schedules, and so on. Now—what next? But after all he had not to wait long before the hotel's shabby page boy knocked on his door.

SCARED to death by the knock, he called, "Come in," and was discovered very busy and irritated at being disturbed.

"A lady on the phone for you, sir. Very urgent. Miss March."

The next development was already upon him! "I'll come," he said, angrily striding out, and down to the telephone booth in the hall. Sweat rose on his forehead and made his hands clammy as he held the receiver.

"Why, Linnet! Atta girl! Back in London?"

"Oh, Hero! Hero, thank God you're in. Come to me—*at once.*"

"Where are you?" he asked in a natural voice.

"At the flat. Come at once, Hero. At once!"

"Well, well, well! That sounds a *very* nice idea!"

"Quick! Help me."

"But what's the matter, dear?"

"Quick, Hero!"

"Oh, all right. All right. You'll tell me when you see me. I'll take a taxi."

Oh, luck! You're playing into my hand tonight!

Back to his room for his overcoat and hat; not the old raincoat in which he had searched out Kenneth Basil, but his blue pilot-cloth coat, and a bowler. Man-about-town. He cut a different figure from the fugitive who had fled from 22 November Gardens an hour ago. And soon he was back at the tall old house of converted flats; and this time there was a light in the basement, and the caretaker, back from her outing, on the area steps was wheedling in her cat.

"Evening, Mrs. Grey!" he called buoyantly.

"Evening. Who is it? Mr. Winter? Miss March's back, I think, sir. There's a light in her flat."

"Yes, she must be back. She's just telephoned me to come in a hurry. Everything's all right up there, I hope?"

"I hope so, I'm sure. But I haven't seen her. I've been out myself." She came up her steps, and unlocked the street door for him—which she had closed on her own return, according to the custom of the house, after dark—and he ran up the stairs, gaily, whistling. How he managed that whistle, he did not know.

Now! he thought.

LINNET drooped in her lighted doorway, hatted and coated, waiting for him. "Sweetheart," he exclaimed impudently, gaily, "this *is* a happy surprise—that you should send for me!" Reaching her, he took her by the shoulders, smiling down at her. "And what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Hero! Oh, my God! Come and see!"

She wrenched herself from him and ran back into the flat. He did not want to step over that horrific threshold, but he must. He had to be strong and brazen. A sickness rose in him which must be held in check. He followed close on her heels, looked into the sitting room, made a feint of putting her chivalrously aside, registered shock and horror.

"I came in five minutes ago—perhaps ten minutes—I don't know—how long have you been coming here? *Here—he—lay!*"

"*Who is it?*"

"Max Faverel."

"*Faverel! In your flat?*"

He strode right in, again bent over that still body. "He's—dead."

"Yes."

Her voice came faintly.

"Have you rung the police?"

"No . . . I—I rang you first to come and help me."

"You should have had the police."

"I was afraid . . . I mean—how could it happen?"

"It's murder," he said, very quietly, continuing to look down. "He's had a blow on the face."

"Yes," she whispered.

She tottered, white and dazed.

Hero was masculine and sharp.

"No one else here? No signs of anyone?"

"No."

"We must get the police at once. My dear girl, law's law."

His eyes, ranging around—anywhere except to her eyes—lifted deliberately to the shelf over the fireplace.

"Whose key?" He pounced on it. "Here's a latchkey addressed to you."

"*What?* Oh, Hero! I . . . hadn't even seen it!"

"Did you give Faverel a latchkey?"

"No!"

"Who, then?"

She stared revealingly at him now, rigid in terror and the dawn of a fuller comprehension.

"Whose writing is this? It's Kenneth's."

"He . . . must have posted the key to me and Mrs. Grey put it there."

"This key has not been through the post."

"He must have left it with Mrs. Grey. . . ."

"They'll ask her that."

"Who?"

"The police."

"No. No! Hero! No! No!"

"Listen to me, Linnet. This is an ugly show and you're in it. You obey me, see?"

"Yes."

He dropped the key into his pocket for the second time that evening.

"Only you and I know about this, Linnet."

She held on to the back of a chair, watching his face dumbly and childishly for his orders.

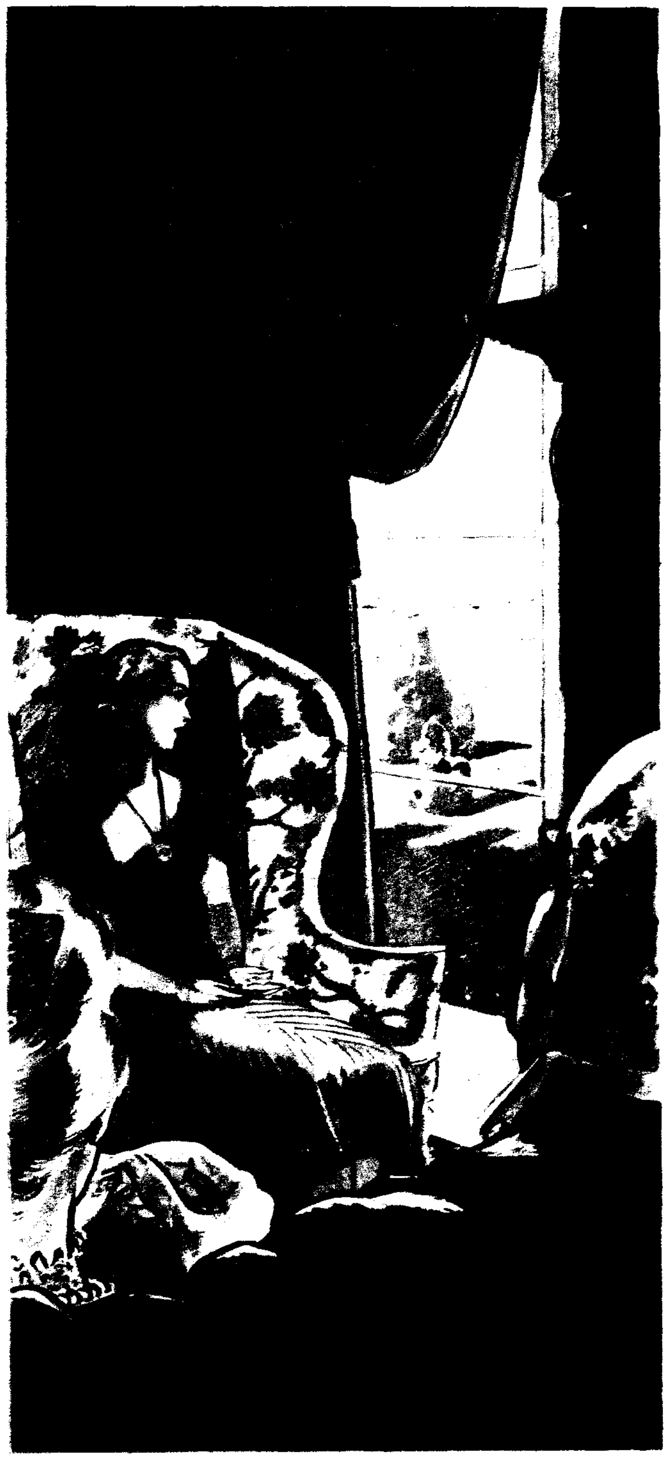
"Be quick; be sharp, Linnet! *Faverel had a key?*"

"No."

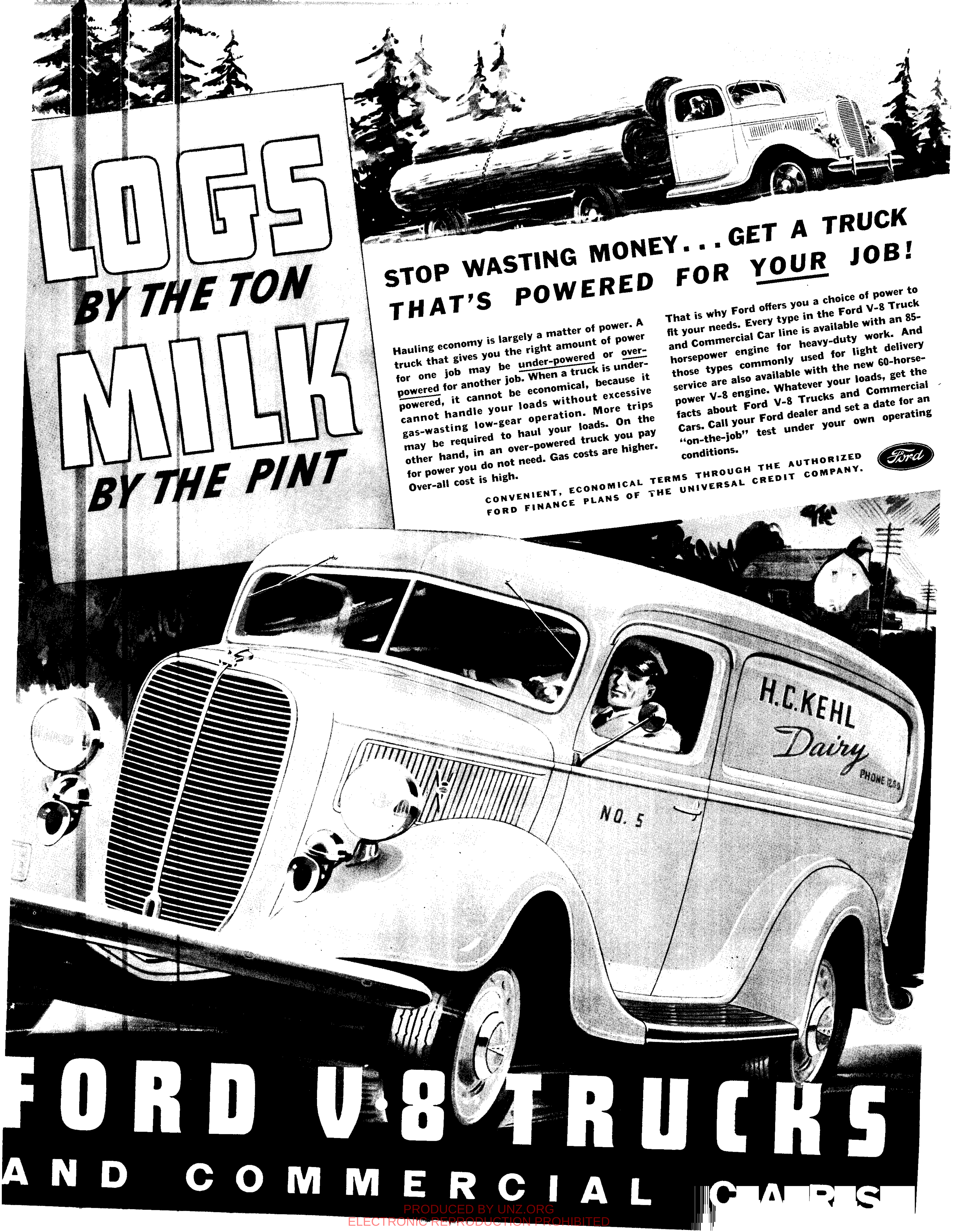
"*Yes.* Give me your key."

She gave it dumbly after fumbling weakly in her bag and he wrapped his handkerchief over his hand and pushed the key under Faverel's body where, conceivably, it might have fallen.

He swung back on her. "What reason might you have



"Nothing must keep a wife from her husband," Lady Porter added. "Things have been rather difficult," Linnet faltered



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had for giving this man a key?” he asked.

Her brain worked.

“He . . . said the flat might suit a . . . a friend of his. . . .”

“Right! You've been away. He asked if he could go in and look over the flat for his friend! You sent him a key—a spare key. Who else has a key?”

“Only Mrs. Grey.”

“He came here tonight for a look round—finding the caretaker out he let himself in, having your full permission. He was confronted by a burglar.”

She kept nodding slowly, her eyes on him.

“You've got silver; a jewel case?”

“No jewel case. A locked drawer in my dressing table.”

He pushed past her into her bedroom, and tested a locked drawer with a handkerchief-wrapped hand. He wrenched the drawer open, splintering the fragile wood, saw a few gew-gaws, and swept them into an inner pocket, beneath his overcoat and his jacket, in an instant. In the kitchenette, he opened the drawer of silver, and left it open; a fork dropped here and a spoon there, as if strewn in the flight from suspected discovery. He went on noiseless feet to her bathroom and slid the sash window up. A pipe ran beside it to the ground. “Cat burglar,” he said. “You understand?”

“Thank you. Thank you, Hero. Thank—”

HE WAS at the telephone, she following.

“Police.”

“Hero!”

His hand over the mouthpiece: “You're Miss March to them. Better. Easier to keep Kenneth out. You'll have to think up your cues with old Porter by and by, as you go along. Of course this'll be a rumpus. . . . Police! Hello! Please come at once to 22, November Gardens. Robbery and murder.”

“Hero.” She whispered it, and they faced one another again in the soft light of the hall. He saw everything; all the implications, with terrifying clarity.

“That key, Hero. Give it to me.”

“No. I keep it.”

“What for?”

“Between you and me.”

She was instantly quiet; waiting.

“I'm risking a lot for you tonight, Linnet. Deceiving the police—hiding the only cast-iron clue; cheating the law; all because you're infatuated with Ken Basil. You'll obey my instructions.”

Her eyes—drifting—fell on her suitcase, lying where she had set it down on entering. She moved to lift it. He stopped her. “No. You've just come home. Use your wits, my girl. Tell your tale. You rang me up at once, on the spur of the moment, because I was your best friend, and you turned to me for help—you were too flustered and frightened to call the police yourself . . . Sounds silly. Well, time you *were* a bit silly.”

Some of his blatant self-complacency returned to him with the knowledge of her utter vulnerability. “Act, if you ever acted in your life. And I'll act with you.”

“I hear them coming!”

“Sit on this bench. Droop. Faint about. I'll be getting you some whisky.”

He had the glass at her lips as Mrs. Grey, with a police officer at her heels, ran up the stairs and through the half-open door.

He had even remembered the careless innocence of leaving the door open.

Examination.

The story, skillfully compiled; compiling itself . . .

Robbery and murder . . .

“Manslaughter, more likely,” the police officer said. “A burglar doesn't hit to kill.”

A police surgeon hurried in.

“You should 'a' run down straight to me, miss,” the caretaker kept repeating compassionately.

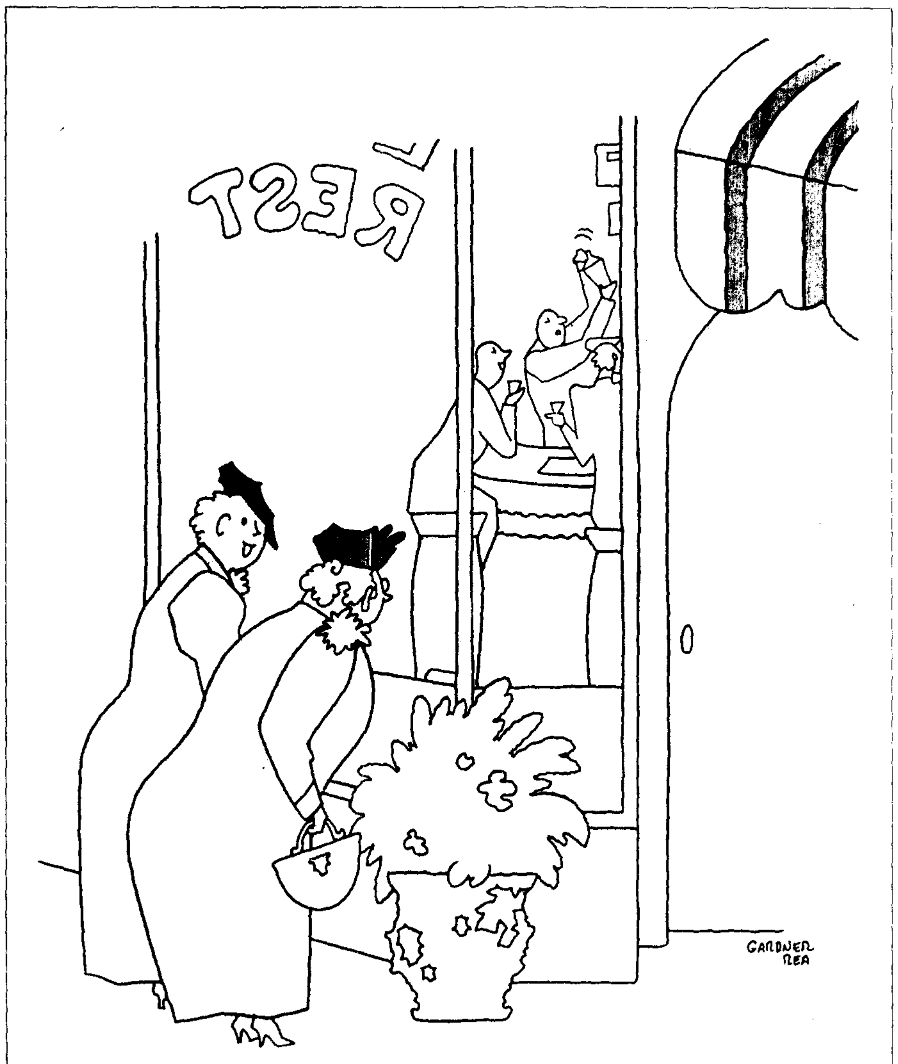
And Linnet, crumpled on the bench: “I was just dazed—stupid—with tiredness. Nursing my aunt in the country . . . no sleep . . . And driving up in the fog . . . And then this! And then this!”

And now she was really weeping, with exhausted violence, against Hero's shoulder.

IN a well-controlled voice, as a man discussing with another man a woman's welfare, he was quietly speaking: “She can't sleep alone in this flat tonight, officer.”

“Better not, sir, maybe. We've no objection to the lady going. We shall have a man here, anyway.”

“Of course you will. I know. Linnet, you'd better come straight to my hotel. You haven't unpacked your bag. The Swan House Hotel, Worcester Street, Bayswater, officer.”



“Let's watch and see what size cocktails they give you before we go in”

GARDNER REA

“All right for us, sir.”

The police surgeon ran his professional eye over her.

“Get to bed at once, young lady. You've evidently had a very bad time before this happened.”

She wept on.

Best possible thing she can do, Hero thought. How lucky for women that they can cry!

“I'll just call up the Swan House Hotel, sir.”

“Certainly, officer. And then hold the line and I'll book the lady a room, when you've finished.”

“Swan House Hotel? Police speaking. You have a Mr. Winter staying with you? He's out at the moment? Was telephoned for . . . Who telephoned . . . ? Got the name? . . . Miss March. Thanks. That's all. . . . Mr. Winter wishes to speak now.”

Hero spoke capably to the hall porter, arranging for Linnet's comfort. He hung up; and drew aside with the police officers:

“Inquest, I suppose? It's all very hard on the lady. A professional woman of standing, you know. I hope she'll receive all possible consideration.”

“That goes without saying, sir. She'll just have her story to tell, same as she's tried her best to tell it tonight. And you'll have yours. You may both go, now.”

They were away, Hero carrying the suitcase.

In the taxicab Linnet leaned against him. Tonight was the first time she had called on him like this, and in the dark confusion of his mind ran the clear thread of triumph.

“Tomorrow,” he said authoritatively, “appeal to Sir Andrew Porter to help you. Play your game through.”

“I can't thank you enough, Hero.”

“Yes, you'll thank me enough, sweetheart,” he said.

He knew these to be the words of a cad, but they came naturally to his tongue. He couldn't help uttering them. He bent down and, for the first time, kissed her.

HERO exhibited himself as a compound of kindness, chivalry and generosity, for he knew how to display all this if it suited him, and, indeed, he much enjoyed the unusual exercise of cardinal virtues.

Linnet — exhausted, desperate and badly frightened; no longer in command of herself—was in his power. But all he wanted just now was that she should find that power benignant and be grateful for it. He longed to be tender to a terrified woman; and to receive her appreciation.

“You've nothing to worry about; I'm here. Sleep!” he enjoined her, when he had seen her to the door of her room and the night porter had carried up her suitcase.

He ran up to his own room on the cheaper, higher floor, returning with aspirins.

“Thank you,” was all she could say. “Thank you.”

He turned to leave her door, not trespassing across the threshold; showing her the manner of his chivalry and highly pluming himself thereon.

From her doormat he suggested:

“Office tomorrow, Linnet?”

“Yes—sharp on time! I must—I've been away three days this week with Great-Aunt.”

“That's a good girl. Let them see you jump to it. I say, I'd tell 'em straightway about this awful affair, if I were you. Pelham or Penley could help you to get the police to keep your name out.”

“Thank you. Thank you.”

“Er—of course I'll see you before you leave in the morning. And again at dinner here.”

She said steadily: “I'll sleep at my own flat tomorrow, *please*.”

“Very well. You may. It'll be clear of all the mess by then.”

He shut himself out, crookedly smiling.

Linnet dosed herself with his aspirin, and slept the sleep of the dead.

When she came down, ready for the office, in the morning, Hero was waiting about in the downstairs lounge which was open to the hall, and most convenient.

He reiterated:

“Take my tip now: tell Pelham or Penley *right away*.”

She had been thinking, ever since awakening, of that latchkey with Kenneth's writing on the label, in Hero's keeping.

“Yes, Hero. I will.”

HOWEVER, the police were before her. Already a discreet inspector, in plain clothes, awaited Mr. Penley, who entered simultaneously with herself.

Soon she was with the inspector and both of the highly shocked, concerned partners.

“Just to check up, Miss March,” the inspector said courteously.

Last night's story went better than before. The partners showed themselves helpful, imaginative, sympathetic in her sad affairs. Soon the inspector had left, and Pelham and Penley waxed impressive in their genuine concern for all she had been called upon to bear.

“Take it easy today, Miss March,” said Mr. Penley. “Take it easy.”

But above all things she was not going to take it easy. Clare Lent awaited with a number of matters held over for her return; and she fell to work like a tigress.

Throughout the day, smashing through the invoked absorption of work, like gunfire, came again and again the loud thought of the latchkey.

She made no attempt to evade dinner with Hero at his little hotel that evening; for she must see him again as soon as might be; talk with him, make sure of what he was planning.

He left her in no doubt as to his intentions.

He was waiting for her when she came in, as he had been waiting for her when she went out; and in her hat and coat, not waiting to refresh her face or wash her hands, she went straight through with him to a dull dining room, and sat down at a corner table which they took by silent mutual consent.

“All go well today?” he asked as one with a right to news.

“Very well. The partners helped me out very kindly. There was a police inspector in plain clothes there already when I arrived.”

She forced herself to calm, from the mere remnants of her disdain for him.

“Well, now; you're sleeping at home tonight, and that caretaker woman will

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Crab Orchard

Top-run **KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**

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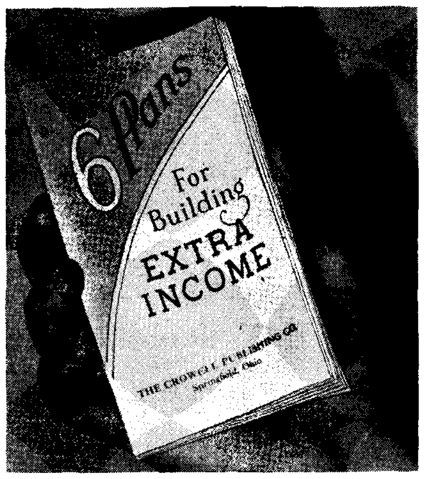

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sleep in, too." He cogitated. "I'd better not be around a great deal just for the moment—not give any idea of a plot—until you've pulled yourself together and seen where we're heading."

"We?"

"You and I. You'll be mine this time next week. My wife."

She sat perfectly still.

"But I'll not press you," he said. "I'll give you twenty-four hours to see what's best."

After a pause she said gently: "Blackmail."

"No. Just twenty-four hours while one fellow considers whether he is justified in not giving another fellow—a friend—away."

"I see."

The waiter brought stale fish.

When he had gone away, Hero said, "You don't suppose Ken will ever come back *now?*"

"No," Linnet said, startled. "I hadn't thought of that—but I hope he won't."

"He'll stay away from England for at least the next five years, if he's wise."

"What shall you do with the key during the next five years?"

"When you're mine, you shall drop it in the sea."

"Sea?"

"Yes. We're going to the United States, you and I. I've done quite a bit of business there, and shall do more with you by me. Get something big, perhaps. The inquest will be over—everything quietly settled—this week. Next week you'll tell Pelham and Penley you're giving up the contract after all and getting married. By then I'll have the license and our steamer tickets. You'll come on my passport."

She got up from the table. Whatever might be going to happen afterward, she would spend no more of this evening with Hero. Oh, to be alone, she thought wildly. I haven't had a lonely minute to think since all this . . . !

Hero jumped up and came round the table after her.

"I'm going, Hero. I *must* be quiet. You can ring me at the flat and make sure I'm there, if you like."

"But you'll not forget? *Twenty-four hours.* It's eight-thirty now."

"I can't forget. *Twenty-four hours.*"

"The answer's a foregone conclusion, isn't it?" he asked, quite quietly for him. Then he said: "Here; we'll save a tip to that damn' porter," and he ran up to her room and carried down the case which she had packed before she left that morning, and saw her into a taxicab. He had had his say. She understood. And he would wait twenty-four hours.

"My, miss," said Mrs. Grey, the caretaker. "What a face! You'd best go right off to bed."

"YOU can't stay the night, Miss Linnet?"

"No, Moppy."

"A nice funeral, and such a lot of respect shown, Miss Linnet. The flowers were lovely. That wreath of Everlastings was just like Miss Dorothy, wasn't it? Not wanting to waste anything on what'd wither! I suppose I'd better clean through the house. And then . . ."

And then?

Linnet said, walking toward her car, beside Moppy through the wet green churchyard: "Things have happened since I left here on Wednesday, Moppy dear. I'm going abroad soon, and I can't offer you the home I hoped to give you. But Miss Gwennie will; I've written to her about it. She'll be wanting someone like you, dear." She squeezed a ten-pound note into the old servant's hand, and said with tears: "Till then, have a holiday."

It tickled Hero's ever-present sense of drama to ring at the flat on the exact moment of the expiration of the time limit.

Eight-thirty.

"Buried the old lady?" he asked, walking in when Linnet opened the door.

"Yes."

"When'd you get back?"

"An hour ago."

"Punctual girl. Never fail, do you. Now, my dear, what is it to be?"

"You know," said Linnet.

IT SEEMED to her incredible that the inquest on Max Faverel the following morning could be so quick, so uncomplicated; and her own evidence so easy.

Hero's evidence, too—how well and helpfully he gave it!

Kenneth was not even mentioned. He did not enter this business at all.

She had feared—in her carefully preserved anonymity—to see Sir Andrew Porter there; but it was mentioned that he was unwell; and had not come up from Dorset.

Lord Bradley—whom she had heard of vaguely as the most remote of the partners, but had never seen before—represented the dead man's firm. But he was not called upon for any evidence; there being nothing helpful that he could possibly have said.

She had a letter in her own handbag from Lady Porter; it had come that morning; a kind letter, promptly written, of sympathy, and horror at events; saying that their own big car would be in town—it would have carried another guest up; and would bring her down.

"Sir Andrew and I very much look forward to seeing you, my dear," the old woman wrote, "and we are specially glad that you are coming to let us try to cheer you up after such a shocking and unfortunate event."

When Linnet got into the limousine which was to carry her effortlessly down to Greystones, she told herself: "I feel a hundred years old."

She had not said farewell to Hero, managing to escape him, ubiquitous as he was, and to get away without the oppression of his significant looks and words following her into the Porters' car. Over the telephone he had said—flurried by the sudden rebellion he caught in her voice as she snatched at two days which should be free of him: "Well, you'll be back at your office on Monday. And by then I shall be all set—you know what I mean."

She knew what he meant.

Soon Hero's world must be hers too—and what a world it would be! She could foresee it—full of strange tricksters, men and women; full of bluff and blarney and bluster; full of shady business, and riotous living when the curtain was up, and cheese-paring behind the scenes whenever the curtain rang down. It was alien to her; and the prospect sickening and appalling. . . .

When, at the end of a long run through mild weather and green November countryside, Greystones came into view at the summit of a long uphill sweep of drive through parkland, she saw that it was beautiful and serene.

She kept in the forefront of her mind the part she had to play for Gwennie and her family; and let the thought of their ingenuous love and happiness edge Hero into the background.

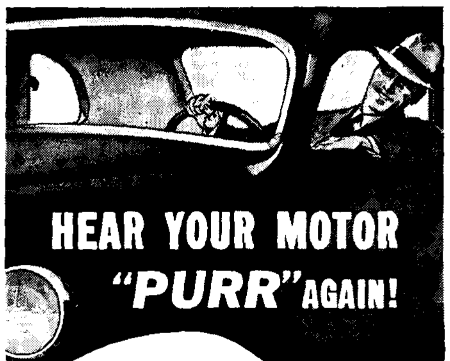
But he brought his murky shadow over all, nevertheless.

It was to be a quiet week end—only herself, alone with her host and hostess. "I felt I would like to get to know you better, my dear," Lady Porter said.

They took her through vast gardens where roses still bloomed in this soft air, and to the stables to see their horses; there were friendly dogs about the place, too, and from their cotes pigeons circled about and came strutting to the ground, cooing.

All so safe; yet so insecure for the impostor that was herself!

There was tea in the big hall, by a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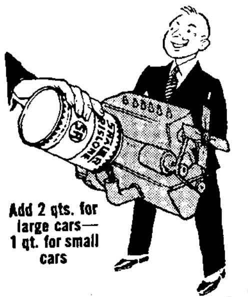
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tremendous fire of logs, and a gracious dog, a silk-coated red setter, sitting beside her chair.

"We are fond of young people," Lady Porter said. "I liked ye'er dear husband so much; and ye, too, my dear. We haven't any children of our own—the only blot on per-rfection, isn't it, Andrew?"

"There's no blot on perfection," the old man said.

"That's what he tells ye, Mrs. Basil! And I'm telling him he mustn't part ye two young people for verra long."

The old man, withdrawn slightly into the shadow the better to watch Linnet where she sat in the firelight, answered: "It won't be for long. Ye'll be able to go out to him in China, won't ye?"

She stilled the tremor that seized her. "China?"

"It's likely he'll go straight on," Sir Andrew mentioned. "I think ye'd like the life out East for a year or two, Mrs. Basil. I take it there would be nothing to keep ye back?"

They see me hesitating, Linnet thought. I am already suspect.

Perhaps they are too wise for me.

"Nothing must keep a wife from her husband," Lady Porter added.

"Things have been rather difficult . . ." Linnet faltered.

THEN there was a brief, sympathetic silence, before Lady Porter spoke again: "Ye're tired, my dear, and no wonder! I prescribe a good rest before dinner; and after dinner ye can tell Sir Andrew about the difficulties. He's verra good at difficulties, is my man."

She accepted the invitation to rest, gratefully.

The peace of the large bedroom, so soundless, bowls of violets about, and firelight playing over the chintzes, was a delusion. But she let it lull her; and lay down on a couch by the fire, until Lady Porter's own maid came to attend her. When she came down to dinner, she was lovely with her very white wan face and rose-colored mouth and shining fair hair, in her second-best dinner gown, high-necked and long-sleeved, of black velvet.

The old couple looked very sweet and fine, awaiting her on the hearth.

"Isn't she beautiful, Andrew?" Lady Porter asked. The old man smiled back: "Yes. She is verra beautiful, indeed."

In the lull between dressing and dinner, while they sipped their sherry, Linnet thought that she had better get Gwennie's business over, and seized the opportunity of answering a question of Lady Porter's: "Do you know Dorset at all well, Mrs. Basil?"

"Not this immediate neighborhood, but my sister is married to the curate at Bindley Village about twenty miles away."

"Oh, but Andrew! That's verra interesting! We went to hear him preach last Sunday and we met them both at dinner at the bishop's on Thursday. So is yon dear little lady actually your sister?"

"Yes. My sister Gwennie."

"Such nice taste in clothes! She wore a dress with *beautiful* sleeves!"

Linnet smiled, seeing little Gwennie in her borrowed gown, at the bishop's palace.

"There's a question of a living," Sir Andrew remarked, watching her. "A verra pleasant living which is in my gift. The bishop most warmly recommends your brother-in-law."

"It would mean a great deal to them," Linnet answered, "if you could give it, please."

But she did not dare to open her heart further to the old couple till after dinner, when they seated themselves before the fire, the guest between them.

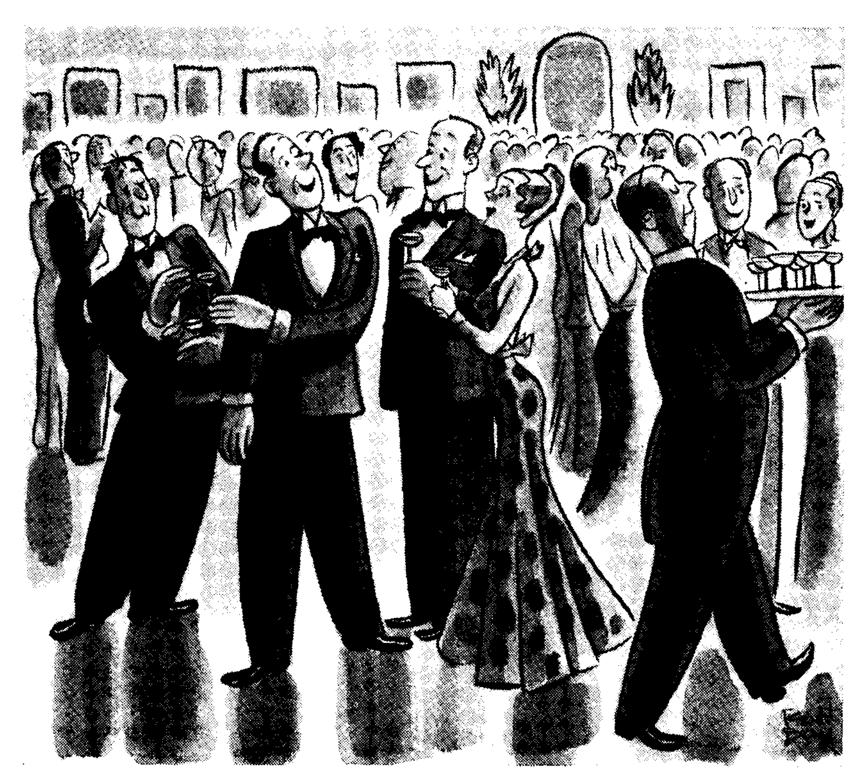
Her fear for Kenneth was a nightmare that never abated; but Sir Andrew's mention of China had brought relief. If Kenneth went straight on from the Roumanian survey, to the East; stayed out there for maybe a matter of years, surely he would never, subsequently, be implicated in the tragedy at her flat? She wanted to talk about him cunningly to them, to get herself a clear understanding—while incurring no suspicion—of what his chances of escape might be.

She had not believed that he had willfully killed Faverel; but she imagined a quarrel and blows struck; and the fall—all much as it had happened, only that she had mistaken the name of the chief actor. "Manslaughter!" the police officer had surmised. Suspicion, accusation, trial, guilt of manslaughter would wreck Kenneth's whole life.

If he were indeed to go to China—what relief!

I shall never see him again, she thought to herself, sitting between the old people, with the silk-coated red setter again at her knee.

(To be continued next week)


"I'm on the water wagon. He's my ghost drinker" ROBERT DAY

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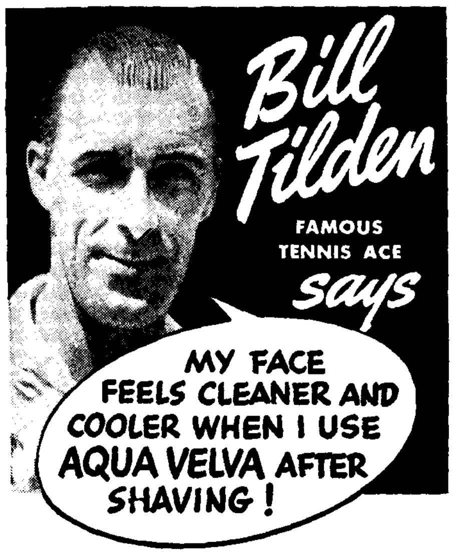
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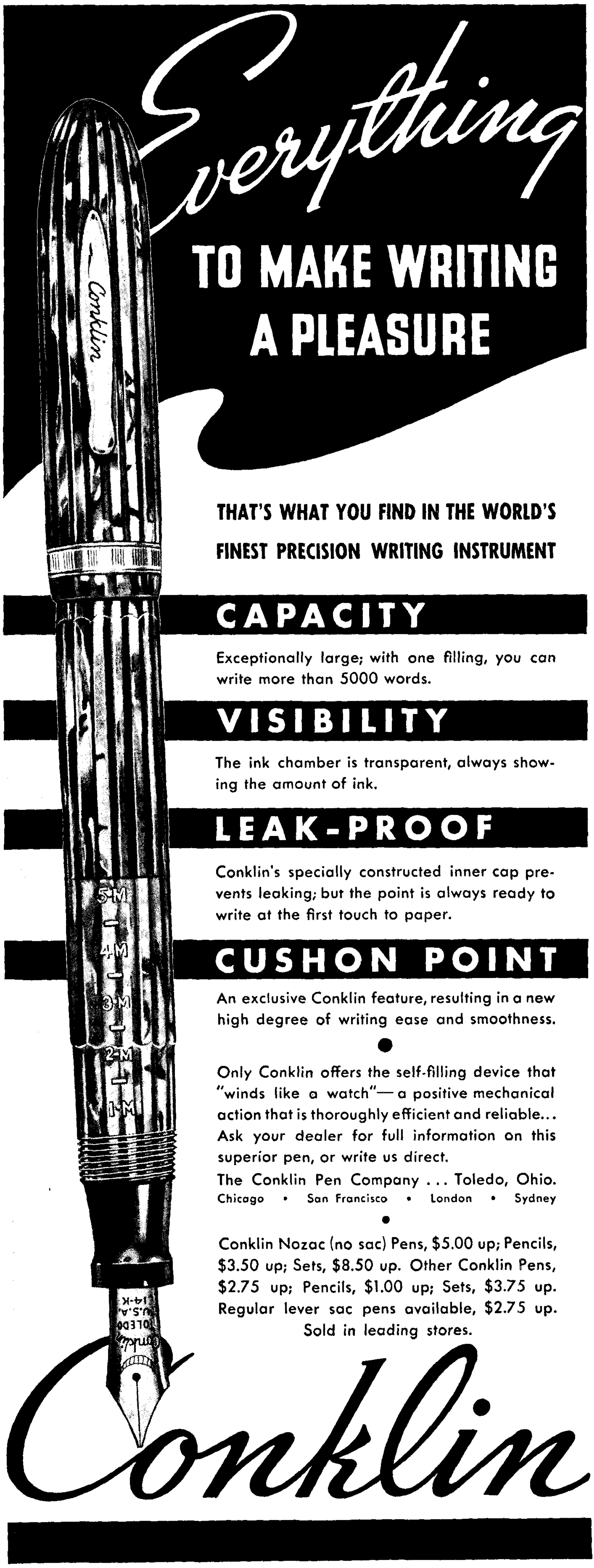

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Never Sing Again

Continued from page 11

"I really like you, Dave, and I know Mary thinks the world of you. But there's no reason why we can't discuss this thing like gentlemen. Sure, think it over. No rush. Be seeing you," he said, and turned away.

Shevlin went up to his office without stopping on the way and the skin on the back of his neck prickled.

George Kramer came in and said jovially, "Come on, Dave, how about that breast of guinea hen?"

Shevlin asked: "Stan Morris been around lately?"

"Yes, about a week ago."

Shevlin looked up a number and made a call. "I'd like to speak to Mr. Morris. . . . This is Dave Shevlin."

"Listen, Dave," Kramer cut in.

"Mr. Morris? . . . Dave Shevlin. Do you know anything about a guy named Sam Driscoll? . . . Can I come over and see you? . . . Soon as possible. . . . Swell."

He hung up and George Kramer said complainingly, "Listen, Dave, what are you shoving your nose into?"

"It's my nose," Shevlin said.

"That's just what I mean."

MORRIS lived far out, on Taylor Road. He let Shevlin in, saying, "He give me as a reference, or is it a bad check?"

"No. It's something personal as hell. What's the matter with him?"

Morris gave a dry, lazy laugh. "You can't trust him. That is, responsibility's something he never heard of. Matter of fact, he was around a week ago and I offered him a job at thirty-five. He said he wouldn't take less than seventy. What's he, a friend of yours?"

"He's a friend of a friend," Shevlin said. "Could he still get that job?"

"Oh, he's the kind of guy I'd probably give another chance to. But if he had some responsibility—"

"That's what I mean," Shevlin said.

The Pavilion was packed when he got back and he cut quickly through the crowd in the foyer and went upstairs. As he entered his office George Kramer turned and looked over his shoulder. Beyond Kramer, Mary stood in the flowered chiffon dress she wore when she sang downstairs. In the instant of wordless silence that followed Shevlin's entrance George Kramer's face grew red. Mary turned and walked to the front of the room.

Kramer said, "Well, uh, guess I'd better go down. You got back, eh, Dave?"

Mary turned and said, "I guess I'd better go down too."

"What was he telling you?" Shevlin demanded.

"Oh, we were just talking."

"I asked you what was he telling you?"

She twisted around. "Dave, don't—"

"He was telling you something. I'll break his neck. I'll fire him." He strode to the door but she was there before him, her back against it, her hands on his arms.

She said wistfully, "He was just telling me about you, Dave. About what a swell guy you are. About how you worked yourself up to where you are now. Don't, don't act this way, Dave. You make me awfully unhappy."

"How do you think I feel?"

She dropped her eyes and a frightened, harassed look came into them. She turned abruptly away, pulled open the door and ran out. Shevlin remained rooted, while the sound of the dance music came oozing and beating its way up through the floor.

He went across to the house phone and got Kramer on it. "Is Driscoll down there? . . . When Mary sings, send him up." Then he sat down to wait.

When the knock sounded on the door he called, "Come in," and remained stretched on the divan, drifting with his thoughts and sucking on his cigarette, and not even roused by Driscoll's voice.

"Kramer said you wanted to see me. Say, this is a swell layout up here! . . . Honest, Dave, I didn't mean to rush you about that thing."

"You're not rushing me."

Johnny Little was saying on the dining-room hookup, "And now I want to give you Mary Anderson, singing . . ."

"There she is now," Sam Driscoll said. "You know, honest, Dave, I don't know how she does it."

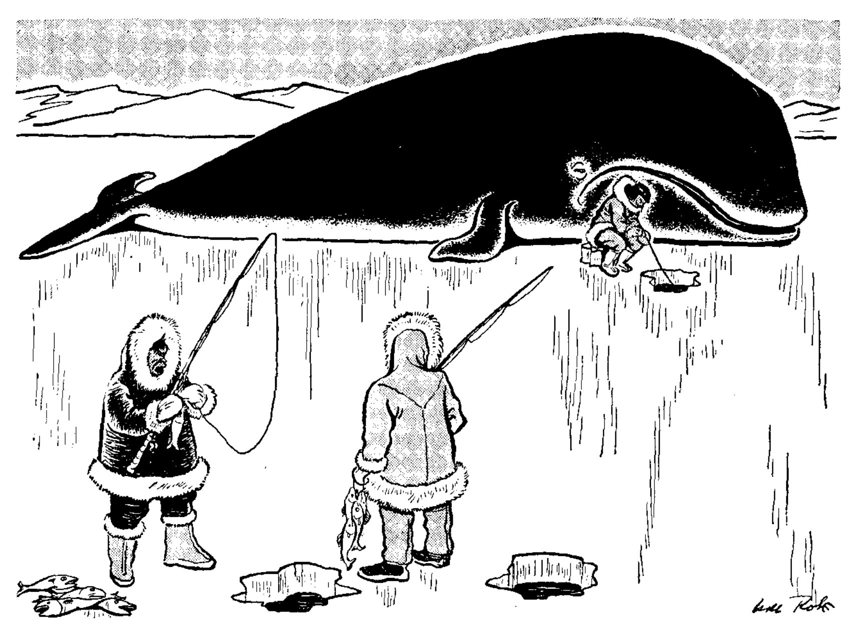
"She's a flop," Shevlin said.

Sam Driscoll laughed. "Say, you know you've got a sense of humor, Dave. Dry. Listen to her. Boy, that's a good old one. Beautiful Ohio."

Shevlin got up, strolled to the desk and turned off the switch. "This is her last week here."

"Well, that's okay—that's okay. If you don't want to raise the ante I'll take her up to the Miramar or the—"

"Shut up," Shevlin said flatly.



"Yes, but what's sporting about it? He's using worms!" CARL ROSE

They looked at each other and Shevlin's face was a little gray and his gaze was full of unsaid things. Driscoll growled, "There's no use talking to a guy when he acts that way," and swung toward the door.

Swiftly, quietly, like a dancer or a boxer, Shevlin was at the door ahead of him. "Calm yourself," he said. "You can't sell Mary anywhere. I've been all over town."

"You're lying," Driscoll grunted.

"I went to Schwarz, the best agent I know. He wouldn't touch her. She's no professional. She never was."

"She seems to be good enough for the Pavilion."

"I put her on," said Shevlin, looking him straight in the eye, "because I fell in love with her. But she didn't fall for me. You're the reason."

DRISCOLL'S eyes widened, then one of them narrowed and became very wily. "I get it," he muttered. "You went around to all these places and told them to cold-shoulder her."

"You've got a dirty mind," Shevlin said quietly, almost under his breath. "But she loves you and you're going to be married and there's nothing I can do about that. But she's no gold mine; get that!" he ripped out suddenly, incisively. "You're going to have to work at your job, at your newspaper job! You're going to have to support her! She's not going to support you!"

Driscoll's blue eyes were dancing sarcastically. "I'd like to know just what's going on inside that head of yours!"

"This," Shevlin said. "You tell her that when she marries you she's got to give up professional singing. That lets her down easy. And she'd do anything, that girl, for the guy she loves." He grabbed hold of Driscoll's lapel and his voice shook, "Tell her that! Tell her she's got to give it up! No agent in town, no decent agent, will handle her! She'll get kicked all over the lot and she won't be able to stand it!"

Driscoll laughed. "You let me worry about that."

"Listen," Shevlin drove on, still gripping Driscoll's lapel. "Stan Morris said he'd give you a job. Okay, it's only thirty-five a week but it's a job you know something about and she won't mind—"

"You tell Morris, for me, to go to hell. I know what's on your mind, Shevlin. I'm a pretty wise guy. She'd marry me and on a job like that we'd live in one room. She'd get fed up and then around would come good old Davy Shevlin, with his dough, his motorcar, and begin to muscle in. Cute, aren't you?"

Driscoll straight-armed him backward and Shevlin stopped against his desk, his fingers closing on its edge.

"Very, very cute!" Driscoll chided.

He opened the door. "I must go down and tell her about this. Boy, this is something!" The door banged after him.

Shevlin looked at it, feeling winded and on the dizzy edge of things. He almost gave up, he almost turned to throw himself into his desk chair; but his anger came up darkly through him in a sudden overpowering rush. He strode to the door, whipped it open and drummed his heels down the stairs. On the second floor, outside the dining room, he ran into George Kramer.

"Where's Driscoll?"

"I—he just went in—"

Shevlin thrust Kramer aside and as he stepped into the dining room he saw Driscoll at the far end, walking fast. Somebody called out, "Hey, Dave, come over a minute." But he was on his way, his eyes fixed on Driscoll, and he knew where Driscoll was going. He almost caught up with him, in the corridor outside Mary's dressing room. He called, "Wait a minute—" But Driscoll had his hand on the knob; he opened the door as Shevlin got there and both went in together.

Mary turned on her dressing-table bench and, seeing them, Driscoll red-faced and blustering and Shevlin dark and drawn, she caught her breath.

Driscoll shouted, "So this fellow's a friend of yours!"

"Get out," Shevlin said tautly. "Before you say another word, get out!"

Mary sprang to her feet and jumped between them. "Oh, please!" she cried.

Over her head Driscoll blurted, "You should have heard the song and dance he gave me upstairs. He said he was around town to see agents and people and that no one'd take you on. What he wants, he wants you to stay here—"

"I told you what I wanted you to do!" Shevlin cut in savagely.

"All right, you wanted me to work for some stinking newspaper at thirty-five a week! You wanted her to give up singing! Why? So you can work out some crooked idea you've got in mind! You're afraid to let me be her agent—"

"Why, Sam," Mary said, shaking her head, "you couldn't be my agent. You're a newspaperman."

"Can't I? Didn't I ask him to raise your salary? And this is what happens. He tries to double-cross us and—"

"Sam! What are you talking about? You asked him— Oh, you shouldn't have! I'm getting plenty here—plenty. And Dave's been so good to me. And Sam, he's right, he knows. He knows I"—she turned slowly and looked at Shevlin—"can't go on singing. He's been all over town trying to get me a job. I ought to have known, the way the applause was dwindling. But I was a fool; I just thought I'd been here too long. I never wanted to be a professional singer. I don't know why—"

"That was my fault," said Shevlin.

She touched his arm. "I don't blame you. Don't be mad at George Kramer for telling me things upstairs. But, Sam," she said, turning to Driscoll, "it doesn't matter. You must go on with your newspaper work. We'll get on. I'll be happy and we'll have a little apartment. All this other thing was just a dream. Go phone Mr. Morris. Tell him you'll take the seventy a week he said he'd give you."

ACROSS her head, Shevlin and Driscoll looked at each other and gradually Driscoll's face began to break up—first the eyes, then the mouth, then the jaw. Without moving, he seemed to crumple. A corner of Shevlin's mouth drew down sardonically, bitterly. The lights in Driscoll's eyes scattered and he threw up his head, laughed harshly, and stamped to the door.

"Sam!" Mary cried out. She cried again, "Sam, where are you going?"

"Far away and as fast as I can get there! Goodby!"

She raised one hand toward him and the other she clapped across her mouth.

Behind her, Shevlin put his hands on her arms, to steady her. She turned suddenly, like someone hunted, and hid her face under his chin.

"I'm afraid!" she cried desperately.

"Don't be, Mary."

"He's gone away so many times."

"He won't come back again. If he does, I'll knock his teeth out."

She shook her head. "Don't say that."

"I did a lot of things but I didn't do the right thing. I didn't fight for you. Don't be afraid."

She looked up at him, her eyes wet and driven by something that was working deep inside her. "You don't know what I mean. I'm afraid, Dave—oh, I'm afraid that if he comes back again I'll be much too much in love with you!" She dug her head under his chin again and broke out crying.

He kept his hands on her arms and said into her hair, "Don't cry, honey."

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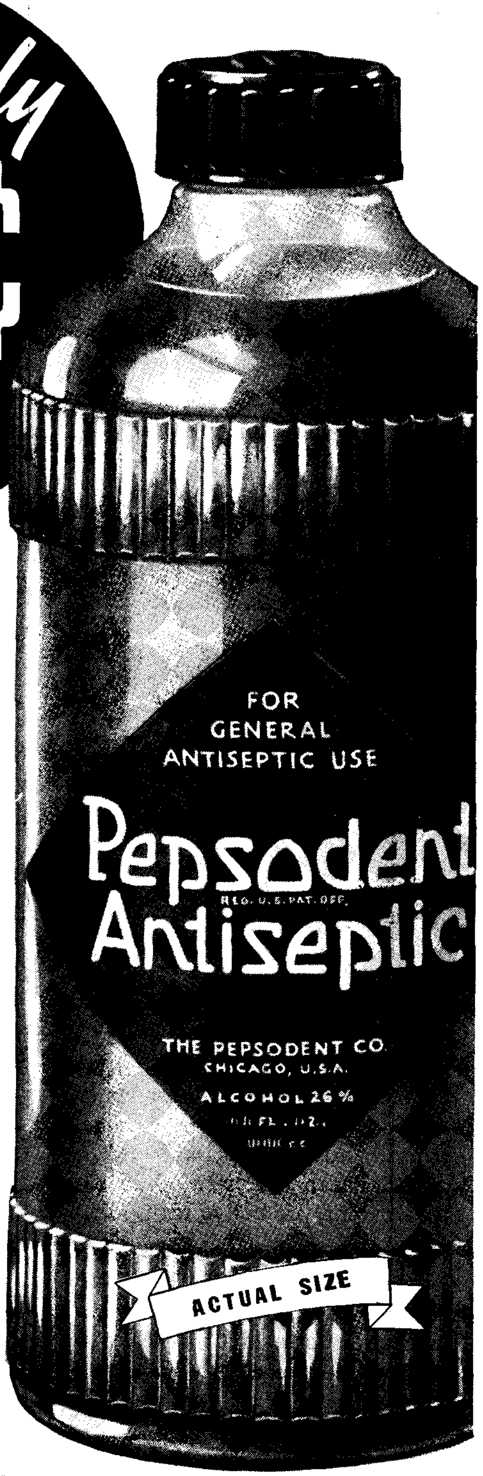

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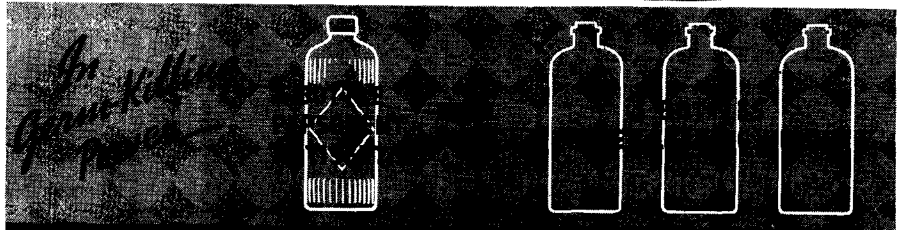

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Money Changer

Continued from page 48

I wondered, fleetingly, what his son would be like. Probably a stripling of the new generation, wearing a misfit European suit, and sitting in the cafés to listen to phonographs—a product of civilization.

Well, the next time I saw Osman was at my house. How he'd learned where I lived, I don't know. He appeared unexpectedly, at night, bringing with him a young chap I'd never seen before, who wore a shirt without a collar.

"Eh, Osman," I exclaimed, "what happens?"

"Calamity," he said.

His brown face had a stony look. He would not sit down. He reached into his girdle and pulled out a wallet. From this wallet he took four twenty-dollar American bills.

As he handed these to me his dark eyes fastened on my face. "Tell the effendi," he said to the boy. Evidently he didn't trust my Turkish enough to explain himself.

THE boy was voluble enough, in English. An American gentleman, he said, had changed these same bills at Osman's stand that afternoon. Later, when Osman took the bills to the Ottoman Bank, the tellers said they were bad—no good.

"Counterfeit?" I asked.

"Bad money," the boy explained.

I examined the twenties under a light. They looked all right, but they were almost new.

"You say the man was an American," I observed. "Why does Osman think so?"

The man who changed the bills, it seemed, had taken a red American passport out, with his wallet. Moreover, he wore clothes that looked like mine.

Osman hadn't even asked to examine the passport photo. He had thought the man was American, and that all American money was good money. What did I think?

"Wait," I requested. And I rang up Bailey at the club. He was our oldest inhabitant of Istanbul, and he knew the answer to most of the riddles that bothered us newcomers.

"Quite," Bailey assured me cheerfully. "There's a lot of snide twenties coming into this part of the world."

"What can I do?" I complained.

"Oh, pray that some spot in Gehenna'll be reserved for the wise lads who bring bad money of the United States abroad. And watch out for it yourself, m'boy."

Osman and the boy were watching me hopefully when I went back to them. I had to tell them that the money seemed to be counterfeit.

"But it's American," the boy continued to insist.

I felt like making it good to Osman. But eighty dollars was quite a bit to me then, and I started to explain, gruffly enough, that I couldn't be responsible for counterfeit money of my nation.

Osman interrupted the boy as soon as he began to interpret. The old Turk took back the bills.

"He doesn't want you to pay him," the boy explained. "He thought the money was good—"

"Look here," I broke in. "Tell me what that other American looked like."

But Osman wasn't much at description. The man had on a blue suit, and his face was shaved smooth, like other Americans. He had worn a straw hat and he had dark eyes.

"Hadn't he some scar—something to mark him?"

Osman had not noticed anything of the kind. But he would know the man again when he saw him.

"He says," the boy explained as Osman salaamed and started toward the door, "that his house is ruined."

He meant that he was broke.

For a while I kept away from Osman's stand at the bazaar. Somehow I felt guilty, and I didn't want to see him, or have to talk about his loss. When I did go there, at last, I found someone else sitting in his place—a Greek in a derby.

And I couldn't get Osman out of my mind. Finally I went to his house by the cemetery and knocked at the door. After a long delay it was opened by a woman who pulled a black veil across her face.

When I asked for Osman, she muttered that he was away from home. Then she closed the door. Not before I'd seen that the big rug was missing from the floor behind her.

THAT didn't help me any. It was sheer chance that I saw Osman again. On the Galata bridge. He had the rug folded over one shoulder, and he was standing against the rail, watching the faces passing him. A cold wind was blowing in from the Black Sea, and Osman's face was about the color of the rug.

"Eh, Osman," I cried, "what is happening?"

"Nothing, effendi," he answered, making his usual salutation.

His gray beard needed barbering. Otherwise he looked just as always.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

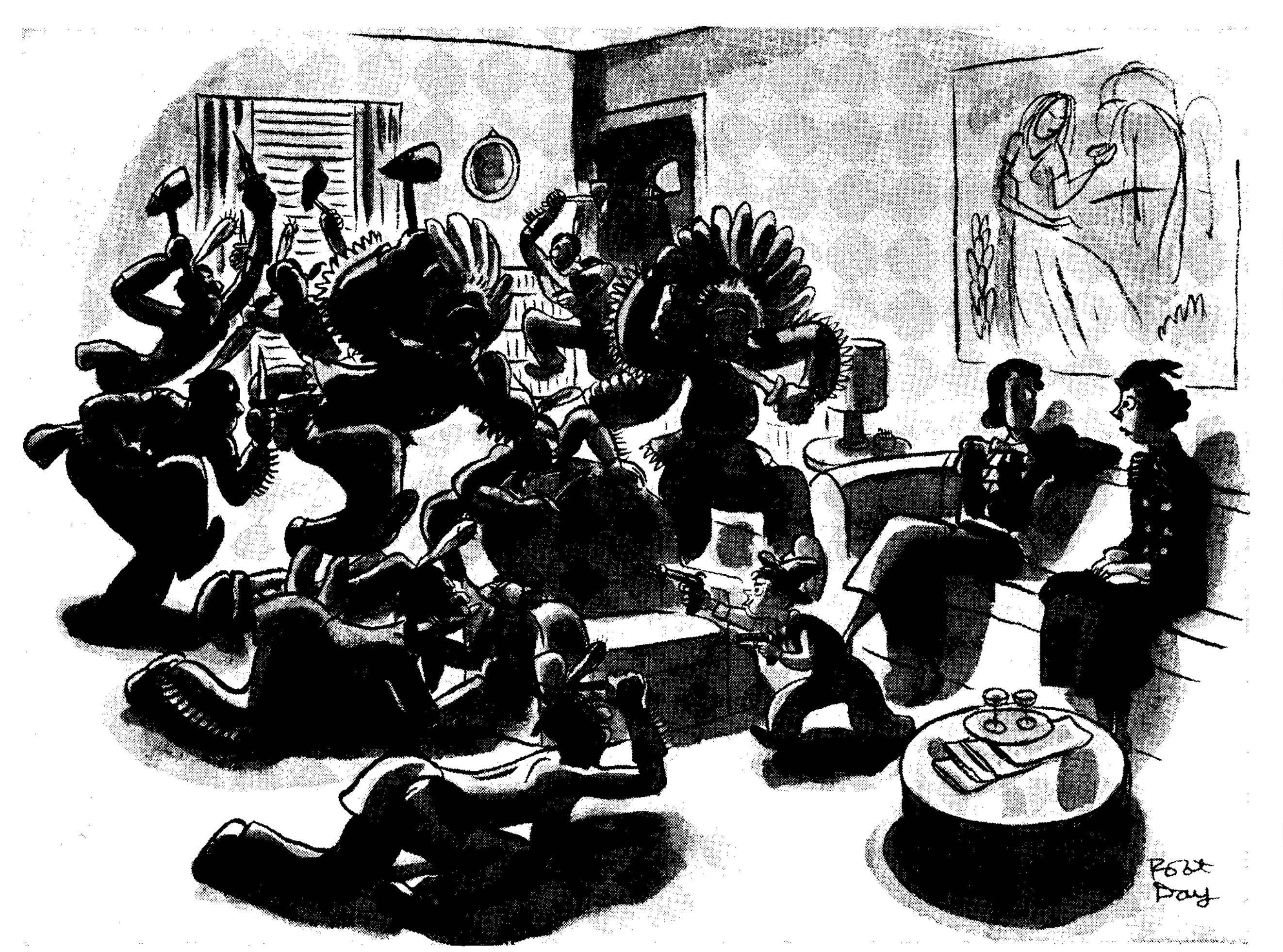
He thought this over a moment. Effendi, every one must pass over this bridge. Every one in the world, even he who gave me the bad money. If not today, tomorrow."

"Osman," I said impulsively, "come and have a coffee."

He touched his heart politely. No, he said, he must watch for that man's face.

"Then will you sell me that rug?"

He wouldn't do that. The rug, he ex-



"My husband hired them. He doesn't want Norman to strain his imagination too much" ROBERT DAY plained, wasn't good enough for me. And it gave him an excuse to stand on the bridge, pretending to sell it.

And daily thousands of men brushed by him. Broad Armenians, talkative Greeks, a scattering of bearded priests, beggars in crews, honking taxis and plodding donkeys, sailors going for a holiday on the Bosporus boats, all the jetsam of the Levant, and even a few real Turks like Osman. He was always there, with his rug, watching, when I passed.

I couldn't help thinking about him. But I had other things on my mind just then. Willis, for one.

I had met Willis at Tokatlian's, when he showed me a bit of Byzantine ivory he had picked up in the great bazaar. Willis had all a globe-trotter's enthusiasm for buying things. He was traveling alone, staying a week in Istanbul. I could see that he'd be fair game for the thieves of the bazaar. He carried a wallet stuffed with British five-pound notes.

So I warned him that most of the stuff in the bazaar was junk.

"No one's ever been able to beat them," I told him, "at their game. You have to be an expert to tell their fakes. And if you are an expert, they'll know it, and sell you the real thing—at a fancy price."

"I've seen one thing," Willis laughed, "that isn't a fake."

"What?"

"An old Koran. I'm hardly an expert on manuscripts. Still, I know it's real."

Now I had a Koran or two—you can't live in Istanbul a year without falling a victim to the lure of those hand-illumined scripts of a by-gone day.

"Probably," I suggested, reminiscently, "they told you it was the personal Koran of some Sultan. Or Mohammed's own."

"No, they didn't. They didn't have to. It's the finest thing of the kind I've ever seen."

We argued a while, and I began to be curious. The bazaar trader was bringing up that Koran for Willis to look over at his hotel—a wise move on his part. In the end I suggested that he have the Koran brought to my house that evening. Then he could compare it with mine.

So WILLIS dined with me, and after dinner we found the bazaar thief waiting with his prize, wrapped up carefully in old newspapers. When I saw it, I felt a little chill up the spine.

Have you ever unwrapped something like the Koh-i-noor diamond in your dining room? That was how I felt.

The Koran was the largest I'd seen, all in beautiful Kufic characters—every page decorated by hand in deep blue and gold. The title was a blaze of glory. The paper was silk paper, the kind they made in Samarkand ages ago.

I didn't say a word, while Willis turned the leaves reverently. His eyes glowed. It was like coming on a Gutenberg Bible of Asia. I didn't bring out my little Korans, to set beside *that*.

"Where did it come from?" I wondered.

They had told Willis how some distinguished Turkish family had had to sell its possessions. Those Korans were the last to go, and the family didn't want them sold to public dealers. They wanted them taken out of Istanbul quietly.

I had a queer feeling, then. As if I'd seen this Koran before, in another life—or had heard the story before.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that they have others like this?"

"So he says." Willis was intent on the pages under his fingers.

I looked the dealer over. He resembled a hundred thousand other Levantines, and he said in bad French that his name was Yussuf. Which meant Joseph, and nothing at all. But he didn't have to say much, with that Koran before our eyes.

And I thought I knew Yussuf's game. Probably he'd seen Willis flourishing English banknotes in the bazaar, and he'd decided I was no expert to be feared. So he had brought us one treasure, to be examined at our leisure. (Although he wouldn't leave it with us overnight). Then, I thought, he'd bring us some inferior Korans on the morrow, hoping to sell the lot on the strength of our enthusiasm for the first one.

That's what I told Willis. "You never can tell," he said.

AND I was wrong. Yussuf arrived promptly at my house the next evening, just after the offices were closed. He brought another man with him—a superior individual who wore a collar and spoke some English, and answered to the name of Monsieur Rudebar. He also brought three Korans just as fine as our treasure of the night before. Four pieces fit to be honored in any museum.

One was a miniature affair, wrought with fairy-like tracery. Another bore the name of Suleiman the Magnificent. All four were more than four centuries old, and—we forgot to eat dinner while we looked them over.

"We need money," Rudebar explained. "We sell for twelve thousand dollar Yamrican."

American dollars, he meant. That wasn't too much. Those Korans were unique. You see, calligraphy like that is a lost art today. They could never be duplicated, and—unlike rare printed books — facsimiles could never be printed. Probably there weren't two dozen others as fine in the museums or private collections of the world.

"Four thousand," said Willis, "for the four."

Monsieur Rudebar and Yussuf began to gather up the books indignantly and to carry them out. I didn't look at them, but I listened, and when I heard them muttering at the door I breathed again.

It was Yussuf who came back, acting like an innocent dragged into the den of usurers.

"Messieurs," he cried reproachfully, "six mille dollar."

My pulse went up a notch. I thought Willis would get his Korans. And if he did—I began to wonder how I could persuade him to part with one, the little one, to me. And how I could borrow about a thousand—

Whatever else he didn't know, Willis understood bargaining. He held out against Yussuf's pleading and Rudebar's arguments until, after an hour, they gave in and agreed to take forty-six hundred and fifty for the lot. And I knocked out my pipe with fingers that shook.

There was only one hitch. The fools expected to be paid off, then and there, in American dollars. Willis offered them all the cash he had on him—twenty English five-pound notes—and explained that they'd have to wait for the balance until the next day, when he could draw on his letter of credit at the bank. But they turned sullen, the way Orientals often do at some trivial thing. Said Willis had told them to bring the Korans here, to the effendi's house, and why wasn't he prepared to pay for them?

"Tomorrow," said Willis, his eyes hardening.

Rudebar fairly snarled. Tomorrow wouldn't do—the bank wouldn't do! Evidently he had counted on getting the money in his hands that night. I knew the Korans were probably stolen, and suspected that Rudebar had some good reason for keeping away from the bank.

But I was past caring. It's the craze that comes over a collector when he holds a rare treasure in his hands. When

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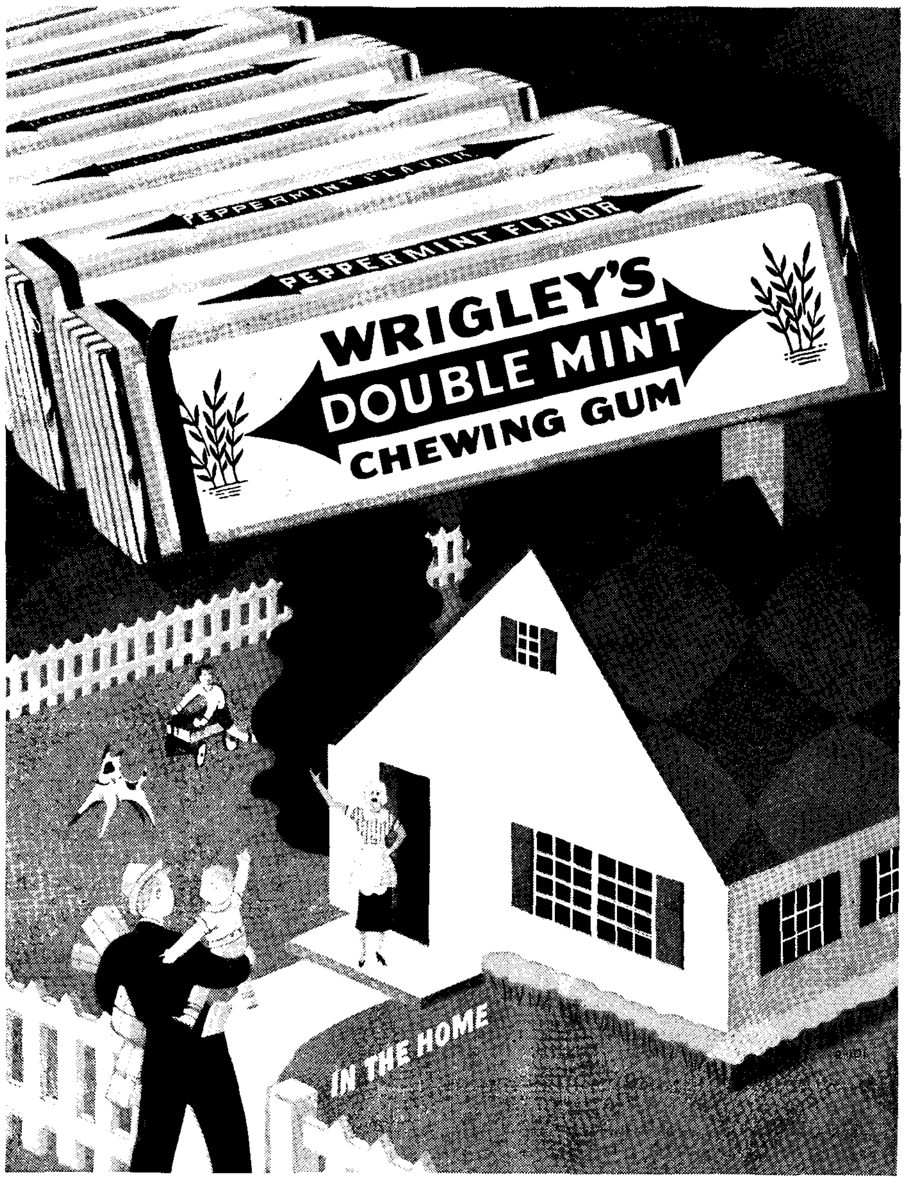

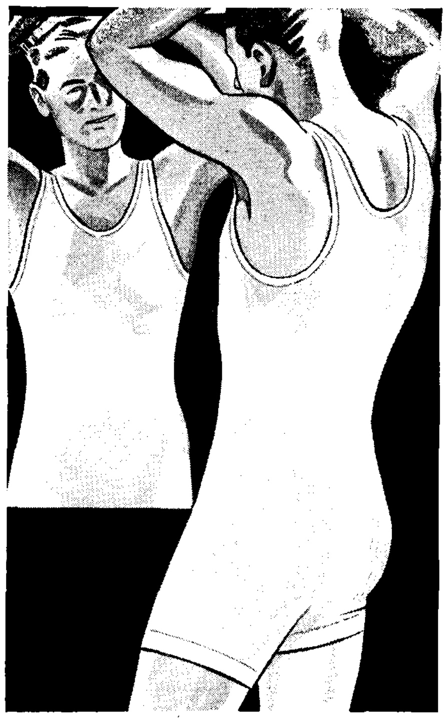

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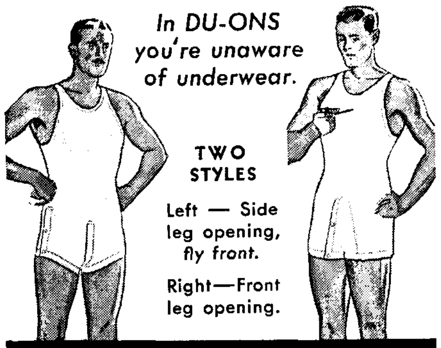

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he'd bankrupt himself, or steal, to get it. My only fear was that Willis wouldn't let me have the miniature Koran.

Then I had an idea. There was only one place in Istanbul where we could get that amount of cash that night, the Bible House. The missionary chaps would let me have the money overnight, and Monsieur Rudebar wouldn't have to go near the bank the next day when Willis drew on his letter of credit.

Rudebar and Yussuf agreed to go with us to the *Bibblkhana,* as they called it. They even let me take the four Korans, and lock them up in my wall cabinet.

WHILE the four of us got into a taxi and started off for the Bible House, I kept thinking about that miniature Koran I'd held in my hands—

A shouting brought me out of my studying.

"*Hai—effendi. Hai!*"

The taxi was crawling across the Galata bridge, and old Osman was scrambling along beside it, holding on to the door. He was peering in at me, shouting as if he'd gone mad. The driver, accustomed to beggars, paid no attention—until Osman ran to the front of the car, and wrapped his arms around the radiator ornament. He couldn't stop the car, of course, but the driver stopped, to avoid killing him.

Osman wouldn't move. He pointed into the taxi, calling out something about the man. The taxi driver snarled at him, but Osman bristled like an angry eagle.

"Effendi," he shrilled, "it is the one. I have found him."

And then, of course, I remembered. The one who had done Osman out of eighty bucks. I looked at Monsieur Rudebar. He had a smooth face, and dark eyes, and just then a muscle twitched in his jaw.

"The thief!" Osman trumpeted.

The driver turned to peer in at us. The usual crowd had collected, and I knew that in a moment some police officer would come up. So I got out of the taxi and went up to Osman.

Rudebar might be a thief, but—there were those four Korans locked away in my cabinet. I didn't want a scene on the bridge that evening.

Osman touched his heart, his beard bristling with triumph as I stepped up to him.

"Eh, effendi," he crowed. "At last, it is the one."

I tried to whisper to him. He might be mistaken—probably was. I'd pay him his eighty dollars if he'd shut up. I'd come to the bridge tomorrow and explain. Only, he'd have to go away now. (At that moment I could have knocked him down, to get away myself.)

Osman didn't understand at first. When he did grasp my meaning, he looked as if I'd knifed him. His face set.

"*Yok,* effendi," he muttered. "No, it is the one."

And he kept his grip on the radiator, while a crowd began to collect, and Willis yelled out to me to know what the matter was. Almost anything might have happened. What did happen was that a boy without a collar came running through the crowd with a Turk in uniform at his heels. Not a policeman, however. He wore the faded tunic of an Anatolian regiment, and the tabs of a major.

Osman seemed glad to see him. And the major went up to him and kissed his shoulder, while the old Turk chattered like a machine gun. The major looked us all over thoughtfully, then motioned me back into the taxi.

He climbed in with Osman, beside the driver. "The house," he ordered, "of the effendi."

And the driver began to turn the car. When a Turkish major gives an order, it is usually obeyed. Our officer looked amiable enough, but he had a sabre with a scimitar hilt at his belt, and a revolver holster.

"What's all this about?" Willis demanded, his voice rising.

I told him the story of Osman and the counterfeit bills, and our friend Rudebar let out a hiss. The major glanced back, as if he found us interesting, but no one said anything more until the taxi pulled up in front of my gate. We all had plenty to think about.

The major opened the door for us politely. Rudebar started to climb out. And I saw what I hadn't seen in the darkness of the car—that he held a drawn knife at his hip.

I just stared at that flicker of steel. As Rudebar jammed it toward the officer's belt. The major didn't look amiable any more. He stepped away quickly, and when Rudebar stabbed again, he jerked out his sabre, and chopped at the bazaar trader's wrist. Then slammed him over the eyes with the flat of the sword.

Rudebar grunted, and collapsed like a dummy into the dirt. Yussuf bolted past him, like a rabbit, into the dark. Willis swore softly in some language that wasn't English. He scrambled past me, treading on my feet, to open the door on the far side. He ran two or three steps, then stopped abruptly.

The major was talking to him, holding a revolver raised in his right hand. Somehow, I found that I was out of the car, and I heard my voice arguing with the Turks. "Look here," it cried, "what d'you think you're doing?"

They didn't answer. I remember how Willis looked up and down the street as he went back to his seat, slowly, into the car. Osman was lifting Rudebar, lugging him into the taxi like a sack of wheat. The driver was picking up the knife, looking at it curiously, then handing it to the major.

"Willis," I called, "I'll phone our consul."

He didn't pay any more attention to me than the others. Only Osman had something to say.

"Eh, effendi," the old rascal grinned, "this is the one. I waited, and, *ilhamdillah*—he came." He pointed to the silent Willis. "Now," he explained, "we go, my son and I. Allah be praised, the calamity now has come to an end."

No one seemed to be excited. I couldn't think of anything to say, in Turkish. In fact I couldn't think of anything at all as the taxi drove off, leaving me standing in my gateway. They all vanished like actors.

THE first thing I did was to go to look at the four Korans. Somehow I wasn't surprised to find that they had disappeared. The door of the cabinet had been forced, and one of the French windows in that room stood open. Nothing except the Korans had been taken, and my house servants swore they had heard and seen—nothing. They looked at me as if I were slightly mad when I complained about thieves and assassins.

The whole thing seemed as screwy as a bit of the Thousand and One Nights. It didn't make sense. But I couldn't get that miniature Koran out of my head.

The next day I inquired at the British and American consulates. They knew of no arrest, and had never heard of Willis. They insisted that no one answering to his description had come to Istanbul this last week.

And when I went to look for Osman at his post on the bridge I couldn't find him.

So I searched for Bailey, who knows the answers to riddles, and found him at the Club. "I've just been eyewitness," I said, "to a chapter of the Arabian Nights, and I want you to tell me what

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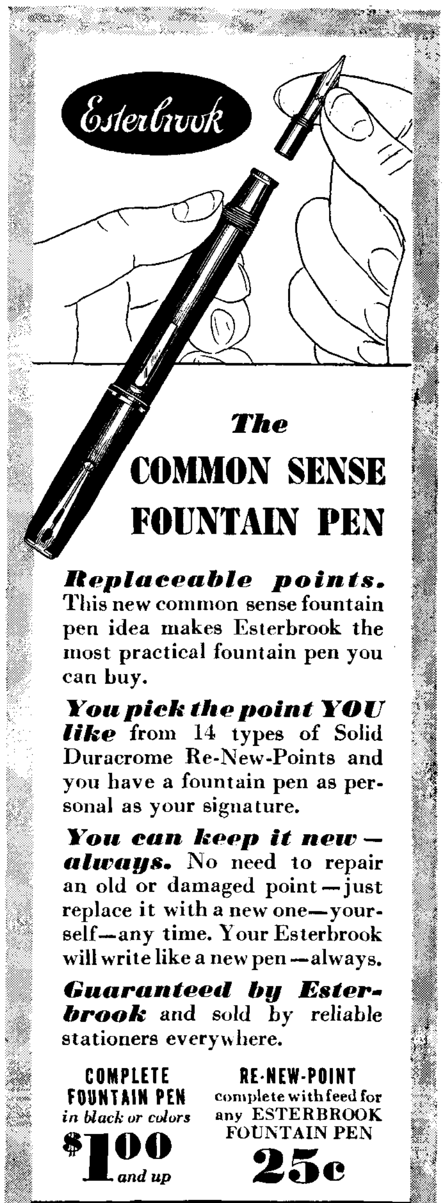

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happened." And I told him the whole yarn over our after-luncheon brandies. He whistled when I described the four Korans.

"Mean to say you don't know what they were?" he demanded.

When I'd finished he looked at his watch. It was nearly six, just about the time that Yussuf had shown up at my house with the books. Bailey said he thought he could show me the Korans. "The Museum's closed of course, now, but I know Ibrahim Bey, the curator, and he'll let us in. But don't say anything to him."

Bailey took me to a place I'd never visited. The Ev Kaf Museum. There, in a glass case, in a row of rare Korans, I found the four that I'd had in my house. They looked as if they'd never been out of the place. And I stared at the open pages of the miniature Koran I'd set my heart on.

"That belonged," Bailey observed, "to Sultan Ahmed, at one time. It's real enough, you see. And I asked Ibrahim Bey if his night watchman hadn't disappeared. He has, this morning. But his real name isn't Yussuf."

We were walking back through the twilight, just when the gray minaret towers of the giant mosques begin to merge into the haze, and the last glow leaves the water.

"Why," Bailey asked suddenly, "do you think this fellow Willis, as he called himself, was an American?"

"Why, he spoke like a New Yorker, and—and his clothes—"

"Did you see his passport or his letter of credit?"

I thought of Osman and his "American" and I didn't answer.

"What do you suppose," I hazarded, "they did with Willis—Osman and his son, the major?"

"That's something," Bailey said, "you'll never know. Their slogan is still an eye for an eye. My guess is that he's still running, away from Istanbul." He thought for a moment. "They're clever, those fellows in the bazaar."

"I don't see," I objected, "what the bazaar had to do with it."

"No? Didn't you buy two Korans there, not long ago. That marked you for them. Smart, the way they tried you out the first night to see if you'd recognize a Museum piece. You didn't." He glanced down at a beggar asleep with his head in a basket under the remnant of a Roman Caesar's tower. "I used to think I knew all their tricks. Now I know that I don't. If it hadn't been for Osman," Bailey said, "you'd be owing the Bible House some forty-six hundred dollars today. And *he* couldn't have known anything of their game of selling the Museum Korans by night."

He laughed. "I'd like to see Osman —a really honest man in the great bazaar."

I LOOKED over toward the street of the Book Sellers. Some lights winked out in the stalls, and I thought I recognized a familiar figure among the *sharafs*, who were closing up their stands.

"You can if you want to," I said. "Diogenes."

The *sharafs* began to tap on the glass, when they recognized us as Americans. I looked into the searching eyes and thought I'd never get to understand these men.

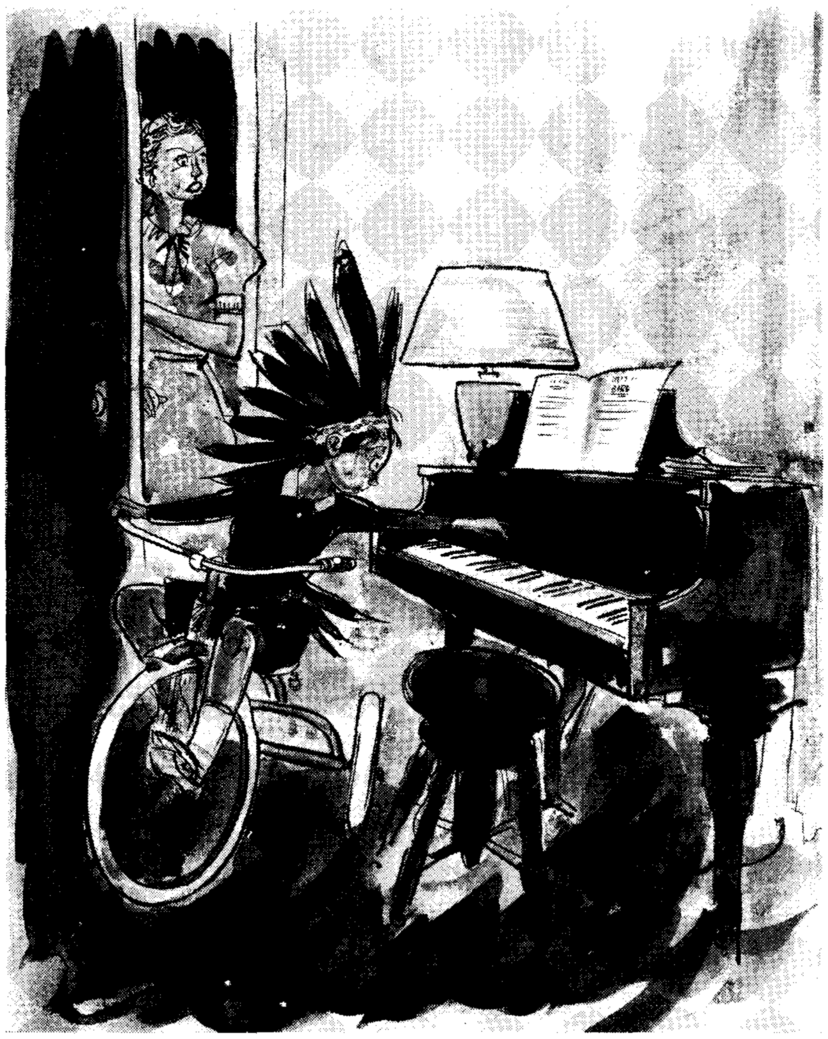
Osman didn't tap on the glass. He rose from behind his old stand, smiling and touching his heart and forehead.

"Eh, Osman," I asked, "how is it?"

"Well, effendi," he said, "praise Allah."

Then I noticed something different about his stand. The inside of the glass was decorated with English five-pound notes.

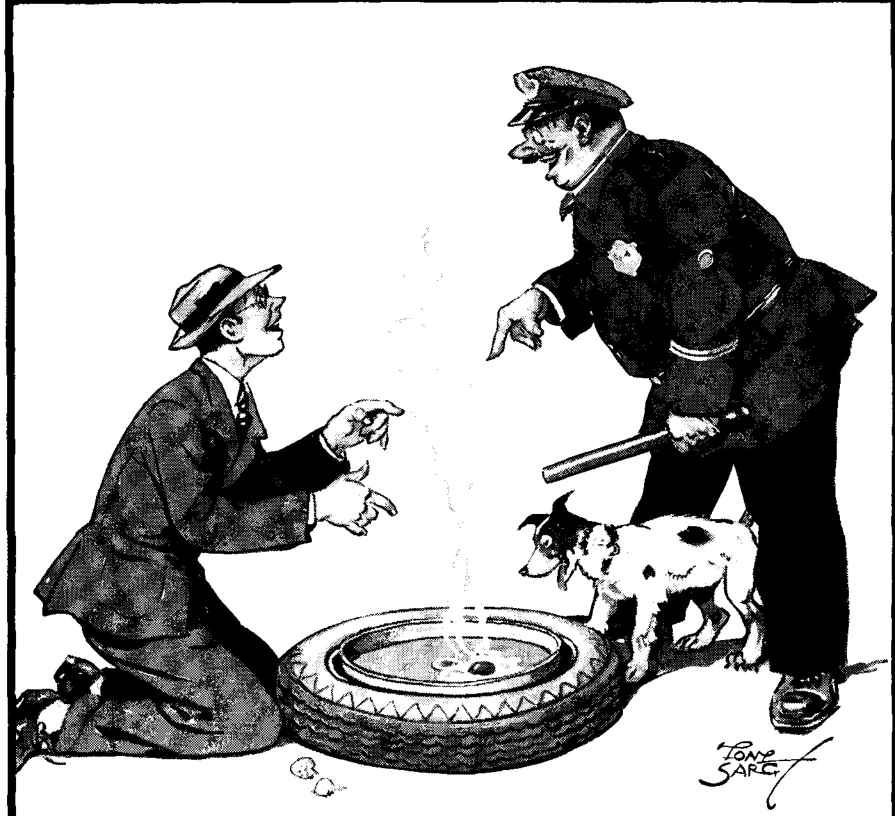
"Twenty of 'em," Bailey murmured. "All the cash your Willis had."



"Benjamin, what did I tell you about learning to concentrate?"

PERRY BARLOW

Not as Crazy as He Looks!



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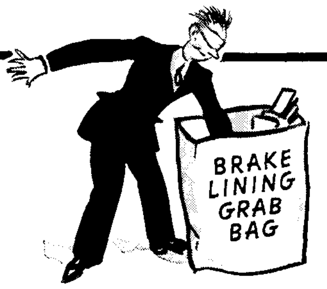

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Madam Will Not Be Dining

Continued from page 15

then stopped suddenly with an apologetic laugh. "I'm worse than the proud father," he said. "You shouldn't get me started on this."

"But it's exciting," she cried. "And you explain it so well. You will do great things, Paul. Oh, sometimes I wish I were a man. I would like to think of people coming to me for power."

He smiled. He had not thought of it that way. He was what he would call one of the working forces which people used—an instrument of which the machine was the projection. If he did not do his job well, then neither did the machine and the final service was impaired.

When he went to the movies with Eleanor the next night, he told her eagerly all about the conversation.

"Of course, she may be kidding me," he said. "I'm just a wide-eyed country boy where all you women are concerned."

"I don't think she's kidding you."

"But, gosh, Eleanor, how can a girl like that really be interested in machines and men in overalls fussing around in a noisy room!"

Eleanor thought how handsome his face was when he smiled, the humor softening the plainness of his features, boyishly contradicting the iron-gray hair. "The machines have been in the plant a long while," she said quietly, "but not the interpreter."

WHEN she got home it was quite late, because they had been sitting in the car, talking. She closed the door and turned off the hall light and leaned on the highboy in the hall, resting her head in her hands. Suddenly the light was turned on from upstairs, and her father came down in his dressing gown. She whipped out her handkerchief, but he had already seen her tears.

"Anything the matter?" Mr. Hinton asked gently.

"No," Eleanor said. "Just something silly." She turned to him swiftly and pressed her face against his chest, her shoulders trembling.

"Paul—behaved all right, didn't he?" Mr. Hinton asked.

She raised her head indignantly. "Oh, of course. Of course, he did. He's sweet. I guess that's the trouble. Well, I've been dreaming too much. Do you want your hot milk, Dad? I'll get it for you."

He patted her shoulder, understanding what was troubling her, and stricken by his own helplessness. "You're a fine girl," he said.

She never again gave any sign of grief, although her mother did not understand why she would sometimes fall so silent at the dinner table. Within a year she married a young lawyer in town, a week after Paul and Helen were married.

Paul was chief engineer of the plant now, and his salary was fourteen thousand dollars. He gave the house to his mother, and he and Helen lived there for two weeks while she looked for a home of their own. She drove down to the plant in the new roadster one day in a state of great excitement.

"Darling," she said, "I've found the place—the most wonderful place. It just went on sale yesterday—just by luck I was the first to see it. You must come at once. He said the Hoffmans were going to look at it this afternoon."

"Sit down and have a cigarette," Paul suggested. "I have to show this graph to Harris before lunch. It's twelve o'clock now."

Helen tossed the pale gold head in the imperious way that always stirred him.

"He can wait. Call him up. This is once in a lifetime. Please, Paul."

He yielded and went out with her. The house was handsome white colonial with a wide lawn and a graveled driveway lined with barberry bushes. The price, however, was more than he thought he could pay.

"Not with your salary," she said.

"It's not all mine, you know," he reminded her gently. "There's my mother and Celia. And I've been giving a thousand dollars a year to my brother Ralph, and my sister and her husband."

"That's ridiculous," Helen retorted, her face hardening to an expression he had never seen before. "Of course, you'll have to give your mother some money, but not the others." She looked at Paul and added softly: "I can just see Peter in that little blue room with the sleeping porch." Peter was the name they had selected for their first child if it was a boy. Peter and Paul would be cute, Helen had said.

"All right," Paul said slowly. "I guess they'll understand."

She threw her arms around him and pressed her smooth cheek against his. "We'll be as happy as—as your storybook princess," she murmured. "You and Peter and I."

The next three years were happy ones, as she had predicted; but in a different way, for Paul. The old steady pleasure in his work was still there; but so many new interests were added that he was sometimes confused by all the activity. There was, first and best, the excitement of coming home to Helen every night in a house of their own—Helen always beautiful, the house always in order and tastefully arranged.

Later, there was the added excitement of coming home to Peter, hurrying to get there before he went to sleep. Then there were parties, and a great many friends—younger friends who had been in Helen's crowd: college men with a way of wearing clothes, and young married people who went to New Haven for football games and occasionally stayed at hotels in New York for the theater. He was popular with them, and the young men asked his advice; but Helen was the real hostess, smart and gracious and perfectly poised—except for the fleeting restlessness on her face.

"You should be the wife of a great senator," Paul told her lovingly, running his fingers through the back of her hair as she lay in bed—the only time he was allowed to touch it. "You should have a salon—is that the way you pronounce it?"

"Salon," Helen said. "It's French. I'm having one. Businessmen are the real statesmen of America."

"Some of them, maybe. I'm just a worker. I wouldn't know the gold standard from an inflated dollar."

"You may have to learn some day, Paul. Father says you're going to be the next president of the state Chamber of Commerce."

"Gosh," Paul protested. "I have a hard enough time seeing anything of you and Peter now."

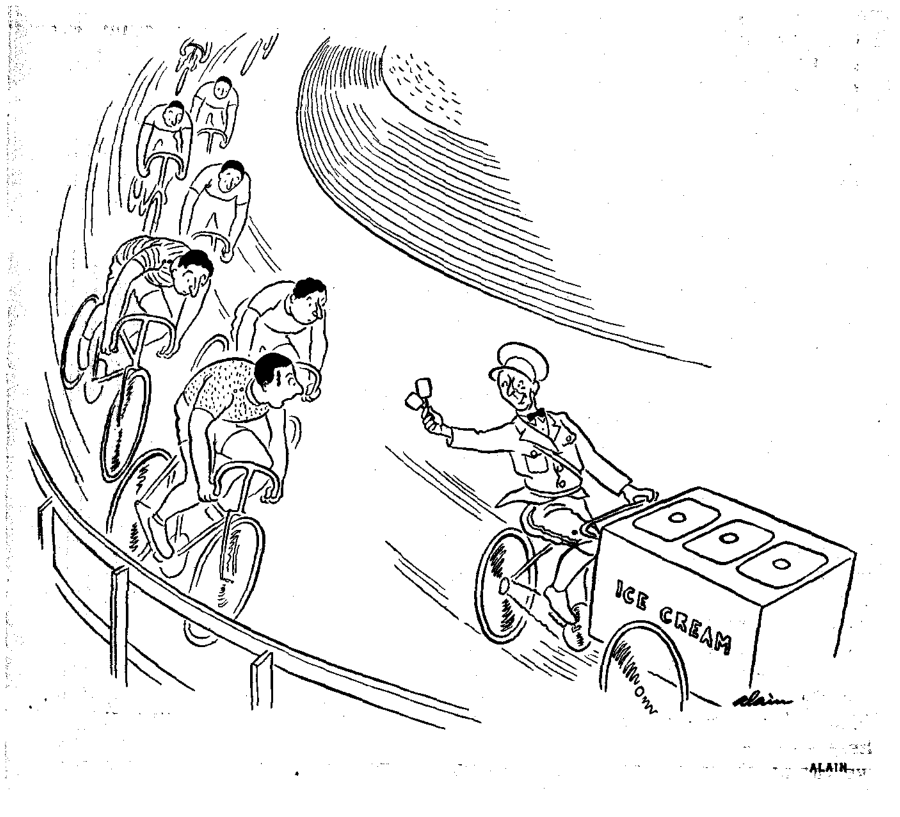
"Well, you can't be successful without being busy," Helen declared, with so much seriousness that he burst out laughing.

"How much more successful do I have to be?" he asked jokingly.

She turned her head and met his glance; but he saw that she was looking beyond him, at some concept in her mind. Her eyes were deepened by her speculation. They had become a fathomless blue, submerging her thoughts so far that he could not trace their outline. It was as if she had taken his question and withdrawn with it into a room of her own, and shut the door; and he did not know what answer she was planning for him.

IT WAS shortly after this that Harris, lean, rheumatic and nervous, called the management staff into his office and told them that the company had been sold to American Motors Corporation, the largest manufacturers of electrical appliances and heavy machinery in the country. Paul was sorry; he was not worried about his job because no changes would be made for a time; but he was sorry to see a small successful company, native to the community, swallowed up by a big corporation with offices in New York.

The president of American Motors, Richard Boardman—a grave, tired-looking gentleman—came and went several times. Paul liked him; Boardman did not try to interfere with his work; indeed, he appeared to prefer to listen rather than to instruct. He asked Paul



to attend a meeting of the board of directors to explain the facilities of the Bridgeport company and made him stay for lunch at a club afterward, with three of the directors.

When the conference was ended, Paul left with a solemn face. He had a decision to make — the most important decision in his life except that of marrying Helen, which wasn't really a decision, but just good luck. On the way back on the train he reviewed his career, beginning with the time when he had been an oiler in the old engine room. He had wanted to be an engineer. That was what he had struggled for, through all those difficult years. Now he was chief engineer; and he didn't really want anything more. A man could reach too far—and spoil what he had achieved. . . . The decision finally became clear to him. He was sure it was the right thing. Helen would understand when he explained.

HE TOLD Peter a story after dinner and came down to the living room where Helen was making out a list of guests for a large dinner party.

"I saw Boardman in New York today," Paul stated.

Helen looked up quickly, sensing something important in his tone.

"They have asked me to become vice-president in the New York office permanently — to advise about general operations."

"Oh, Paul!"

"I've been thinking it over." He smiled. "Gosh, I've done more thinking today than in months. Went over my whole life—what I'm fitted for, what my limitations are. It seems to me that we have all that we want or need now. I don't know anything about finance, or much about markets or labor problems. I'm just an engineer. I told Boardman so. I told him I'd think it over and let him know. Well, I have thought it over, and I'm going to stay here."

Helen had risen to her feet, her eyes blazing in a white face. "You can't," she cried, her voice almost screaming. "You can't do such a thing. It's damnable. It's—it's stupid."

"Darling," Paul exclaimed, staring at her. "You—you don't mean what you're saying."

"I do mean it." She stamped her foot and tossed her head. "I mean every word of it. You can't throw away a chance like that. You must be crazy."

She saw an obstinate look settle on his face, and controlled herself with a tremendous effort of her will, turning away and clenching the mantelpiece with her hand. When she spoke again, her voice was quiet. "A decision like that affects me as well as you," she stated. "All my life I've dreamed of living in New York —ever since I was a little girl. When I married you—" she stopped, and then went on. "Lately I thought the chance might come, when American Motors bought the company. I didn't say anything about it because I didn't want you to think I was discontented. But now the chance has come—the dream has really come true—and you turn it down!"

She turned and faced him, her hands at her side, her body straight, her head erect. "Don't you love me any more, Paul?"

"That's not fair," Paul said huskily, gazing at her. "You know I love you. I'll never love anybody else. But I have to do the work I'm best fitted for. I didn't know you didn't like this town. I thought you were happy with the house and Peter and the parties. But we could move somewhere else—to Greenwich, if you like. That's nearer New York."

"No," said Helen. "You know that's not the same. It's your future and my future I'm considering. We can stay here and stand still, until we're old. Or we can go on, to bigger things, different people, more money—for Peter, as well as for us. How do you know you're not fitted for the job? Mr. Boardman says you are." Her voice had scorn in it. "You're not afraid, are you, Paul?"

"In a way, yes," he replied, frank as always. "That is, there are others who can do the New York job better than I. But I can do this job well, and I'm happy in doing it."

"It's really that you just don't want to change, isn't it? You're satisfied." She spoke slowly. "Well, I'm not satisfied. I want better things for my child —and for me. I ask you to do this, Paul —because you love me."

"Very well," Paul answered. "I'll do as you ask."

He was so busy preparing for his new job that the sharp edges of this scene were happily blurred a little in his mind. The books came out again—but this time they were books on corporation finance, on factory administration, on economics—subjects difficult for him in their abstractions and seemingly remote from his machines. As in the old days he asked questions and listened, and he gradually became accustomed to his handsome office high up in a Manhattan tower near Wall Street, silent, carpeted, equipped with buzzers, and a secretary in a separate room outside. Indeed, he liked his office better than the Park Avenue apartment which Helen selected; for from his office window he could see the blue-gray flow of the harbor beyond the tops of the buildings, and at night the darkness would come in from the sea, and the gray walls round about would fill with yellow patches of light, and smaller lights would move back and forth across the luminous water far below. He would feel, then, that his machines were partly responsible for this fantastic splendor, creating the power without which the city would be as barren and desolate and inaccessible as Himalayan mountain peaks.

HELEN was very gay and made friends fast. He came home one night, arriving at the end of a cocktail party, to find a young man still there, introduced to him as Emlyn Howard. By now he was sufficiently informed on New York's celebrities to recognize the name as that of one of the city's most aristocratic families, and he shot an amused glance at Helen in tribute to her "catch." She was pleased that night and more than usually responsive to him, asking questions about his work and whom he had met recently in business.

"This is more like old Bridgeport days," he declared, stretching himself in the spaciousness of a quiet evening. "You know, I really don't have much time to talk to you any more."

"Well, we're both busy," Helen said, "and probably that's good for us. I'm sure it's good for me."

"You like New York as much as you expected?"

"Oh, yes. I wouldn't live anywhere else. Anywhere else seems dead compared to New York."

"Instead of 'dead' I would have said 'restful,'" Paul commented, grinning. He missed his own town and when he met Eleanor Hinton—now Mrs. Canfield —on the street one day, the warmth of their greeting brought smiles to the faces of several passers-by.

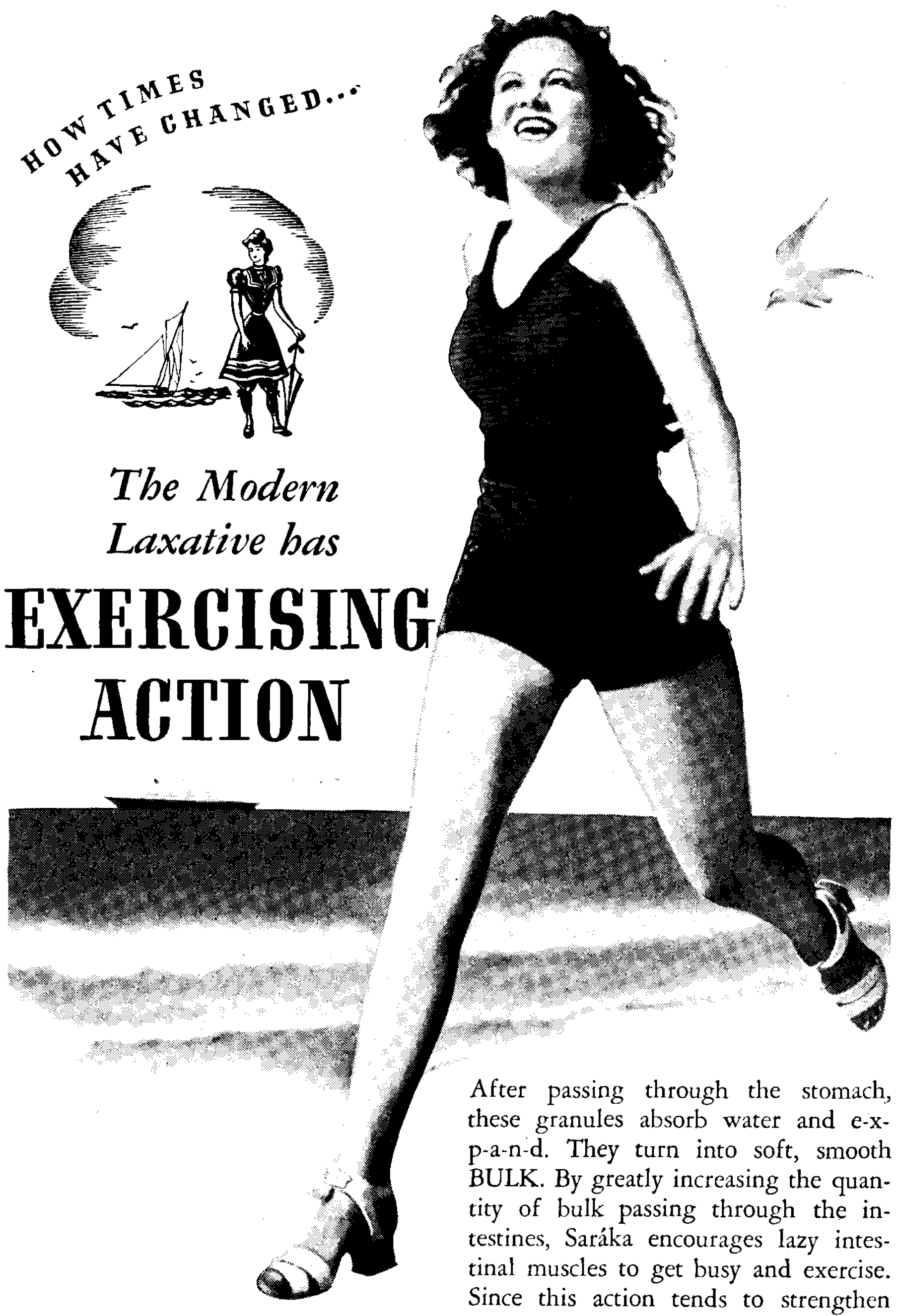
"It's good to see you again," Eleanor said. "When will you come and tell us all about yourself?"

"I have to go to Bridgeport Saturday morning. I might call on you then."

"Why don't you spend the week end with us—you and Helen? We would love to have you."

"That would be fine, if we can do it. I'll ask Helen. I don't know what she has planned for the week end, but it's just what I would like to do."

He said goodby and walked away,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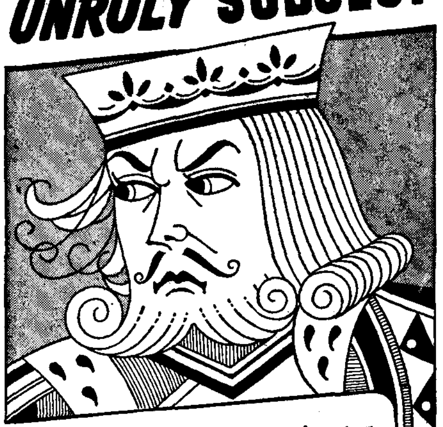

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feeling a warmth within him which the city had previously failed to inspire. He had never had any friend as good as Eleanor. He went on down the street, smiling at memories of those days in Bridgeport at the start of his career—his mother and sister exclaiming over his dinner coat, Eleanor teaching him to dance, the boys at the plant kidding him about his golf. It would be fun to revisit the "old country," to lean upon its solidity and simple friendliness.

Helen very shortly told him that this was nonsense; she would not hear of a Bridgeport week end. "I wouldn't think of spending a week end in that town again," she informed him. "Nor will I spend forty-eight hours with the Canfields in any town if I can help it."

"Why, I thought Eleanor was one of your best friends," Paul exclaimed. "After all, we would not have met except for her."

"*Was* a friend," Helen replied. "Certainly. But not *is*. We've grown away from all that, Paul. It's no reflection on them, but they live in another world, which is perfectly all right, but which isn't ours any longer, thank heaven. By our standards they're dull."

It ended by Paul's staying alone in Bridgeport for dinner with the Canfields Saturday night. He returned to his New York apartment about midnight and fell asleep before Helen returned. He was seeing her less these days because he had to spend much of his time in the company's plant in Cincinnati. But he and Peter were planning a cruise for the three of them at Christmas, which was three months away.

"In the meantime," Paul remarked, "I want to go away somewhere this week end, Helen. Atlantic City or Coney Island or Gibraltar or anywhere you say. What do you say?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Helen said, addressing him through the mirror. "I'm sorry. I'm going with Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs on Emlyn Howard's yacht this week end. We didn't want to ask you because we want to leave Friday night and I told Emlyn I didn't think you could take Saturday morning off."

"Oh."

SHE saw his somber face in the glass. "I could tell Emlyn that you could come—but I'm afraid there are only four guest bunks."

"No, don't ask him. But I wish you had told me at the time."

"It didn't enter my head you could go."

"We could go to the park, then, couldn't we, Daddy?" Peter asked.

"Yes, we'll do that," Paul replied, driving the pain from his eyes as he met Peter's gaze.

He was deeply hurt, although he tried to point out to himself that Helen occasionally had to make engagements for herself. He came home early Monday to see her and get the news of the trip; and found Emlyn Howard there, finishing a whisky and soda.

"The mariners return to port," Paul said. "Welcome!"

"Sorry you couldn't come," Howard said in an expressionless voice. Paul had seen him several times and was always amused at the young man's utter indifference to all people who did not belong to his horse-and-yacht world.

"Where did you go?"

"Beyond Montauk somewhere."

"Two swordfish," Helen declared. "We're having some for dinner."

"Well, I must be off," Howard said.

Paul was not loath to see him go. But the next morning as he walked to the subway, he realized suddenly that the overcoat he was wearing wasn't his: the same weave, but the sleeves were short. In the pocket he found a pair of kid gloves with the monogram E. H. on the wrist. Emlyn Howard must have taken Paul's coat by mistake. This theory was confirmed when Paul found in the other pocket an envelope addressed to Howard. It was in Helen's handwriting.

He sent the coat by office boy to Howard's office and got his own in return. That night he told Helen about it and remarked: "There was a letter from you to him in the pocket."

He saw a flush creep up Helen's face. "It was a thank-you note. He was awfully nice to us all on the trip."

For the first time in his life Paul was sarcastic with her. "You write them very promptly."

"I wrote this one promptly."

He was on the point of saying more. He had stood at the office window that afternoon watching the sun go down in a murky red over the harbor, wondering if he should ask her to explain so small a thing. But he thought this was silly; and he dropped the topic. He went to Cincinnati for three days and came back in time to accompany Helen to a dinner and theater party.

"I don't have to go to Cincinnati for another two weeks," he told her.

"That's good. Don't forget to tell Ben we shall need the car tomorrow to drive to Long Island for the Whelans' supper."

"I'll tell him. Say, Helen—"

"What?"

"Are we going to have dinner here Monday night?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well," he said, grinning, "I was afraid people would think we couldn't afford it."

But Monday was not as he had planned. He met George Armstrong in the lunch club, and Armstrong remarked to him jestingly: "I hope you're not becoming a lobbyist, Paul."

"Not I. Why do I get credit for that talent?"

"I saw you and your wife at a hotel in Washington last week—at least, I saw your back. Your wife didn't recognize me, and I didn't have time to stop."

"It must have been two other fellows," Paul replied with a laugh. He and Helen had not been in Washington for two months. But the laugh suddenly died on his lips. He did not know where Helen had been. He remembered Howard's overcoat, and the letter in the pocket, and a wild and dreadful suspicion leaped into his mind. He met Armstrong's questioning glance with stony eyes, laboring for something to say; and finally managed to ask about the progress of the utility bill.

HE HAD appointments all afternoon, and all the time while he was talking or listening to people, and while he was dictating to his secretary, a thought slipped wolfishly backward and forward across his mind; until, when his office door finally closed and he was alone, it leaped crazily from its confinement and ran with him into the black pitches of fear and pain.

"Do you want to sign these tonight?" Miss Rumson was asking. She was looking at him oddly, and he realized then that she had asked the question twice.

"Yes." He took the pen and signed his jerky, stiff signature on a number of papers—Paul Deane, Paul Deane, Paul Deane. The sight of his name gave him back something of his pride and his control.

Helen was in the living room when he returned. There was a cocktail tray waiting. Helen was wearing a black velvet dress opening at the throat and flaring into a stand-up collar in back, as high as her head. It was cut in precise military fashion, drawn in at the waist, emphasizing her fine, well-carried figure; but the sleeves were full, and tightened at the wrists by two crystal bands, defining the small, delicate hands. Against the dark velvet background the narrow golden head was never more imperiously beautiful.

"Don't stare so," Helen protested with an easy laugh. "It's a new dress, that's all. How do you like it?"

"It's fine," Paul said. His voice was slightly hoarse as if he had finished a long public address. "I want to ask you something, Helen—were you in Washington last week?"

She started slightly. "Yes, I was."

"You never told me."

"Really, Paul, I'm not a child. Do I have to tell you everything I do?"

"Were you with Emlyn Howard?"

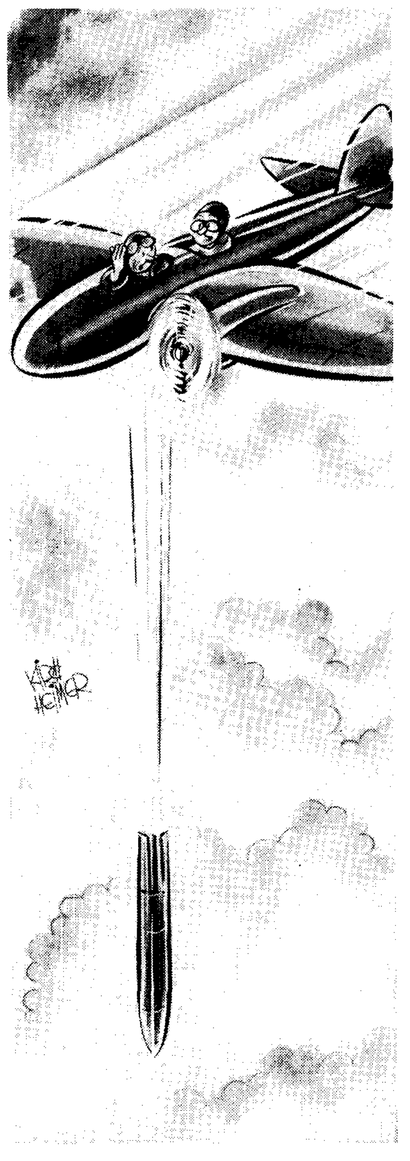
She rose instantly from the divan, turned as if to find a way out, then turned back. "Yes, I was," she answered, breathing quickly. "And now that you know that much—however you found it out—you might as well know it all." She faced him, her hands at her side, head high, blue eyes challenging. "I am in love with him."

"Yes," Paul said. She had stood like that—just like that—the night she had begged him to take the position in New York. She had asked then: "Don't you love me, Paul?" And he had answered: "I shall never love anyone else." And that was still true. "Yes," he repeated. "I didn't know. I had no idea."

"It's nobody's fault," she said. "We're just different, I guess. You're absorbed in your business, and, after all, you can't expect me to follow you there—"

Paul drew in his breath sharply, completely unprepared for so unfair a stab. Helen glanced at him and went on hurriedly: "You've done a great many things for me, I know. And I'm truly grateful. But—well, we're different; that's all."

"Yes," he began again. "You want to marry Emlyn?"



"Drop 'em gently. This is Sunday"

BERT KIRCHHEIMER

"Yes."

"What about Peter?"

"We can make some arrangement to share him. Oh, it's too bad." She raised a hand wearily to her forehead. "I have such a headache. Let's—let's let the rest of it go until tomorrow. I think I'll go to bed. I don't want dinner." She came near him. "I'm sorry, Paul."

He dropped his head. "Good night," he said.

He sat where she had left him without moving. After a time he saw the maid hovering in the doorway. "Yes, Agnes?"

"I was looking for Mrs. Deane, sir. Dinner is ready."

"Mrs. Deane has gone to bed. She will not be dining. May I have something here on a tray?"

"Certainly, sir."

HE ATE a little, but the food had no taste. He got up and stood in the middle of the room looking at the upholstered furniture, the heavy yellow silk draperies, the immense carpet woven in light and dark blue that ran from wall to wall. These things had never belonged to him. He had never belonged here. He had only come because she had wanted him to come. He had only bought these things because she had wanted him to buy them. Now the old things were a long way off; he didn't know how to get back to them.

He would have to figure this out.

He took his hat and coat and went on down to the street, to the subway.

Wall Street was cavernous and silent. The street lights billowed into the shadows, and the feet of occasional passersby rang sharply along the vast, smooth walls. The night elevator man in his building recognized him and said good evening and took him a great way into the tower. He unlocked the door of his office. The room was dark, except for the gleam of the glass top on his desk, and extraordinarily soundless except for the murmur of the city far below. There were stars hung outside the window, and as he drew near, he saw yellow rectangles of light scattered in the high blank walls of the buildings, and many small lights moving on the polished water, and crowded fields of lights stretched along the shores. Thousands of lights on the sea, on the land, up to the towers, up toward the stars.

He strengthened himself and lifted his head proudly. He had come to this country; he had climbed these towers. His own land was beyond the reach of turning back. He had sacrificed it for something that he had loved, and he had lost that thing. But not everything was lost. Down below, at the bottom of the ships, at the bottom of the buildings, were his machines, turning steadily and strongly, giving power, giving light. The world could not live without machines now. The world would surely be the richer—by however small a penny—because of the continued labor of his hand.

Basque Ball

Continued from page 12

one half of the heart expands due to the strain put on it, and the other half doesn't develop. I guess eventually the heart becomes lopsided and then gives way. Yes, lots of players die of heart failure before they are forty, but others—take Gutierrez, for instance—go on forever without being bothered."

José Gutierrez is built something like Babe Ruth, except that his legs are heavier. Gutierrez is forty-three, the oldest player in the front rank. A great favorite with the crowd, the portly Cuban depends upon guile and cunning to take the place of his lost speed.

"I used to be faster than I am now," he admits. "I used to throw the ball with more speed perhaps, but now I play more with my head than I do with my legs and right arm. And I can still," he chuckled, "beat that son of mine."

Rolando Gutierrez is slim and he looks like a pocket edition of his father. He is one of the high-ranking players in Havana, one of the few Cuban-born players to achieve such recognition. Nearly all of the top-notch players were born in Spain. Only one American-born player has ever gotten anywhere in international play; Santiago Federico was born in Chicago, but brought up in China, where he learned the game. He is one of the leading doubles players.

General Leonard Wood was one of the greatest amateur players when he was stationed in Cuba. In Cuba they still talk about those days when the general would arise at five each morning for his six-o'clock workout at the fronton. He and his aides, Captain Ryan and Captain McCoy, seldom missed a morning's play. Very few Americans have ever achieved the proficiency attained by Wood.

Jai alai all over the world is under the auspices of the Monte Pio de Pelotaris, a Spanish society which controls the players and which makes and interprets the rules. A player not registered and not in good standing with the association cannot play in any of the world's frontons.

The best players make a good living out of the game, better, in fact, than American major-league baseball players do. Guillermo Amuchastegui and Estanislao Mayestegui, who plays under the name of Piston, are perhaps the world's two leading players now. Playing in Mexico City last winter, they commanded monthly salaries of $1,700, plus prize money. The matchmaker of the fronton always pairs players who on their current form would furnish an even game and the winners of both singles and doubles matches always receive cash prizes. A top-notch player receives one thousand dollars a month and he plays perhaps eight or nine months in the year traveling the circuit.

Eguiluz about ten years ago received the absolute top salary when he received $11,000 for a three-months engagement.

An Exciting Game

Betting is an integral part of the game and, due to the fact that only a comparatively few states in this country allow legalized betting, jai alai has been held back. In Florida there are mutuel machines, just as there are at the race tracks. In Cuba you can bet throughout the game.

Probably the most interesting form of jai alai is the triple game with three men on each side. The volleys are long and exciting. Practically all of the spectators have bet on the match and in Cuba, especially, they grow even more excited than do baseball fans. A dozen betting commissioners will be calling their odds shrilly and the fans will roar with approval at good shots, or whistle derisively if a man lets the ball get away from him.

Jai alai, once you know the game, is an exciting thing to watch. The incredible speed of the ball zooming off the granite wall, the clever anticipation of the players and their amazing timing, plus the ever-present element of danger to the players, all combine to form a spectacle that makes this the most colorful of all court games.

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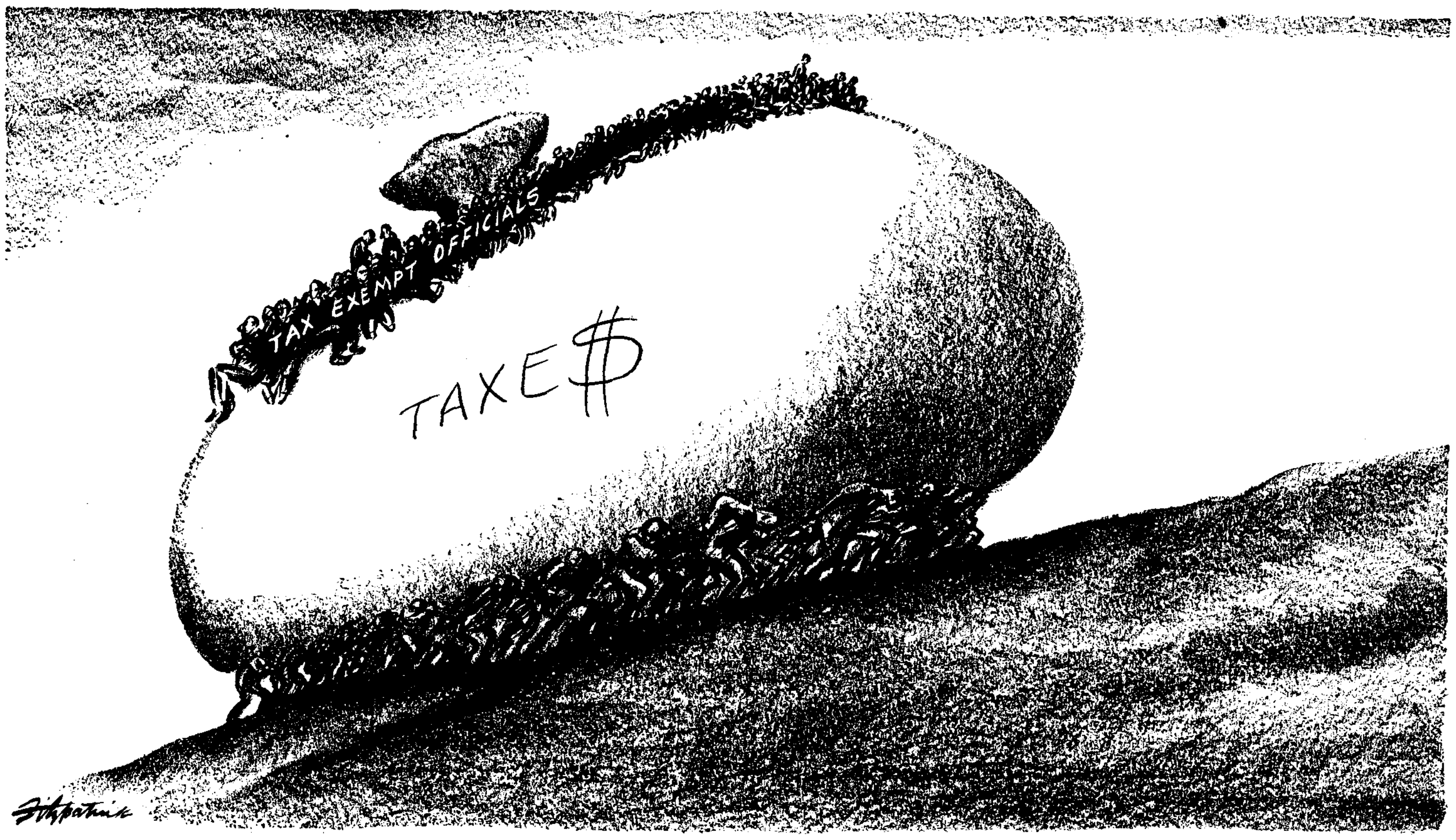

Tax the Taxeaters

MANY government employees don't pay taxes on their governmental salaries. Federal employees are exempted from state income taxes. State employees are exempted from federal income taxes.

The idea seems to be that exemption from income taxation is a courtesy which the federal government ought to extend, not only to its own employees but also to state and city workers. In turn, the states excuse the federal workers from the annoyance of such taxation.

The Scripps-Howard newspapers, stimulated by their columnist, Westbrook Pegler, have been campaigning against the personal exemption of government employees from income taxation. This newspaper agitation is in the public interest and deserves the support of the public.

Honest working people are subjected now to an appalling variety and burden of taxes by legislators and other officials who are themselves comfortably exempt from such taxation.

The taxgatherers feel safe in the knowledge that, no matter how heavy the burden, they won't have to pay. This immunity from income taxation tends to make congressmen and legislators irresponsible. What does it matter how much they spend so long as somebody else has to pay the bills?

The principle of the income tax is fair and reasonable. It was approved by a majority of the voters before the income-tax amendment was ratified in 1913. If you have an income amounting to so much, you pay. If you haven't got an income, you don't pay. It is as simple as that in theory.

Unfortunately, during the last twelve years congressmen and other legislators have been seeking to exempt more and more people from the payment of income taxes. At the same time the rates levied on the minority who pay have been steadily raised. In 1924, 4,489,698 people paid federal income taxes. The following year only 2,501,166 were taxed. President Calvin Coolidge and Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon accomplished that change.

The move was recognized as good politics by both parties. Republicans and Democrats share the responsibility. It was poor statesmanship. It brought irresponsibility into government. The Revolutionary War was fought, in part at least, as a protest against taxation without representation. Now Congress has gone to the opposite extreme. We have representation without taxation except for those in the higher income groups. The new political rule of "soak the rich" takes care of them.

The number of public employees exempted is very large. Since March, 1933, more than 250,000 government employees have been added to the federal pay rolls. All told, the federal government has more than 829,000 employees. States, counties and cities employ an even larger number. At least three million men and women are public employees.

Not all are immune to income taxation. But, as a class, public employees pay no income taxes.

The salaries paid the great majority of public employees are admittedly low; some of them are disgracefully low. Less than five per cent of the federal employees get $3,000 a year or more. Actually, forty-eight per cent get less than $1,500 a year. The states, also, are tight employers. In 1932 forty per cent of New Jersey's civil servants got less than $1,000 a year. Their rates have not been improved much since then. Ninety-five per cent of Ohio's employees were paid less than $3,000 at the last available tabulation.

Congressmen and the higher administrative officials responsible for taxation policies enjoy much higher incomes. There is neither reason nor justice in freeing them from income taxation.

It is poor public policy to restrict income-tax payments to the few. Obviously the rates ought to be levied in accordance with ability to pay, but the idea that the many are to tax the helpless few for the support of all governmental activities is an exceedingly dangerous one in a self-governing nation.

For the thought which a man devotes to the expenditure of his own money, to the governmental appropriations which he helps to supply by the contribution of taxes, is very different from the attention given to the spending of somebody else's money. It is very easy to be generous if the generosity entails no personal sacrifice.

The loose and improvident expenditure of public funds, however, brings about its own penalties. These penalties are economic but they have political consequences. Thriftless public appropriations inevitably impair our national productive efficiency. Income and wages are lowered. Jobs are fewer. We can neither consume, tax nor distribute what we do not produce.

More than ever within the past one hundred years, we need to bring our national expenditures within the limits of the sums we can profitably raise by taxation. Congress and other tax-levying bodies are reluctant to stop spending. Only disaster lies along the road of unregulated spending.

Congress and those legislatures which levy income taxes will strengthen themselves and improve the quality of the policies they pursue by including themselves and all other public employees within the levies they impose. There is no place for a privileged tax-exempt class in a democratic republic.

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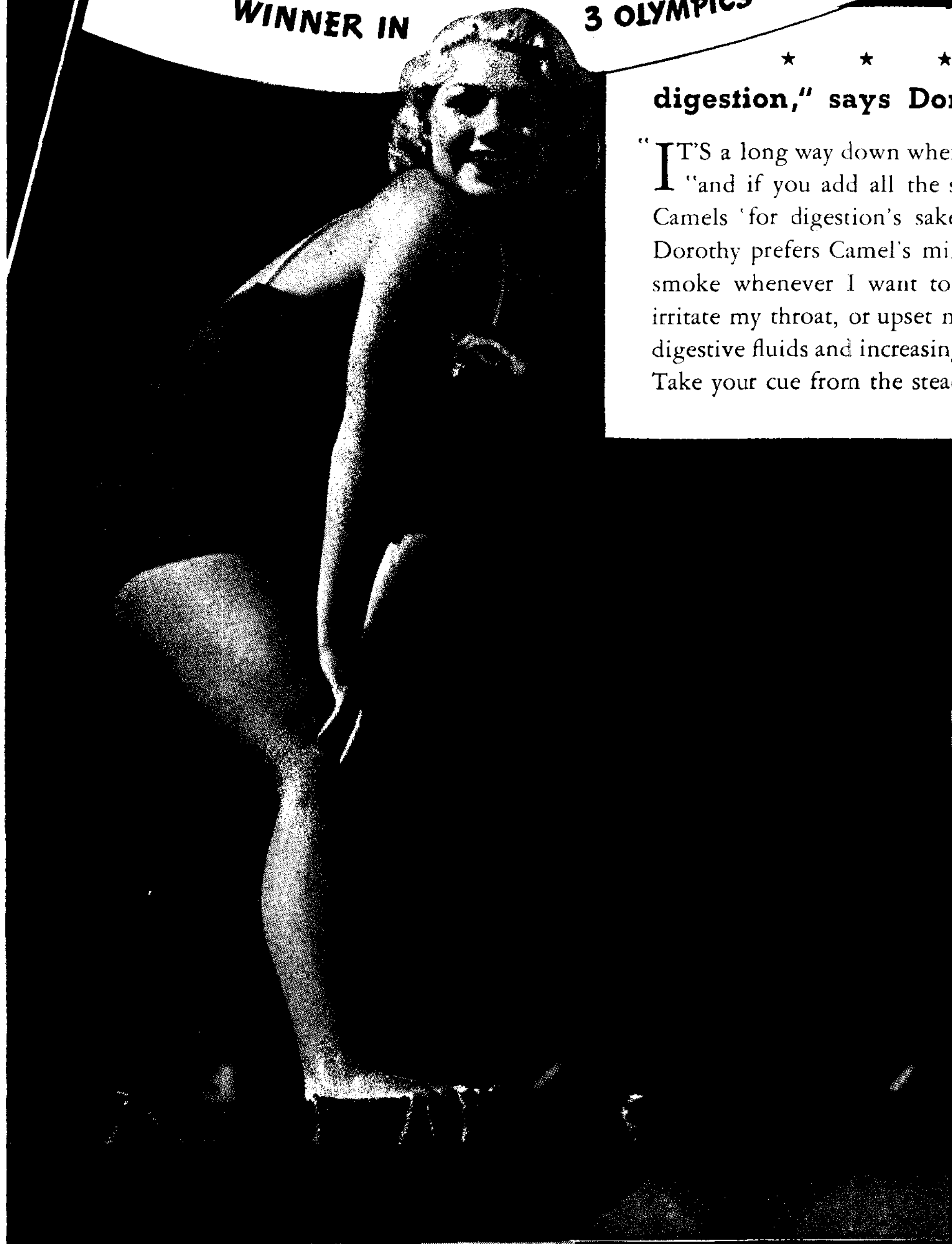

★ ★ ★ **"I put great emphasis on good digestion," says Dorothy Poynton Hill, Camel Smoker**

"IT'S a long way down when I dive from the high board," Dorothy continues, "and if you add all the spins and twists I do—you can see why I enjoy Camels 'for digestion's sake.'" Mealtimes *(right)*, and between meals, too, Dorothy prefers Camel's mildness. "I'm always in training," she says, "and I smoke whenever I want to. I've found that Camels never jangle my nerves, irritate my throat, or upset my physical condition." By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels give digestion a helping hand. Take your cue from the steady smokers. Make it Camels! They set you right!

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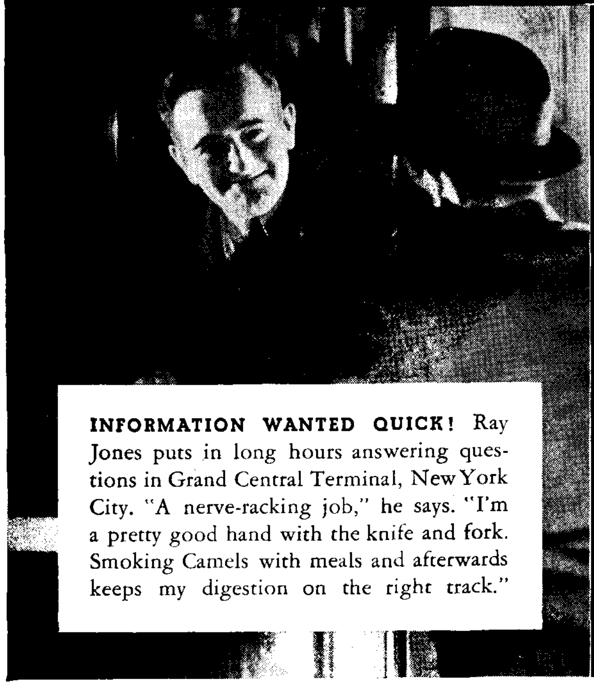
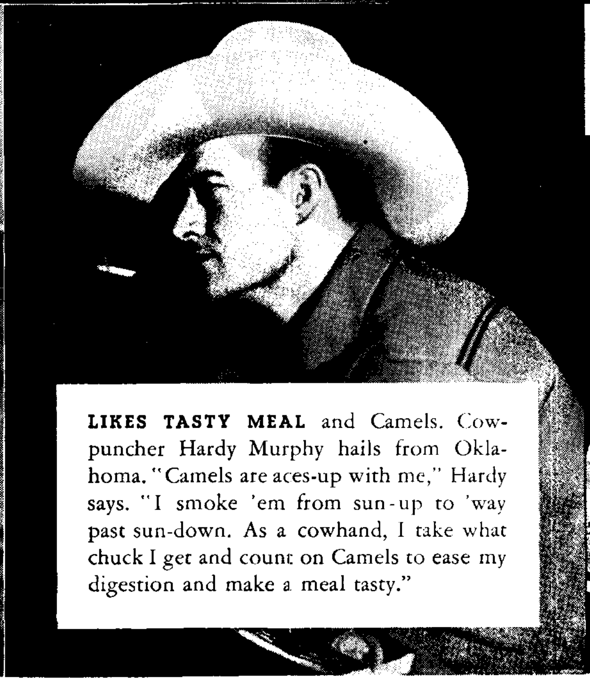


INFORMATION WANTED QUICK! Ray Jones puts in long hours answering questions in Grand Central Terminal, New York City. "A nerve-racking job," he says. "I'm a pretty good hand with the knife and fork. Smoking Camels with meals and afterwards keeps my digestion on the right track."



LIKES TASTY MEAL and Camels. Cowpuncher Hardy Murphy hails from Oklahoma. "Camels are aces-up with me," Hardy says. "I smoke 'em from sun-up to 'way past sun-down. As a cowhand, I take what chuck I get and count on Camels to ease my digestion and make a meal tasty."

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